

THE
VICTROLA
FOR
FIRESIDE MUSIC
S. MOUTRIE & CO., LTD.

The China Mail.

ESTABLISHED 1846

December 16 1921 Temperature 63°

Barometer 29.97

Rainfall 0.00 inch

Humidity 67

December 17, 1920, Temperature 65°

THE ARROW GOES
STRAIGHT
TO
GILMANN'S
DO
THE SAME
FOLLOW IT.

No. 18,444.

六拜禮


號七十月二十年一十二百九千一英

HONGKONG, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1921.

日九十月一十酉辛次歲年十國民華中


PRICE, \$3.00 Per Month.

New Victor Records for Christmas



There's surely no better gift wherever there is a Victor or Victrola. Nothing more acceptable; nothing more enjoyable. Stop in any time and we'll gladly give you a descriptive list of the newest records and play any numbers you wish to hear.

S. MOUTRIE & CO., LTD.
Sole Distributors.
CHATER ROAD.



YEE SANG FAT CO.

Christmas Sale

NOW ON
ONE WEEK ONLY
EVERYTHING MARKED DOWN
BELOW FACTORY'S PRICES.

YEE SANG FAT CO.

THE YUEN WO STORE.
Harbour Repairers.
Engineering & Building Contractors. General Repairs & Shipchangers.
Office No. 38, Tung Man Street, Phone 2566.
Workshop Canton Road, Kowloon, Phone K. 731.
Prop. T. I. LEUNG. Manager K. C. LEUNG.

PO WAH HAT MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.



First and Largest Hat Factory to be established in China.
Factory: Sam Shui Po—127, Tai Lam Street. Tel. 635.
Office: 178, Des Voeux Road (Opposite World Theatre). Tel. 3579.

WHY BUY FOREIGN GOODS?
HELP US AND HELP LOCAL INDUSTRY.
LATEST STYLISH HATS.



PO WAH HAT MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.
(MANAGER: Wong Wai Fu)

DONNELLY & WHYTE.
WINE MERCHANTS.
Tel. 636. Tel. 636.

MAKE YOUR SELECTION
OF
XMAS GIFTS
AT
J. ULLMANN & CO'S.
HONGKONG
Established 1860.

TO-DAY'S CABLES.

(Reuter's Service to the China Mail.)

NAVY AGREEMENT.

FRANCE ASKS FOR MORE.

BRITAIN WANTS SUBMARINES ABOLISHED.

WASHINGTON, December 16.

The French delegation presented a proposal at yesterday's meeting of the Naval Sub-committee involving such a great increase in the strength of the French navy that it is declared that if the proposal were adopted it would upset the whole naval agreement plan. France proposes to build ten battleships, of 35,000 tons each in the ten years following 1925.

It is understood that Italy disapproves of the French proposals, feeling that if France insists she may be forced to do likewise. Mr. Balfour has given notice that Britain will formally propose the abolition of submarines.

HOLLAND BORROWS \$100,000,000.

MONEY FOR DUTCH INDIES.

THE HAGUE, December 16.

The Government has introduced a Bill for the flotation of a loan in the United States, the nominal amount being \$100,000,000. The maximum interest is 7½ per cent but probably the interest will be at the rate of 6½ per cent. The money will be used exclusively in the Dutch Indies. The Government has asked the second Chamber to deal with the matter speedily as it was possible a satisfactory arrangement would be concluded within a few days with a very powerful American bank for part of the loan.

QUESTIONS IN THE COMMONS.

GERMANY'S REPARATION DUES.

THE NAVAL POSITION.

LONDON, December 16.

In the House of Commons at question time Mr. Hilton Young said that the amount the British Empire had hitherto received from Germany under the reparations and financial clauses of the treaty of Versailles was insufficient to cover the British army of occupation.

Amidst ironical opposition cheers, Colonel Amery said the construction of the four new British battleships would presently be suspended. What would ultimately be done depended on the outcome of the Washington conference. He had no information in regard to a report from Washington that two of these ships were to be built.

PRINCE'S INDIAN TOUR.

SUCCESSFUL DESPITE AGITATION.

DELHI, December 16.

There is every reason to believe that the Prince of Wales's tour will be most successful despite the efforts of agitators. Resentment is observed among the natives against intimidation, with the object of preventing them joining in the celebrations.

The Prince, since landing, has travelled 2,500 miles, visiting eight ruling princes and four places in British India. His Royal Highness's personality and sportsman-like qualities have deeply impressed the minds of the natives, numbers of whom travelled considerable distances to see the Prince of Wales.

CHINA AND JAPAN.

KIAOCHAU-TSINANFU RAILWAY.

ARGUMENT ABOUT PAYMENT.

WASHINGTON, December 16.

With reference to the Japanese provisional acceptance of China's offer to pay \$3,000,000 gold marks for the Kiaochau-Tsinanfu railway it is stated that China desired this arrangement in order to abolish "foreign control." The discussion during the negotiations centred around the mode of payment. China strongly opposing any method involving raising a loan by Japan which to them carries foreign control. Chinese and Japanese views were distinctly different and it is feared that there may be some difficulty in reconciling them. The Chinese are determined to secure a cash settlement.

THE DOLLAR.

To-day's closing rate 2/7 3/8.
To-day's opening rate 2/7 1/8.

INDIAN TURMOIL.

FURTHER ARRESTS AND CONVICTIONS.

GOVERNMENT STICKS TO POLICY.

CALCUTTA, December 16.

The struggle between volunteers and the authorities continues despite the arrest of many of the leaders. Over 80 were arrested to-day and many arrests and convictions in various parts of Bengal and Assam are reported. There were 300 arrests at Chittagong, Comilla and Barisal. The Government has released 50 convicted students on the ground that they were led away by sudden excitement and hopes they will not defy the law again.

The Calcutta High Court Vakils Association has passed a resolution demanding the repeal of the Criminal Law Amendment Act in view of recent cases. Responding probably to the appeals of moderates to the government to change their policy the Viceroy emphasised that the Government policy was unchanged but when violence supervened the day the Prince of Wales landed the Government made its authority felt. That policy was unchangeable.

GERMANY'S DEFAULT.

ENGLISH OPINIONS DIFFER.

FRENCH COMMENT FRANKLY HOSTILE.

LONDON, December 16.

Germany's indemnity default has encountered sharply divided opinions in England one of which, voiced by the Liberal newspapers, reiterates denunciations of the Treaty of Versailles. The other side takes up the Premier's declaration to yesterday's labour delegation to the effect that hitherto Germany has only partly paid the cost of the armistice of occupation and not yet contributed anything to reparations.

In Paris the comment is frankly hostile pointing out that Germany is crying poverty while allowing her finances to remain in a chaotic state. *Excelsior* expects that Germany will demand a reduction in the number of troops in occupation.

Le Matin thinks the Reparations Commission will do nothing except report Germany's voluntary default leaving a decision to the allied Governments. *Le Petit Parisien* expects an immediate conference of the powers to discuss the situation.

REPARATIONS COMMISSION MEETS.

PARIS, December 16.

The Reparations Commission met this morning and discussed the German note. A further meeting was held in the afternoon.

DISARMING OF GERMANY.

PARIS, December 16.

The Conference of Ambassadors heard General Nollet's report on the disarmament of Germany and is now concerning itself especially with the construction in Germany for assignment to America of a dirigible of 70,000 tons.

WAR DEBTS.

QUESTION OF CANCELLATION.

AMERICAN SENATOR'S VIEWS.

NEW YORK, December 16.

Addressing a meeting, Senator Borah declared he would vote in the Senate for the cancellation of every dollar of European debt to America if Europe would put herself right by revising the Versailles Treaty "so that the masses of the people could benefit in the original spirit of the peace." Otherwise he was indisposed to sympathise with the suggestions for the remission of the European debt.

COMMONS IRISH DEBATE.

UNIONIST TACTICS FAIL.

LONDON, December 16.

In the House of Commons the Unionist amendment to the address was defeated by 401 votes to 68 and the address was adopted.

"DIEHARDS" LOSE IN LORDS.
In the House of Lords, Lord Northumberland's "diehard" amendment was rejected by 166 votes to 47 and the address was adopted.

THE PROBLEM OF RUSSIA.

LONDON, December 16.

Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Robert Horne and Mr. Walter Long are to interview Mr. Kravsin this morning. It is understood that the question of Russian trade possibilities may be reviewed when Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bland meet on Monday.

BUSINESS NOTICES

XMAS GIFTS FOR MEN

To continue our Sale before moving, we are offering the whole of our stock of articles suitable for Xmas Gifts at 10% cash discount.

Ties
Socks
Jewellery
Scarves
Handkerchiefs
Dressing Gowns
Belts and Buckles
Braces and Garters

MACKINTOSH

& CO., LTD.

Men's Wear Specialists.

16, Des Voeux Road.

Telephone 29.

HAVE ALL YOUR
PRESCRIPTIONS DISPENSED,
QUICKLY AND ACCURATELY
WITH
DRUGS OF THE BEST QUALITY

AT
THE PHARMACY

FLETCHER & CO., LTD. 22, QUEEN'S ROAD.
AND REMEMBER YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS ARE
DISPENSED PERSONALLY

BY
FULLY QUALIFIED EUROPEAN CHEMISTS.

A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION for
over THREE-QUARTERS of a CENTURY.

WILKINSON'S

ESSENCE OF FLUID EXTRACT OF RED JAMAICA.

Established since 1831.

"We cannot speak too highly of it."
Lancet.

Pronounced by the HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES

the **WONDERFUL PURIFIER of the HUMAN BLOOD**

the **SAFEST & MOST EFFECTIVE**

remedy for **Torpid Liver, Debility, Eruptions, &c.**

WILKINSON'S INDISPENSABLE TO

SARSAPARILLA ALL WHO VALUE HEALTH

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES

48, SOUTHWARK ST., LONDON, S.E.1, ENGLAND.

A. S. Watson & Co., Hongkong Dispensary, and Queen's Dispensary.

We are manufacturers of
Felt Hats, Straw Hats,
Linen Hats, Topies, etc.



Manufactured in
HONGKONG
by the

NAM YUET HAT FACTORY,
29-30, Shaukiwan Road.

MEE WAH KNITTING & DYEING CO.

General Knitter & Dyer.
Manufacturers of Woolen Singlets, Jerseys, Sweaters &
all kinds of Underwear.
No. 6-18, Causeway Bay. Telephone 1301.
Manager: YEUNG POK WAN.

64, Queen's Road,
Central. Telephone
1417.

WING HING
FIRST CLASS TAILOR
Experienced Cutter, Perfect Fit Guaranteed
Orders executed shortest Notice
PRICE LOWEST

THE ISLE OF SKYE LIQUEUR
"DRAMBUIE"
A LINK WITH THE "45."

SOLE AGENTS:

CALDBECK, MACGREGOR & CO., LTD.
15, QUEEN'S ROAD CENTRAL. TEL. 75.

VACATION TRIP.

HONGKONG-SHAMSHUI-WUCHOW.

In the splendid and luxuriously appointed 500 tons Motor Ship
"KONG NING" between Hongkong, Shamshui, Shau Hing through the
LOVELIEST SCENERY ON THE WEST RIVER TO WUCHOW.
SPLENDID 1st and 2nd class passenger accommodations; large
and airy berth cabins on upper deck; no port holes but large airy
windows; fitted throughout with electric light and fans, etc.

M. S. "KONG NING"

Steamers Leave Hongkong Strainers Leave Hongkong
"Kong Ning" Wednesday, Dec. 21 "Kong Ning" Tuesday, Dec. 27

Round trips comprising 6 days, including meals and 24 hours stay
on board at Wuchow \$48.00.

For further particulars apply to:

BANKER & CO.

LAMMERT BROS.

AUCTIONEERS, APPRAISERS
AND SURVEYORS.

Public Auctions.

THE Underigned have received instructions to sell by Public Auction,

on

MONDAY, December 19, 1921,

commencing at 10.30 a.m.

at No. 18 Godown of the Hongkong &

Kowloon Wharf & Godown Co., Ltd.,

Kowloon,

A Quantity of Round, Square, and

Flat Iron, Angle Iron, Plate Cuttings,

Iron Plates, Pig Iron, etc., etc.

Also

A Line of Miscellaneous Goods.

Terms:—Cash on delivery.

LAMMERT BROS.,

Auctioneers.

on

TUESDAY, December 20, 1921,

commencing at 11 a.m.

their Sales Rooms, Duddell Street,

A Selection of High Grade

Cashmere and Tweed Suit

Lengths, Superior

Overcoating, etc.

Terms:—Cash on delivery.

LAMMERT BROS.,

Auctioneers.

Hongkong, December 14, 1921.

FARES FOR PUBLIC

VEHICLES.

CHAIRS.

1.—In Victoria, with two Bearers.

Quarter hour, 10 cents

Half hour, 20 "

One hour, 35 "

Three hours, 60 "

Six hours, 70 "

Day (8 a.m. to 6 p.m.), \$1.00

If the trip is extended beyond Victoria,

half fare extra.

Between the hours of 8.30 p.m. and 6

a.m. the above fares shall be increased

by 50 per centum.

11.—Beyond Victoria, with four Bearers.

Hour, 0.60 cents

Three hours, \$1.00

Six hours, 1.50 "

Day (8 a.m. to 6 p.m.), 2.00 "

111.—In the City District.

With 2 Bearers With 4 Bearers.

Quarter hour, \$0.15

Half hour, 0.30 "

One hour, 0.50 "

Two hours, 0.80 "

Three hours, 1.00 "

Six hours, 1.50 "

Day (8 a.m. to 6 p.m.), 2.00 "

RICKSHAS.

1.—In the Island of Hongkong, if engaged

in Victoria.

Five minutes, 5 cents

Ten minutes, 10 "

Quarter hour, 15 "

Half hour, 20 "

One hour, 30 "

Every subsequent hour, 30 "

Note.—If the ricksha be engaged

within the City of Victoria, and be dis-

charged outside the Western part of the

City of Victoria after 9 p.m., or be dis-

charged to the East of Bay View Police

Station on the Eastern side of the City

of Victoria after 9 p.m., an extra half

fare shall be chargeable.

11.—In Kowloon

Quarter hour, 5 cents

Half hour, 15 "

Hour, 20 "

Every subsequent hour, 10 "

111.—Taxis Road.

Twenty cents shall be added

for each extra hour or part

of an hour if the hire causes

the journey to take longer

than

To 4th mile—

single 75 cents.....1 hour.

return \$1.00.....2 hours.

Beyond 4th to 8th mile—

single \$1.20.....2 hours.

return \$1.50.....4 "

Beyond 8th to 12th mile—

single \$1.75.....2 1/2 "

return \$2.00.....5 "

Beyond 12th to 16th mile—

single \$2.00.....2 "

return \$2.50.....7 "

Fares for journeys beyond the 16th

mile to be a matter of previous arrange-

ment in each case.

The fares here set out to apply to one

ricksha with three coolies from Tsim Sha

Tsi.

It must have come as something

of a shock to H. F. on the heights of

Olympus to learn on high authority

Lord Northcliffe that he was in

reality in a gubernatorial paradise,

that his residence was "the finest of

its kind in the Far East," writes the

"Topicist" in the Singapore Free

Press. But possibly the noble

Lord would not have spoken

so enthusiastically had he

been interned in the Palace

before the Unofficials and had that

clean sweep of the morant almeirabs

and the battered bathing tongs.

There was a rumour some time ago

that extensive sums were to be

expended in building and altering the

the edifice for the visit of H.R.H.,

but now that the place has been

given a cachet it seems hardly

necessary. Well, the Topicist has

seen the dear old house in the

struggles of the annual ball,

he saw it in the mutiny days

when Sir A. paced restlessly

to and fro wondering what

Singapore was in for, he has seen it

on "at home" days and tennis days,

and the only comment he can pass on

the benediction of Lord Northcliffe is

that he can have seen only one other

Residence in the Far East, and that is

at Hongkong, so that after all the

remark is very like that of the small

boy who was second in his class

which consisted of "me an' a lasso!"

INTIMATIONS

ELECTRIC MOTORS

ELECTRIC VACUUM

CLEANERS

"NILFISK"

COMPLETE ELECTRIC

GENERATING PLANTS

with STORAGE Batteries

delivery from Stock.

Danish Chinese Commercial

Company, Ltd.

1A, Chater Road.

YOU

are invited to inspect our

CHRISTMAS BAZAAR

Fine assortment of

EUROPEAN TOYS

at Moderate Prices.

GRACA & CO.,

Dealers in Toys, Postage Stamps,

Religious Goods, Seeds, &c.

No. 10, Wyndham Street,

P. O. Box 620, Hongkong.

MASSAGE.

Mrs. HONDA and Mrs. KISAKI

14 years' experience.

No. 24, Wyndham Street,

(opposite to the "China Mail")

JAPANESE MAKERS.

Every kind of Footwear.

MADE TO ORDER.



OHERRY & CO.,

PEDDER STREET,

Opposite Hongkong Hotel

Telephone No. 491,

Hongkong, March 20, 1914.

TANG YUK, DENTIST.

DENTISTRY

the late SIEN TING,

14, D'Agular Street.

TERRY YEEH MODERATE

CONSULTATION FEE.

THERAPION NO. 1

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Hughes & Hough

AUCTIONEERS TO THE GOVERNMENT
AND ADMIRALTY.

Coal Contractors
General Brokers.

PUBLIC AUCTIONS

THE Undersigned have received instructions to sell by Public Auction.

MONDAY,
December 19, 1921, at 10.30 a.m.,
at 6 Morrison Hill,
Valuable Household Furniture,
etc., etc.

Comprising:—
Bed Room and Dining Room Suites,
Overmantles, Mirrors, Oak Hall Chairs,
Blackwood, Electric Fittings and
Lamps, Stoves, Shanghai Baths, etc., etc.
Terms:—Cash on delivery.
HUGHES & HOUGH,
Auctioneers.
Hongkong, December 13, 1921.

(FOR ACCOUNT OF THE CONCERNED),
on
TUESDAY,
December 20, 1921, commencing at
2.30 p.m., at their Sales Rooms,
No. 8, Des Vaux Road, Corner of
Ice House Street.

**TEAKWOOD AND BLACKWOOD
FURNITURE, BRASS AND TEAK-
WOOD TWIN BEDSTEADS,
CARPETS,**
etc., etc.

Comprising:—
Dining Suites, Chesterfield Sofas,
Arm-chairs (new), Card and Occasional
Tables, Teakwood Twin Bedsteads,
large and small Wardrobes, Dressing
Tables and Chairs, Washstands, etc.,
(fumed Teakwood), Sideboards, Dinner
Wagons, Dinner Services, Crockery, &
Glass Ware, Cooking Stoves, Cutlery,
etc., Electro-plated Ware,
Electric Reading Lamps, Screens,
Sundry Blackwood Furniture, Chairs,
Cabinets, Pictures, Books,
Also
One Baby Grand Piano by Broadwood.
(Full Particulars from Catalogue).
Terms:—Cash on delivery.
HUGHES & HOUGH,
Auctioneers.

(FOR ACCOUNT OF THE CONCERNED),
on
TUESDAY,
December 20, 1921, commencing at 2.30
p.m. at their Sales Rooms, No. 8,
Des Vaux Road, Corner of
Ice House Street.

Several Lots of
**Valuable St. Lambert Glass
Ware, Venetian Coloured Electric
Lamps, Marble Statuettes, Fancy
Goods,**
Also
a few pairs Special Blankets
and Rugs.
Terms:—Cash on delivery.
HUGHES & HOUGH,
Auctioneers.

(FOR ACCOUNT OF THE CONCERNED),
on
TUESDAY,
December 20, 1921, at 12 noon,
at their Sales Rooms,
No. 8, Des Vaux Road, Corner
of Ice House Street.

1 Indian Motor Cycle,
7/9 H.P. 3 Speed Gear, (counter-
shaft) in first class condition.
Terms:—Cash on delivery.
HUGHES & HOUGH,
Auctioneers.

(For Account of the Concerned),
on
THURSDAY,
December 22, 1921, at 2.30 p.m.,
at their Sales Rooms, No. 8,
Des Vaux Road, Corner of
Ice House Street.

Valuable Jewellery,
Comprising:—
Single Stone Diamond Rings, Ear-
rings, Brooches, Diamond Cluster
Rings, Bracelets, Gold and Silver Orna-
ments, Pearls,
etc., etc., etc.
Terms:—Cash on delivery.
HUGHES & HOUGH,
Auctioneers.
Hongkong, December 16, 1921.

WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

25 WORDS & INSERTIONS,
\$1. PREPAID.
Every additional word 4 Cents
for 3 insertions.

WANTED.
WANTED:—LADY SECRETARY
(British) non-Resident in Institute.
Apply by letter to the Hon. Secretary,
Helena May Institute.

TO LET.
TO LET:—FLOORS in the new
Bank Building, 4 Des Vaux Road
Central. Apply to The Hongkong
Land Investment & Agency Co., Ltd.

PUBLIC AUCTIONS.
THE Undersigned have received in-
structions to sell by Public Auction
(For account of the Concerned.)

FRIDAY,
December 23, 1921, at 2.30 p.m.,
at their Sales Rooms, No. 8,
Des Vaux Road, Corner of
Ice House Street.

**MISCELLANEOUS SALE,
Fancy Goods.**
Terms:—Cash on delivery.
HUGHES & HOUGH,
Auctioneers.
Hongkong, December 14, 1921.

**SPECIAL AUCTION
OF
FANCY GOODS**
(suitable for Xmas Season).

THE Undersigned have received in-
structions to sell by Public Auc-

tion
(FOR ACCOUNT OF THE CONCERNED),
on

WEDNESDAY,
December 21, 1921, at 2.30 p.m.,
at their Sales Rooms, No. 8,
Des Vaux Road, Corner of
Ice House Street.

About 300 lots of FANCY GOODS,
Comprising:—

Electro-plated Goods, Cut-glass Ware
(from Val. St. Lambert Brussels), a nice
selection of Italian Marble Statuettes,
Venetian Glass Ware, Fancy Ice Cream
Sets, Italian Electric Lamps, Mosaic Mirrors,
Electric Table Centres, Special Table
Cutlery and Table Glass Ware, etc., etc.
Also
A selection of JEWELLERY, from
the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths of
Regent Street, London.

And
A miscellaneous line of Sundries.
On view on morning of sale.
Terms:—Cash on delivery.
HUGHES & HOUGH,
Auctioneers.
Hongkong, December 15, 1921.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—One Oldsmobile Seven
Seater Motor Car, brand new.

6 City Hudson wire wheels two spare
wheels and complete Equipment
in thoroughly sound running condition.
For prices & particulars apply
HUGHES & HOUGH,
Auctioneers.

PUBLIC AUCTIONS

G. R.
PUBLIC AUCTION.

PARTICULARS and Conditions of the
letting by Public Auction Sale, to
be held on **MONDAY**, the 19th day of
December, 1921, at 3 p.m. at the Offices
of the Public Works Department, by Order
of His Excellency the Governor of One
Lot of **CROWN LAND** at Pakfula, in
the Colony of Hongkong, for a term
of 75 years, with the option of renewal
at a Crown Rent to be fixed by the
Surveyor of His Majesty the King, for
one further term of 75 years.

| PARTICULARS OF THE LOT. | | | | | | | | | |
|--------------------------|--------------|---|--------------------------------|----------------------------|-------------|-------------|-------------------|--|--|
| No. of Sub- divisions | Registry No. | Locality. | Boundary Measurements | Contents in Square Feet | Annual Rent | Upset Price | | | |
| 1 | 100 | Rural Building Lot No. 100, Pakfula. | N. S. E. W. ft. ft. ft. ft. | about 44,000 | 154 | 5,200 | As per sale plan. | | |

G. R.
PUBLIC AUCTION.

PARTICULARS and Conditions of the
letting by Public Auction Sale, to
be held on **MONDAY**, the 19th day of
December, 1921, at 3 p.m. at the Offices
of the Public Works Department, by Order
of His Excellency the Governor, of One
Lot of **CROWN LAND** at Bowen
Road, in the Colony of Hongkong, for
a term of 75 years, with the option
of renewal at a Crown Rent to be fixed
by the Surveyor of His Majesty the
King, for one further term of 75 years.

| PARTICULARS OF THE LOT. | | | | | | | | | |
|--------------------------|--------------|--|--------------------------------|----------------------------|-------------|-------------|-------------------|--|--|
| No. of Sub- divisions | Registry No. | Locality. | Boundary Measurements | Contents in Square Feet | Annual Rent | Upset Price | | | |
| 1 | 100 | Adjoining Rural Building Lot No. 100, Bowen Road. | N. S. E. W. ft. ft. ft. ft. | about 20,000 | 154 | 7,200 | As per sale plan. | | |

G. R.
PUBLIC AUCTION.

PARTICULARS and Conditions of the
letting by Public Auction Sale, to
be held on **MONDAY**, the 19th day of
December, 1921, at 3 p.m. at the Offices
of the Public Works Department, by Order
of His Excellency the Governor of two Lots
of **CROWN LAND** at Portland Street,
in the Colony of Hongkong, for a term of
75 years, with the option of renewal at a
Crown Rent to be fixed by the Surveyor
of His Majesty the King, for one further
term of 75 years.

| PARTICULARS OF THE LOT. | | | | | | | | | |
|--------------------------|--------------|---|--------------------------------|----------------------------|-------------|-------------|-------------------|--|--|
| No. of Sub- divisions | Registry No. | Locality. | Boundary Measurements | Contents in Square Feet | Annual Rent | Upset Price | | | |
| 1 | 100 | Adjoining Lot No. 100, Portland Street. | N. S. E. W. ft. ft. ft. ft. | about 16,000 | 102 | 13,400 | As per sale plan. | | |
| 1 | 100 | Adjoining Lot No. 100, Portland Street. | N. S. E. W. ft. ft. ft. ft. | about 23,000 | 102 | 16,600 | As per sale plan. | | |

INTIMATIONS.

BRITISH LEGION.
HONGKONG & CHINA BRANCH.

**AN EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL
MEETING** will be held at the
City Hall, on **WEDNESDAY**, 21st
December, 1921, at 5.15 p.m. with the
following objects:—

1. To accept the Constitution of the
"British Legion."
 2. To confirm the existing Rules of
the Branch, except in so far as the
same conflict with the Constitution,
pending the adoption of Bye-
Laws to be drawn up by the General
Committee and submitted to a
General Meeting.
 3. To appoint Auditors.
- By order of the General Committee.
H. K. HOLMES,
Hon. Secretary.
Hongkong, December 15, 1921.

POLICE NOTICE.

HIRE OF PUBLIC VEHICLE.
THE PUBLIC ARE HEREBY
NOTIFIED that the City of
Victoria will in future be divided into
4 Districts to enable the Public to
obtain public chairs in an emergency or
when such are not available on the
Public Chair Stands:—

District No. 1
All that area east of Pottinger street
The south boundary being—Arbuthnot
—Upper Albert and Kennedy Roads
(both sides). The Depot in this area
will supply chairs to such places as R.
N. Yard, the Barracks, Hongkong
Club, New Lusitania Club and large
offices. Telephone for this district is
installed in Shum Cheung's Chair
Depot at No. 7 Wai Tak Lane (ground
floor). Telephone No. 3705.

District No. 2
All that area west of Pottinger street,
The South boundary being—High
Street—Hospital Road, Po Hing Fong
and Staunton Street. The Depot in
this area will supply chairs to large
Hongs, Three Chinese Theatres and
Government Civil Hospital. Telephone
for this district is installed in Ng Yau's
chair Depot at No. 3 Ezra Lane, (1st
floor). Telephone No. 3706.

District No. 3
All that area above High Street,
Hospital Road, Po Hing Fong, Staunton
Street, Arbuthnot Road, Upper Albert
Road and Kennedy Road. The Depot
in this area will supply chairs to all
Europeans and Chinese residences on
the upper levels. Telephone for this
district is installed in Cheung Luk's
Chair Depot at No. 31 Elgin Street
(ground floor). Telephone No. 3707.

District No. 4
The Peak Road—Albany Road—
Queen's Garden, May Road, and Bowen
Road. Telephone for this district is
installed in the Chair Shelter at the
bottom of the Peak Road.
Telephone No. 816

The Public are strongly advised to
impress on their employees the Tele-
phone No. of the Chair Depot nearest to
their own premises so that no time may
be lost in getting chairs. Should there
be no chair available at any Particular
Chair Depot the Foreman of such Depot
has instructions to pass the message on
to the next Depot and ensure that a
chair is sent.

E. D. C. WOLFE,
Captain Superintendent of Police.
Hongkong, 13th December, 1921.

NOTICE.

WE have this day **REMOVED** our
Office to No. 6, Des Vaux Road,
above the Bank of Canton, Ltd.
ARRATON V. APCAR & CO.
Hongkong, December 6, 1921.

HONGKONG HOTEL AND REPULSE BAY HOTEL.

**XMAS AND NEW YEAR
HOLIDAYS.**

SATURDAY, 24th December.
Dinner Dances at Repulse Bay Hotel.

**BOXING DAY,
MONDAY, 26th December,**
"Fancy Dress" Dinner Dances at
Hongkong Hotel Grill.

WEDNESDAY, 28th December.
Dinner Dances at Repulse Bay Hotel.

**NEW YEARS EVE
SATURDAY, 31st December.**
"Fancy Dress" Dinner Dances at
Repulse Bay Hotel.

(SUNDAY being NEW YEAR'S DAY,
the above Dinner Dances will commence
from 7.30 p.m.)

MONDAY, 2nd January, 1922.
Dinner Dances at Repulse Bay Hotel.

FREE.

PARTICULARS for the treatment of
obstinate skin-diseases, Patches,
Paralysis, Gout, Piles, Oils, Hysteria,
Insanity, Catarrh, Glaucoma, etc., can
be obtained on writing full details of
the disease clearly to:
"SRI" WORKS, Bardon Square,
(C.M.) Calcutta, (India).

INTIMATIONS.

**TO ALL ACTIVE
SERVICEMEN.**

ALL Active Servicemen who are
interested in the formation of
an Active Servicemen's Association
are invited to attend a Meeting in the
Coronet Theatre on Sunday, 18th
December, at 11 a.m.

NOTICE.

**THE ANNUAL CHRISTMAS
TREAT** given by the Members of
the Catholic Union Club and their
friends to the Pensioners under the care
of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul
will be held at the Cathedral Compound,
Glenealy, on **SUNDAY**, 18th December,
1921, at 3 p.m.
All those interested are cordially
invited to attend.
Hongkong, December 15, 1921.

CHEAP SALE OF TOYS NEARLY 1,000 TOYS

of excellent quality remaining over
from the
**ST. VINCENT-DE PAUL SOCIETY'S
BAZAAR**

will be sold at surprisingly low prices
on the
**HONGKONG VOLUNTEER CORPS
PARADE GROUND,**
between 2.30 p.m. and 10.30 p.m.
on
SATURDAY, 17th December, 1921.
The proceeds of the Sale will go to
the funds of the Society.

ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE.

(Corner of Braham Road
and Western Street).

THE NEW YEAR SCHOOL YEAR
commences on January 4th.
Examination of New Students on
January 3rd, at 9.30 a.m.
For terms & prospectus, apply,
THE WARDEN,
ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE.
Hongkong, December 3, 1921.

'SHADOWED' DUELLISTS.

COMEDY OF AN ITALIAN
CHALLENGE.

Deputy Benito Mussolini, the
founder of the Fascisti movement, who
has been challenged to a duel by
Signor Cicotti Scozzese, editor of ex-
Premier Nitti's paper, objecting to the
constant vigilance to which he is sub-
jected by the police, who are trying
to prevent the duel, has presented the
following questions to the Chamber:

"Whether it is not ridiculous to
have mobilised the whole police force
of Italy to prevent a duel between two
private persons?"
"Whether it is not scandalous at
the present time to waste petrol on
police motor-cars and motor-cycles in
order to follow him about?"

"Whether this incessant shadowing
does not constitute a limitation on his
personal liberty as a member of Parlia-
ment and a citizen."

Signor Scozzese has been previously
challenged by three people—Lieut.
Iglieri, Deputy Ciano, and Calza
Bini. A Court of Honour decided in
each case that Signor Scozzese was
not a fit person to fight with
gentlemen.

Each of the three former challengers
has telegraphed to Signor Mussolini
that he must consider himself chal-
lenged if he rehabilitated Signor
Scozzese by crossing words with him.
Signor Mussolini answered laconically:
"Have received your telegram,"
thereby accepting the challenge.

**HIMROD'S
ASTHMA
CURE**

Over 40 years ago the
late Lord Beaconsfield
testified to the benefits
received from Himrod's
Asthma Cure, and every post
brings similar letters to-day.
FAMED FOR 60 YEARS
Sold in tin by all Chemists and Druggists throughout
the Country. **Beware of Imitations**

Corn Comes Off In One Piece

"Get-It" Leaves Toe As Smooth As
The Palm of Your Hand.

There is only one corn remedy in
the world that peels corns and cal-
luses off like a banana skin, and
that is "Get-It" for those who
walk and stand a great deal, for



Put 2 drops of "Get-It" on, and
smile!

shoppers and dancers, there is im-
mediate relief from corn pain, and a
quick end for any corn or callus.
"Get-It" is applied in two or three
seconds. There is no work, no trou-
blesome plasters, no wrapping of
toes. "Get-It" dries in a second or
two. That is all. No wrapping or
signing your name. The corn comes
from the true flesh and you peel it
right off with your fingers while you
wonder at the sight and smile. That
is why "Get-It" is the biggest sell-
ing corn-remedy in the world today.
Be corn-free at last.
"Get-It" the guaranteed, money-
back corn-remover, the only sure
way, costs but a trifle at all chemists
and stores. Mfg. by E. Lawrence &
Co., Chicago, U. S. A.

Sole Distributors
**MULLER-PHIPPS
& HODGES, Ltd.,**
38 Kianze Road,
SHANGHAI

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that
the **HONGKONG DOLLAR
DIRECTORY** has been acquired, as
from July 7th, 1921, by the undersig-
ned with all rights and titles, and will
hereafter be published by them. No
claims against the Hongkong Dollar
Directory incurred prior to this date
will be admitted by the undersigned.

**THE NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE
LTD**
5, Wyndham Street.
Hongkong, July 7, 1921.

Yes, sir—
They Satisfy
—and the blend
can't be copied

Chesterfield CIGARETTES

LIGHT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

WHAT YOU REQUIRE IS A FOOD—



A COMPLETE FOOD—

TO MAKE
OR
REBUILD
THE BODY.

THIS IS WHERE

NESTLE'S MALTED MILK EXCELS.

SOLD AT ALL STORES & DRUGGISTS
IN 7-oz. & 15-oz. BOTTLES.

WINE AND SPIRITS

ASSORTED CASES FOR XMAS.

EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD VALUE.

| CASE No. 1 \$30.00 | | CASE No. 2 \$35.00 | |
|--------------------|------------------------|--------------------|-------------------------|
| 3 Bottles | St. Estephe Claret | 1 " | Gin |
| 2 " | Port, Full Bodied | 1 " | Vermouth |
| 2 " | Vino de Pasto, Sherry | 1 " | Cacao la Vanille M.B.R. |
| 2 " | Gin | CASE No. 3 \$40.00 | |
| 1 " | Superior Pale Brandy | 1 Bottle | St. Marceaux Champagne |
| 1 " | "E" Whisky | 1 " | Manzanilla Sherry |
| 1 " | Green Menthé, M. B. R. | 1 " | Superior Light Port |
| CASE No. 2 \$35.00 | | 1 " | Royal Port |
| 1 Bottle | St. Marceaux Champagne | 1 " | Dry Gin |
| 2 " | St. Estephe Claret | 1 " | "E" Old Brown Brandy |
| 1 " | Vino de Pasto Sherry | 1 " | "E" Whisky |
| 1 " | Superior Light Port | 1 " | No. 4 Whisky |
| 1 " | Madeira, Sandeman's | 1 " | Dewar's White Label |
| 1 " | Superior Old Cognac | 1 " | Whisky |
| 1 " | "E" Whisky | 1 " | Green Menthé M. B. R. |
| 1 " | No. 4 Whisky | 2 " | St. Julien Claret |

The above prices include duty, which will be deducted for Export & Shipping orders. Special cases put up to order.

A. S. WATSON & CO., LTD.
WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS.
PHONE No. 616.

Wm. Powell Ltd.
TELEPHONE 346

XMAS 1921

IT IS NOT TOO SOON TO BUY.

SOMETHING

PLEASING

IS SURE
TO SUGGEST ITSELF
AT

POWELL'S

TOYS—FOR THE CHILDREN.
DAINTY GIFTS—FOR LADIES.
USEFUL PRESENTS—FOR MEN.

DES VOEUX ROAD CENTRAL.

We Specialize in

Social and Business Stationery,
Loose Leaf Binders and Books,
Novelties for the Home and Office,
Dennison's Xmas Decorations.

INSPECTION SOLICITED

DER A. WING & CO.

60, Des Voeux Road, CENTRAL.

The China Mail.

TRADE, ADVERTISING, PUBLISHING SERVICE.

HONGKONG, SATURDAY, DEC. 17, 1921.

ADVERSARIA.

Am I right in supposing HELLO! that since we last met, HOWDY? you have been having a pleasant time of it enjoying life and better? I hope so, I'm sure; but I want you to know that it is different for me. I've had to prepare these adversaria for you, you know. Not that that'll worry you. You never give the cock's labours a thought when you sit down to a meal you have broken open. Guess you have some sort of subconscious feeling that you have earned it out of space. That isn't how it comes. The stuff has to be selected, and dressed, and cooked, all of which—but never mind. All I really want to ask you is not to take so much for granted. I have just torn up a column and a half of adversaria that I had written for you, because it had got a bit smoky in the cooking, and I didn't think it fit to put before your excellencies. I do not begrudge the wasted paper—the China Mail pays for that. I do, however, rather regret the loss of time. I could have spent that.

Hongkong is flooded, BAD MONEY simply inundated, AGAIN. with subsidiary coinage that is bad. It is a horrible nuisance to everybody, and a serious hardship, probably, to many poor people. I sometimes wonder if it would not be possible to put some of the brains and energy employed against opium smugglers to the purpose of recruiting informers who would put us on the track of the coiners. I was hugely delighted when I read in Tuesday's China Mail that a woman had been put in prison for

to the preservation of peace, and the reduction of ill-will. That is practical. Fellowship isn't.

There is a limited amount of fellowship in Hongkong, and I will presently explain by indicating some of the forms it takes; but I doubt if it exists in the League of Fellowship. There it looks to me very like Mrs. Gamp's friend Mrs. Aris, in her leading characteristic, that of being much more heard of than seen. Now it may be said of fellowship, what need to be sometimes said of children, that it is desirable it should be seen and not heard. More precisely, it was better seen in action than merely heard of. Otherwise, what orgies for the cynics may be provided. Chaps like "E. W. H."

LET US DEFINE OUR TERMS. There are special meanings to the word fellowship that do not concern this discussion. In the League sense, though this was surely not the intention of the promoters, it means companionship on terms of equality. Social intercourse on level terms. Internationalist and democrat as I am, I could not work for that. I consider it impossible. At certain forms of social exclusiveness based on bad grounds, on silly and immaterial distinctions, I may at times have jeered. There is, however, a personal freedom of choice of companionship which I claim, and which I am bound to respect in others. For instance, to me every other human being in the world is a potential friend and companion. I make no exceptions. I don't care what his colour is, or his race, or his religion, or how much or how little money he has got. We start level on first acquaintance, so far as my prejudices are concerned. I "go native" whenever and wherever I feel like it, and I make no bones about being a "squaw man" when it suits me. But should their manners be repulsive to me, or their conversation uncongenial, I insist on my right to withdraw. I concede the same to them. This is conserving my comfort; my respect for them is no less because I happen to be discomforted by something about them. I still want to be on peaceful terms with them, of course. But, as I think I have made plain, that isn't fellowship. It is tolerance, and respect, and commonsense; but it isn't fellowship.

I remember reading A ROTTEN ARGUMENT once an attack on people who hold views similar to mine about universal brotherhood. The writer thought he had put out of court. "I have," he said, "only one question for these impractical sentimentalists. I ask, Would you give your own daughter in marriage to a negro? If not, you have no right to profess the sentiments you do." That has bearing on this point I have been trying to make. My answer would be no. If it were yes, I suppose I'd be considered hopelessly mad, yet all it could fairly indicate would be that I lacked pride of race, and that I lacked proper affection for my daughter. My negative answer does not prove my fraternal sentiments for the negro to be hypocrisy. We are children of the same Heavenly Father, and I intend to treat him as such; but not to make a companion of him, if there is anything about him that disturbs my comfort and enjoyment in life.

Precisely, I was coming to that. You are thinking that brotherhood is a stronger, bigger, more intimate thing than fellowship. If your experience, and not only your sentimental notion of the word, confirms you in so thinking, I congratulate you. You are lucky. I happen to have been blessed in that way, too, with brothers who were also fellows. But that has not prevented me from forming the conviction that it is the fellowship, the intimate communion, the level and the understanding intercourse, that is a bigger thing than the so-called blood tie. I have fraternal duties, and good will toward; but to my friend and companion—my fellow—I want, I yearn, to be and give all that is possible. It is almost like the difference between placid love and uxoriousness.

I have heard it suggested that the Peak Reservation is inconsistent with fellowship. It most certainly is. Fellowship knows no reservations. This does not mean that the two hang together. I do not want to discuss the Peak Reservation question, for it is a thing adjudged, settled, and discussion now were waste of time and would mean an unnecessary exacerbation of feelings. I must say this, however, that it is not true that the only motive of the pro-reservationists is fear of being bought up by richer people. Nor is it true that its object is to allow Europeans to live in European surroundings. Now, can we with our style of architecture, and with Chinese servants? Its object is to enable Europeans to live, as they want to live, and be comfortable and happy and content, so far as local con-

ditions will permit. They have a right to this. All people have. The real reason is that since they cannot be expected to move away from the Peak for the sake of others, they should have some say as to the kind of neighbours they prefer or dislike. We all have that right, too. Those who are safe from being "bought up" those secure and undisturbed in their own properties in the reservations desire to exercise a certain amount of choice in the matter of their neighbours. That is not general fellowship, it is discrimination on a par with my avoidance of companionship that discomforts me. Other things being equal, it is also just and fair. But it is not fellowship, nor consistent with it. We must face that.

A RECENT CONTROVERSY analogous in the recent controversy about comrades of the great war. I am quite sure that the heroes from the actual trenches have nothing but goodwill toward those who had less glittering opportunities for service, but they do not want fellowship with them in such a League, because, for reasons quite easy to comprehend, they cannot feel such fellowship as possible. This gives us a clue to the weak spot, if there be one, in this later league.

It will be mainly due to human slackness AND HAZY DEFINITION, in the careless use of words, even in lack of precision in thinking. Many people must have joined the Fellowship League without thinking of all that fellowship involves, and certainly never intending it all. Probably they had acquired the idea that it was on the lines of pacifism, better international relations, and so on, and they entertained that flabby desire which all such people entertain, that "somehow good shall be the final goal of ill." Fellowship may have meant for them merely something like signing a petition for a good cause. Was there not a pious cablegram to send?

Such vague and well-intentioned sentiments are NOT not active good-will, not the hunger and thirst and cold enthusiasm that mark fellowship, although they are a distinct advance on the glib indulgence in the old passions and prejudices which insularity and chauvinism carry. There is a big difference between limp benevolence and passionate hope. That is how the Christian churches come to include so many people who are not Christians and who have no desire to be. These people are not, what they are often taken to be, the vilest of hypocrites. They are as clear as their sort of mind ever lets them be that they are doing the right thing, patronising a good cause. That such a patronage is an aggravation of the crucifixion is an idea that simply could not occur to them.

I guess that explains the cross-purposes and wrangling that I hear about in this fellowship of fellowshippers. We heard a lot about the fellowship of the great war, how it was levelling the classes and abolishing social barriers. It was probably true, but only "for the duration," and for the purposes of the war. We hear of the fellowship of sport, particularly in cricket. It is quite true, but it is only for the game, and on the pitch. Since fellowship means much more than that, since it means the Bedwin hospitality we have read about, since it means the fellowship of the inner chamber, of the board, and even of the bed if necessary, it is obvious that no body of Hongkong citizens is likely to be able to live up to it, and there must be recrimination and accusations of insincerity. When they understand how much is involved—or supposed to be involved by those ardent spirits who cannot see why richa colts are not invited to gubernatorial dinners, or the white man's club be thrown open to men who would not feel at home there—there are sure to be members like the young man that "went away sorrowful," because he had large possessions.

That my diagnosis is PROMOTION, not so far wrong is indicated by the fact that even intelligent and educated people can misunderstand quite simple words. One of the members of the Fellowship League, moving some verbal amendments, is reported to have said that "to promote good fellowship among all nations" was far too big a programme for a place like Hongkong. He was not thinking of my definition of fellowship, since he retained that word in his amendment. I conclude, therefore, that he was confusing the verb "to promote" with the verb "to establish." It is quite likely, he thought of them as synonymous. I find there are other people who do. We do not "promote" public companies! But in this context it merely means to move forward. A step ahead is promotion. Substitute goodwill for

fellowship, and then, if Hongkong has not a peculiarly favourable opportunity to promote goodwill among all nations, there is no other place that has. It is so cosmopolitan. There cannot be many races unrepresented. Now if this League of Fellowship were what I wanted it to be, an Association of Cosmopolitan Pacificists, this is what it could do. Its members could heartily and sincerely, and without any reservations join in making it their common principle and rule, their steady attitude and stance, to frown upon all manifestations of ill-nature or discourtesy to any race, nation, or class whatever, and to lose no chance of passing a personal fraternal greeting to every foreigner met. That is immediately practicable and immensely worth while. It would promote (move forward) goodwill among all nations, just as a stone dropped in a pool sends concentric rings spreading everywhere across it. A good impression of the British made upon one American visitor to-morrow may easily influence the feeling of a whole community in America by and by, because every foreigner so convinced of our goodwill becomes, consciously or not, a missionary working to spread his good opinion of us. Each one of the Americans who was courteous and kind to me in 1917 or 1918 was, unknown to him as to me, inspiring some of the articles or bits of articles I write in 1921 or 1922. You see? The ultimate effect of a few words lightly spoken is beyond all calculation. Kind words or unkind they make their impression, and the impression is remembered when the words are not. Remembered, and passed on. Passed on, and re-passed on, so that impressions spread as a snowball grows when rolled. Pin-pricks or compliments, they are seed sown for a sure harvest. Which crop should pay best? That is what I hoped the League of Fellowship was aiming at, and not thorny, debatable political questions such as have been mooted, proposals foredoomed to schism and to failure.

As regards the "false position" of the Padre Macconachie . . . (Deleted because too personal.—Ed. C. M.)

As for the League of Fellowship ever being against the Government, I can understand his position only on the supposition that he has some idea of a programme for it which the members have not contemplated. In the beginning he said all it could do was to cable Washington and then dissolve. I suggested then the things it could and should do, and I suggested that he ought to resign. He owes his present "false position" to ignoring my advice.

The thing I have suggested the League should do is as easy as bathing in Jordan; but evidently the League includes lepers who think Abana and Pharpar better rivers. I distrust these people who are in a hurry to get big things done. Fabian methods are surer. You see, none of us knows for sure that we are right. The experts in Government have made a sad mess of things. Democracy still makes big mistakes. I sometimes think that all laws should be like our Rent Ordinance, passed for one year only—and let every society every year decide for itself what it wants. I would be willing to try a year of any law recommended by Mr. Macconachie, because after all he is one of our intelligents; but I'm hanged if I'd let him (or any other man, including myself) legislate for posterity. It isn't fair, for undoing is harder than doing in such matters.

But I guess so much seriousness is wearying you, and the Fabian method is to avoid that. Let me switch off (though I have ever so much more to say yet) to lighter themes.

A stray meteor bumped the moon on its dark side, and he nearer the earth. Consequently it (the moon) has accelerated its pace during the last thirty years. This may explain why the world has gone mad, the great war, the present state of journalism, and so forth.

The following book stall muddlers speak for itself:

Dear Adversaria,

It is doubtful if the following is exactly a howler but it bears the merit of being true. I had read an appreciative review of a small book on motors written by an officer of the gas pipe cavalry (Motor Cycle Corps) and decided to get it. I went to Smith's book stall on Greenwich Station and gave the lady in charge of the stall particulars as to author, price, and publishers, also name of book. "Motors in a nutshell," I called as directed three days after and was informed that the book could not be traced. "I thought it queer," said she. The young lady, thinking I doubted her bona fides, showed me her order book and the mystery was revealed. She had ordered "Maidens in a nutshell."

I have the highest regard—indeed, a warm affection—for the citizen who announced the other night that he once knew a boiler-trader by maker, but I do think it an awful pity that he should insist on eating so many strawberries in December.

The huddle of buildings on a Chinese mud bank that calls itself Shanghai is always very jealous of Hongkong, actually imagining that comparison is possible. Whatever we do, it tries to do. Its latest example of squalidous siphiness is to copy our scandal of government officials in government quarters taking in lodgers. I see in Lloyd's Weekly that municipal servants at Shanghai are accused of doing that. So far it has not managed to rival the non-chalance of our official reply.

"J. K. M." in a letter in Tuesday's Post defines billions and trillions, says our British method is the right one, and that the French and Americans do it wrong. I know nothing about that. Incidentally, "J. K. M." introduces a jer at such "transpacific importations" as the word "alright." I do know something about that. If it was an "importation," which I doubt, it has not "crept into the journalism of the Far East" as he says. It has been brought in, with a proper bill of lading. What is the matter with it? I think alright is alright. I take it that "J. K. M." himself passes words like already, almost, and slighly—or does he insist on the All Might?

Although I swore off dinner parties, I did not stop going out to tea—when I liked the people, and (of course) if I were asked. Dropped in on one lady the other afternoon. "Trust I don't intrude," said I. "Well," said she, putting away some rags and things, "Come right in. Long time no have see."

I assured her I had been counting the days, nay the hours, till I could manage this visit.

I cast my eye over the tray that the Boy brought in. I do not care for the sweet cakes that ladies tender on these occasions, nor for the suppers of bread and butter they add. I like a thick slice of hot toast, with plenty of butter. There was no toast, and I felt desperate. "That line of conversation may go down with some people," she said severely, "but I thought you knew me better. Tell me, Mr. Adversarius, quite frankly: Your long neglect of us was not kind, to say nothing of flattering. Are we among those unfortunate people who bore you, and whom you desire to drop?" "Dear lady," replied I (being still very mid-Victorian in some ways) "that is a cruel question to ask me."

I could not get that confounded toast out of my mind, and was sparing for time.

"Why cruel?" Her eyes had swiftly hardened. They had gone, as John Galsworthy would express it, quite bald. Usually they have a soft brightness.

"Because I am an old and weary man, and tender hearted. You know I would not want to hurt your feelings. It is my duty to be manfully, and deny that I find you anything but perfect."

"Then . . ." She gasped a little, and a tightness appeared in her beautiful lips. (That will enable you to guess her name; but I cannot help it if you do.) "Then you do find fault in me?"

I bowed my head, and looked as abject as I could.

She was very stiff now, and her voice rose the least bit in pitch. She was hurt.

"I think, having gone so far, that it would be only fair to tell me where—where I fail to please you. Perhaps" (this with a distinct touch of apertury) "my faults are, as the catalogues say, too numerous to mention."

"No, dear lady," said I, in a very deep low voice, and very slowly. "Only one thing do I complain of in you, but it is very serious."

She was on her feet now, and I had to rise.

"It is," I said, watching her face, "the fact that you belong to another man."

The grossest impudence it was, but she cried Oh!, and flushed, and then laughed.

"What a silly old dear it is," she now ran on, "and what an incorrigible leg-puller."

Here she too looked at the tray. "And it shall have its buttered toast, even if I have to make it myself."

When her husband came in we were talking antiphotically, she about my stomach, I about her mind. She has a fine mind—for a woman—and, as for me, well, if ever you see me standing in full sunlight on the steps of the Sailors' Home, you'll be able to see for yourself that some of me gets round the corners before I do. But it wasn't true and I don't say it.

COMPANY I you about fellowship just now, I said something about my right to avoid people who for any reason make me feel uncomfortable. Do for goodness sake acquire me of any feelings of superiority. Some of my dislikes are as unreasonable (but as strong) as Lord Roberts' notorious aversion from cats. It isn't even bad table manners, or anything like that. Wasn't there a famous criminal who gave as his reason for murdering a certain lady that her thick ankles annoyed him? All sorts of little innocent things annoy me and banish me. I have eaten with many sorts of coloured people, some very black, and have done so in good fellowship. I do not think I could be expected to feel fellowship for cannibals, for instance. I admit that this is unreasonable, and pure prejudice on my part, for I have not tried it. I am not even positive that I could not enjoy a piece of plump baby, till I taste it. I have no conscientious scruples: the fact that I haven't yet, tasted baby is due chiefly to the fact that it is unlawful, and that I have never seen it on any menu put before me. Among the cannibals, of course, it would not be unlawful, and I should be entitled to do in Rome as the Romans do. Even so, I suspect I should not like it. Old prejudices and habits die hard. All my life I have had the habit of not eating babies, so I think (in spite of all my sincere professions regarding universal brotherhood) that I am to be excused for deliberately avoiding cannibals on my travels. I confess frankly that my main motive was to avoid being eaten myself, which would have inconvenienced me. I insist, however, that the other motive would have worked just as well. I think I am safe in saying that if I had sat down where there was nothing but human flesh for dinner, although I can argue nothing logical against it, and although I cannot speak empirically, my feelings would have been uncomfortable. I should at least have felt painfully embarrassed, and no duty or profession compels a man to suffer that. I like people who are natural and frankly themselves, and am never bored by them, whatever they may talk about. Affected people make me very uncomfortable. I feel at home in the presence of a kind heart, even if it drops its stitches; but a cold, unsympathetic eye makes me acutely miserable. Often the cold eye is merely a mask, a defensive mask for a worthy soul, but maskee! It chokes me off from fellowship, and why should I woo it to warm it? I find the world full of friendship that does not wait to be asked for. Why should I beg? The door of my own spirit is open to all comers, and the day I learn that my eyes look coldly upon any human being I will close them for ever. But this is like harking back to the fellowship discussion, isn't it? You'll think I'm playing it low down on you. I'll wrench my mind right off it. Let me see. What is there among these letters?

Oh! Here's a queer and unexpected chit. Un-expected, I mean to say, from a Hongkong motorist. "Can you tell me," he asks, "where I can get a motor byke that cannot be made to go more than eight miles an hour? Price no object, but I want one that, while going all right, will not let me yield to the temptation to go fast." Seems to me this man does not really want a motor-byke. He wants wings and a halo.

I am truly very sorry—seeing where my sympathies lie—that Mr. Pollock should have thought to make a bad position better by his letter of Thursday evening. The conditions here are not such as to make the time ripe for the international club he proposes, and as I would wish it success with all my heart, I have to prophesy failure for an immediate attempt. He would be able to point out to me (on the lines of my own logic) that his purposes are not to bring the different races in the Colony close together (a thing the conditions make impossible), but "closer together" (a distinction never so much more real than superficial readers will perceive). I should have to concede that point, but it tells for and not against my attitude. There is so much to do on the easier and more practicable line of lessening the gulf between them, that I recommend movements for checking the widening of the breach as the first forward move. Let the members of the existing clubs, organized on national or class lines, get together and agree that though they cannot sacrifice their protective exclusiveness, they will seriously set their faces against unnecessary aggressions, disparaging remarks, discourteous demeanour, cold looks, etc. Many people would fail to be annoyed by such things as the Peak Reservation who do bitterly resent

(Continued on Page 5.)

ADVERSARIA.

(Continued from Page 4.)

these pinpricks, which do occur. They occur so commonly that most of the offenders are probably unconscious of them. Once the others understand that the ruling race asserts no superiority, but consists of human beings who need comfort and spiritual satisfactions as others do, we may talk of that international club. At present how can Mr. Pollock say to any Chinese gentleman, "Let me enrol you as a member of my international club." The C.G. would be bound to think (even if too courteous to say): "So? I am good enough to meet you in that club, but not to live next door to you." It is so. Mr. Pollock can afford the limited fellowship of such a club (from which he can stay away when so inclined) but not the unlimited fellowship of every day unavoidable contacts. I live amongst Chinese myself, but I cannot afford to live in a Reservation. I really believe that if I could take advantage of the Reservation, not because I dislike Chinese (I love them) but because my nerves are upset by some quite innocent things they do. For instance, I believe a Chinese gentleman would never notice such a thing but I notice every time the over-worked amah next door chops her wood for the kitchen fire. She does that job invariably about eleven p.m., when I am studying. However, let me be quite fair. If I did live in the Reservation, and they played gramophones and jazz music at the same hour, I would be equally annoyed by European neighbours. The main thing to remember is that Europeans need more privacy than Chinese seem to do, and such Reservations help to give them that.

None is more THE LANGUAGE aware than I of the DIFFICULTY. barrier of language. There can be no true fellowship without a common medium of thought-exchange, well understood by both parties. That is why Europeans do not agree amongst each other. Nay, that is why Englishmen do not find fellowship easy amongst themselves, because 97.75 per cent. of them do not really understand their own beautiful language. Look at the way those common journalists quarrel with me. It is chiefly because words do not always mean the same things for them as for me. Well then. When it comes to Chinese and English—let me illustrate with one of my true little stories, a narrative of a personal experience. I do, as it happens, know a bit of Chinese. I know that "fai-toe-lah" means "Good Morning, Sir (or Madam)" and that "mo-ping-kai-tai" means "Will you please excuse me!", and a few handy phrases like that. But, you understand, I do not profess to be a sinologue. I don't say I could carry on a conversation, not a proper heart-to-heart chat, in Chinese. Consequently, I cannot offer elaborate explanations and dissipate misunderstandings. For instance, Thursday I stood outside the front door of my premises talking to a really intelligent police officer. That made me a little late for lunch, and I knew (for Mrs. Adversaria had told me in the morning) that it was a lunch that would not wait with advantage, the sort of lunch I like. It was—but you don't want to know about that. Excuse me. You get the point. I left my policeman with quick strides, and opened rather quickly the big front door that leads to the stair that leads to my flat. Wah-ah-ah-WAH—wa-wa-Wow. I cannot satisfactorily reproduce for you the noise that ensued. It was a kid howling lustily. Three small children, with a ditto mui-tai, were squatting behind that door. (Incidentally, another little Chinese trait. The children seem to do as they please, and are allowed to go into the most unsuitable places.) Now I do not know for sure that I bumped the baby with the door. It may only have been startled. I deduced from its remarks that I had half-killed it. I wanted to inspect the damage (in case a doctor might be advisable) but the mui-tai, casting on me a look of mingled reproach and horror, grabbed the wee yin and ran. I overheard her telling the mother, or the aunt, or more probably both, that a foreign devil had tried to murder the baby. They all ran out and stood and glared at me, and pointed me out to one another, and I'm sure they read my ingratiating smile as a fiendish gloat. Still uneasy, I sent one of my servants to explain, and to suggest that the little one should not choose such a dangerous playground. "The baby might have been killed," I added. Then dashed off my own servant did not look on me as a savage brute. I gathered, that she thought I was threatening to kill the baby. I am certain in my own mind that, but for their con-

viction of the hopelessness of getting a verdict against a white man, all those women would have me tried for attempted murder. Fellowship? You see? I like the children, offer them lollipops and toys. I am ready to like their parents, full of good-will towards them, and all that—but there are many sufficient reasons why I cannot think of fellowship with them. I picture myself entering that International Club, and the father of that baby pointing me out to a fellow member. "That's the savage-tempered brute who tried to kill our baby because it got in his way. Those foreign devils like not children. They have no hearts."

NO If you think that is EXAGGERATION, an exaggeration, an unfair representation of probabilities, I refer you to some passages in the report on the last Census. Mr. J. D. Lloyd writes, in some notes on causes of probable inaccuracy in the Census returns, of "the prevalence of a widespread belief amongst Chinese women of the middle and lower classes in the alleged inhuman designs of the P.W.D." They believed that the Government wanted 600 children, boys and girls, to bury alive under the piers of a bridge to be built to Kowloon! The story gained wide credence. In the Central District it was reported to him that middleclass mothers went personally in the middle of the morning to rescue their younger children from school, while in Wanchai and Shaukiwan children were locked up for days and not allowed out of doors.

This is not written in contempt of the people so credulous. In other ways there are Europeans who believe things even less probable. I have more contempt for Conan Doyle than for these anxious Chinese ladies. But ignorance, superstition, all that sort of thing, is against the possibility of any general fellowship.

I don't mean Charley THE KID's Chaplin's Kid at the O.K. Coronet—although he's very much O.K. I mean the baby boy I tried to murder, as narrated above. I saw him this morning, counting his chubby fingers. They were all there. Incidentally, he was dressed in a multiplicity of swaddlings that made him look like nothing so much as a pair of umbrellas rolled in a thick carriage rug. His little bare feet were the handles of the umbrellas. He was padding about on the cold concrete. I do not profess to keep pace with the kaleidoscopic fashions in hygiene, but what is the use of so much clothing round the middle while his little feet and legs are exposed to such cold? Head bare, too.

OUR FLOATING POPULATION.

WHERE THEY COME FROM.

Interesting facts about the "floating" population of Hongkong are related by the Census officer (Mr. J. D. Lloyd) in his report about the 1921 census of the Colony.

He says: "Sixty-eight per cent were born within British waters, of the remainder nearly half were born in the neighbourhood of Canton, where there is a huge floating population; the other districts bordering on the Canton Delta account for most of the remainder. The number of immigrants is far higher on the occasion of this Census as the great losses of 1906 have been replaced largely by immigration. There are a number of Hakka males from the Waihow district, and of Hoklos from the Swatow district. These are quite distinct from the remainder of the floating population; unlike the majority who speak a patois of Cantonese, they speak their own languages, and in the case of the Hoklos their vessels are of a different build and they rarely take their families to sea with them."

Those born in British Waters, the Canton Delta, and Macao are all akin and represent according to some authorities the remnant of the indigenous population of South China, the ancient Kingdom of Yueh, which was gradually displaced by Chinese invaders from the North. They differ in features and physique from the Cantonese land population, the differ-

ence being especially marked in the case of females. They are regarded as outcasts by the remainder of the population, with whom they very rarely intermarry. They form the oldest portion of the inhabitants of the Colony, their intercourse with foreigners being more intimate owing to their attendance on shipping in the Canton River. They were the first to follow the foreign trading fleet when it took refuge in Hongkong Harbour, before the desolate and barren Island became British.

TO-DAY'S ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHINA COAST OFFICERS' GUILD.

I have THIS DAY taken over the DUTIES required by the above Guild.

T. T. LAURINSON,
Assistant Secretary.
Hongkong, December 17, 1921.

LOST.

LOST—GENTS' GOLD WRIST WATCH with leather strap attached. Finder will be handsomely rewarded. Apply Box 1341, c/o "China Mail."

A GERM DESTROYER.

THERE is no danger whatever from loc. jaw or blood poison resulting from a wound when Chamberlain's Pain Balm is promptly applied. It is an antiseptic and destroys the germs which cause these diseases. It also causes wounds to heal without maturation and in one third the time required by the usual treatment. For sale by all Chemists and Storekeepers.

TO-DAY'S ADVERTISEMENTS.



PARTICULARS and Conditions of the letting by Public Auction Sale, to be held on MONDAY, the 19th day of December, 1921, at 2 p.m., at the Office of the Public Works Department, by Order of His Excellency the Governor of One Lot of OWN LAND above Rural Building Lot No. 124, in the Colony of Hongkong for a term of 75 years, with the option of renewal at a Crown Rent to be fixed by the Surveyor of His Majesty the King, for one further term of 75 years.

PARTICULARS OF THE LOT.

| No. of Lots. | Locality. | Boundary Measurements. | Contents in Square Feet. | Annual Rent. | Special Notes. |
|--------------|-----------------------------|------------------------|--------------------------|--------------|----------------|
| 1 | Rural Building Lot No. 124. | As per plan. | about 7,000 | 60 | |

PUBLIC AUCTION

HE Undersigned have received instructions to sell by Public Auction on

WEDNESDAY, December 21, 1921,

commencing at 11 a.m.

at their Sales Rooms, Duddell Street, A Quantity of Proprietary Medicines

(Burroughs Wellcome & Co., Allen and Hanbury Stearns and others) "in good condition"

Also A Line of Toilet Soaps of Various well known makes

And 64 casks (5 gallon) Walkers Carbolicene.

Terms—Cash on delivery.

LAMBERT BROS., Auctioneers, Hongkong, December 17, 1921.

TO SECRETARIES OF CLUBS AND OTHER INSTITUTIONS.

ALL preliminary notices of forthcoming meetings, lectures and entertainments, sent for insertion in the news columns of the China Mail, are charged for at the rate of \$1 each, (as announced in May and June of last year) providing that they do not occupy more than four lines. In future if this space is exceeded they will be placed in the advertising columns at the prevailing rates.

NOTICES.

COMMUNITY PLATE

The ideal Christmas Gift

WHAT more exquisite gift for her Christmas than COMMUNITY PLATE—either a new outfit for her table, or perhaps those few special pieces she wants for occasions. Let "COMMUNITY" solve the problem of what to give for Christmas. We carry a complete line.

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NEW MUSIC NEW RECORDS

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STOVES—STOVES—STOVES

"Dover" Stoves—"Royal" Stoves—"Fairy Oak" Stoves, "Glenview" Stoves—"Fawcett" Stoves.

And many other different makes—Also a very large stock of open Grates for Dining and Drawing Room Requirements.

We call attention to a large number of slightly damaged Baths, which we are disposing of at greatly reduced prices—ranging from 50 per cent to 80 per cent below present market price.

Also Bath Room Fittings—Opal and Nickel Plated Towel Rails, Mirrors—Soap Holders—Ac, &c, &c.

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WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS.

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REG to notify Customers that Assorted Hampers suitable for the Festive Season may be obtained from us at the following reduced rates.

NO. 1 HAMPER.

1 Qt. Mead & Chandon Champagne "Crown Brut"

1 Bottle Brandy

1 B.O.M.

1 King George V. Brandy

1 King George V. White Label or Perfection Whisky

1 Superb Tawny Port

1 St. Julien Claret

1 Old Brown Sherry Red Seal

1 D.O.M. Old Tom Gin or Dry Gin

1 Burgoyne's Australian Burgundy

1 phial Pomeranian Bitters

NO. 2 HAMPER.

1 Qt. Gillemeart Champagne

1 B.O.M.

1 Qt. Burgoyne's Australian Burgundy

1 Martell V.V. Brandy

1 King George V. W.L. or Perfection Whisky

1 Tawny Port

1 St. Julien Claret

1 D.O.M. Old Tom or Dry Gin

1 Vint de France Yellow Seal Sherry

1 phial Pomeranian Bitters

NO. 3 HAMPER.

1 Qt. Burgoyne's Australian Burgundy

1 Qt. Get Fines Peppermint

1 B.O.M.

1 Qt. Superior Rich Old Port

1 King George V. W.L. or Perfection Whisky

1 Burgandy V.V. Brandy

1 Martell V.V. Brandy

1 D.O.M. Old Tom or Dry Gin

1 phial Pomeranian Bitters

Hampers of all descriptions made up to suit Customers' requirements.

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POCKET WATCH
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FOR HER.

WHIST WATCH
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XMAS**1921.**

THERE IS NO PERIOD IN THE CALENDAR
EXCEPT XMAS THAT BRINGS TO A FOCUS
EVERYBODY'S DESIRE TO GIVE SOMETHING TO SOMEBODY.

Toyland—The Delight of the KIDDIES—HEAPS of **ANIMALS—SOLDIERS—GAMES—DOLLS—**
BOOKS—ENGINES—MOTORS—FOOTBALLS, etc.

Choice Selection of Gifts for Ladies:—

WOOLLEN and SILK SCARVES—An almost indispensable item for the season.
HANDKERCHIEFS —Dainty and acceptable.
GLOVES —Are presents one is pleased to receive.
FURS —Are Gifts de luxe Specially Suited to Xmas Tide.
MANICURE SETS —As presents make pleasing gifts.
HANDBAGS —Always have the appeal of novelty.

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Useful Presents, for Men—Suggestions that will help you:—**GLOVES—TIES—**
DRESSING GOWNS—WALKING STICKS—UMBRELLAS—SLIPPERS—FITTED DRESSING
CASES—SWEATERS—HANDKERCHIEFS—SUIT CASES, Etc.

For the Home—

DOWN QUILTS—As presents give lasting joy.
CUSHIONS—Always appeal to the Woman with a home.
CABINETS—SCREENS—ELECTRO PLATE WARE—CARVING SETS—CHAFING DISHES—BISCUIT
BARRELS—CLARET JUGS, Etc.

Dress Department—**GOWN LENGTHS—OR COSTUME LENGTHS—CABARDINES**
VELOURS—FOULARDS—CHIFFON—VELVET, Etc.

These are only a few suggestions. PAY us a Visit and let other Articles suggest themselves.

A CHRISTMAS STORY

"THE BATTLE OF LIFE."

PART THE FIRST.

Once upon a time, it matters little when, and in what part of England, it matters little where, a fierce battle was fought. It was fought upon a long summer day when the waving grass was green. Many a wild flower formed by the Almighty Hand to be a perfumed goblet for the dew, felt its enamelled cup filled high with blood that day, and shrinking dropped. Many an insect deriving its delicate colour from harmless leaves and herbs, was stained anew that day by dying men, and marked its frightened way with an unnatural track. The painted butterfly took blood into the air upon the edges of its wings. The stream ran red. The trodden ground became a quagmire, whence, from sullen pools collected in the prints of human feet and horses' hoofs, the one prevailing hue still lowered and glimmered at the sun.

Heaven keep us from a knowledge of the sights the moon beheld upon that field, when, coming up above the black line of distant rising ground, softened and blurred at the edge by trees, she rose into the sky and looked upon the plain, strewn with upturned faces that had once at mothers' breasts sought mothers' eyes, or slumbered happily. Heaven keep us from a knowledge of the secrets whispered afterwards upon the tainted wind that blew across the scene of that day's work and that night's death and suffering! Many a lonely moon was bright upon the battle-ground, and many a star kept mournful watch upon it, and many a wind from every quarter of the earth blew over it, before the traces of the fight were worn away.

They lurked and lingered for a long time, but survived in little things; for Nature, far above the evil passions of men, soon recovered her serenity, and smiled upon the guilty battle-ground as she had done before, when it was innocent. The larks sang high above it; the swallows skimmed and dipped and flitted to and fro; the shadows of the flying clouds pursued each other swiftly,

over grass and corn and turnip-field and wood, and over roof and church-spire in the nestling town among the trees, away into the bright distance on the borders of the sky and earth, where the red sunsets faded. Crops were sown, and grew up, and were gathered in; the stream that had been crimsoned, turned a water-mill; men whistled at the plough; gleaners and haymakers were seen in quiet groups at work; sheep and oxen pastured; boys whooped and called in fields, to scare away the birds; smoke rose from cottage chimneys; Sabbath bells rang peacefully; old people lived and died; the timid creatures of the field, and simple flowers of the bush and garden, grew and withered in their destined terms; and all upon the fierce and bloody battle-ground, where thousands had been killed in the great fight.

But there were deep-green patches in the growing corn at first, that people looked at awfully. Year after year they reappeared; and it was known that underneath those fertile spots, heaps of men and horses lay buried, indiscriminately, enriching the ground. The husbandmen who ploughed those places, shrank from the great worms abounding there; and the sheaves they yielded were, for many a long year, called the battle-sheaves, and set apart; and no one ever knew a battle-sheaf to be among the last load at a harvest-home. For a long time, every furrow that was turned, revealed some fragments of the fight. For a long time, there were wounded trees upon the battle-ground; and scraps of hacked and broken fence and wall, where deadly struggles had been made; and trampled parts where not a leaf or blade would grow. For a long time, no village girl would dress her hair or bosom with the sweetest flower from that field of death; and after many a year had come and gone, the berries growing there, were still believed to leave too deep a stain upon the hand that plucked them.

The seasons in their course, however, though they passed as lightly as the summer clouds

themselves, obliterated, in the lapse of time, even these remains of the old conflict; and wore away such legendary traces of it as the neighbouring people carried in their minds, until they dwindled into old wives' tales, dimly remembered round the winter fire, and vanishing every year. Where the wild flowers and berries had so long remained upon the stem, untouched, gardens arose, and houses were built, and children played at battles on the turf. The wounded trees had long ago made Christmas logs, and blazed and roared away. The deep-green patches were no greener now than the memory of those who lay in dust below. The ploughshare still turned up from time to time some rusty bits of metal, but it was hard to say what use they had ever served, and those who found them wondered and disputed. An old dented corselet, and a helmet, had been hanging in the church so long, that the same weak, half-blind old man who tried in vain to make them out above the whitewashed arch had marvelled at them as a baby. If the host slain upon the field, could have been for a moment reanimated in the forms in which they fell, each upon the spot that was the bed of his untimely death, gashed and ghastly, soldiers would have stared in, hundreds deep, at household door and window; and would have risen on the hearths of quiet homes; and would have been the garnered store of barns and granaries; and would have started up between the cradled infant and its nurse; and would have floated with the stream, and whirled round on the mill, and crowded the orchard, and burdened the meadow, and piled the rickyard high with dying men. So altered was the battle-ground, where thousands upon thousands had been killed in the great fight.

Nowhere more altered, perhaps, about a hundred years ago, than in one little orchard attached to an old stone house with a honeysuckle porch; where, on a bright autumn morning, there were sounds of music and laughter, and where two girls danced merrily together on the grass, while some half-dozen peasant women standing on ladders, gathering the apples from the trees, stopped in their work to look down, and share their enjoyment. It was a pleasant, lively, natural scene; a beautiful day, a retired spot; and the two girls, quite unconstrained and careless, danced in the freedom and gaiety of their hearts.

If there were no such thing as display in the world, my private opinion is, and I hope you agree with me, that we might get on a great deal better than we do, and

might be infinitely more agreeable company than we are. It was charming to see how these girls danced. They had no spectators but the apple-pickers on the ladders. They were very glad to please them, but they danced to please themselves (or at least you would have supposed so); and you could no more help admiring them, than they could help dancing. How they did dance!

Not like opera-dancers. Not at all. And not like Madame Anybody's finished pupils. Not the least. It was not quadrille dancing, nor minuet dancing, nor even country-dancing. It was neither in the old style, nor the French style, nor the English style; though it may have been, by accident, a trifle in the Spanish style, which is a free and joyous one. I am told, deriving a delightful air of offhand inspiration, from the chirping little castanets. As they danced among the orchard trees, and down the groves of stems and back again, and twirled each other lightly round and round, the influence of their airy motion seemed to spread and spread, in the sunlit scene, like an expanding circle in the water. Their streaming hair and fluttering skirts, the elastic grass beneath their feet, the boughs that rustled in the morning air—the flashing leaves, the speckled shadows on the soft green ground—the balmy wind that swept along the landscape, glad to turn the distant windmill, cheerily—everything between the two girls, and the man and team at plough upon the ridge of land, where they showed against the sky as if they were the last things in the world—seemed dancing too.

At last, the younger of the dancing sisters, out of breath, and laughing gaily, threw herself upon a bench to rest. The other leaned against a tree hard by. The music, a wandering harp and fiddle, left off with a flourish, as if it boasted of its freshness; though the truth is it had gone at such a pace, and worked itself to such a pitch of competition with the dancing, that it never could have held on, half a minute longer. The apple-pickers on the ladders raised a hum and murmur of applause, and then, in keeping with the sound, bestirred themselves, to work again like bees.

The more actively, perhaps, because an elderly gentleman, who was no other than Doctor Jeddler himself—it was Doctor Jeddler's house and orchard, you should know, and these were Doctor Jeddler's daughters—came bustling out to see what was the matter, and who the deuce played music on his property, before breakfast. For he was a great philosopher, Doctor Jeddler, and not very musical.

"Music and dancing to day!" said the doctor, stopping short, and speaking to himself. "I thought they dreaded to-day. But it's a world of contradictions. Why, Grace, why, Marion!" he added aloud, "is the world more mad than usual this morning?"

"Make some allowance for it, father, if it be," replied his younger daughter, Marion, going close to him, and looking into his face, "for it's somebody's birthday."

"Somebody's birthday, puss," replied the doctor. "Don't you know it's always somebody's birthday? Did you never hear how many new performers enter on this—hal ha! ha! it's impossible to speak gravely of it—on this preposterous and ridiculous business called life, every minute?"

"No, father!"

"No, not you, of course; you're a woman—almost," said the doctor. "By the bye," and he looked into the pretty face, still close to his, "I suppose it's your birthday."

"No! Do you really, father?" cried his pet daughter, pursing up her red lips to be kissed.

"There! Take my love with it," said the doctor, imprinting his upon them; and many happy returns of the—the idea!—of the day. The notion of wishing happy returns in such a face as this, said the doctor to himself, "is good! Hal ha! ha!"

Doctor Jeddler was, as I have said, a great philosopher, and the heart and mystery of his philosophy was to look upon the world as a gigantic practical joke; as something too absurd to be considered seriously, by any rational man. His system of belief had been, in the beginning, part and parcel of the battle-ground on which he lived, as you shall presently understand.

"Well! But how did you get the music?" asked the doctor. "Poultry-stealers, of course! Where did the minstrels come from?"

"Alfred sent the music," said his daughter Grace, adjusting a few simple flowers in her sister's hair, with which, in her admiration of that youthful beauty, she had herself adorned it half an hour before, and which the dancing had disarranged.

"Oh! Alfred sent the music, did he?" returned the doctor.

"Yes. He met it coming out of the town as he was entering early. The men are travelling on foot, and rested there last night; and as it was Marion's birthday, and he thought it would please her, he sent them on, with a pencilled note to me, saying that if I thought so too, they had come to serenade her."

"Ay, ay," said the doctor carelessly, "he always takes your opinion."

"And my opinion being favour-

able," said Grace good-humouredly; and pausing for a moment to admire the pretty head she decorated, with her own thrown back; and Marion being in high spirits, and beginning to dance, I joined her. And so we danced to Alfred's music till we were out of breath. And we thought the music all the gayer for being sent by Alfred. Didn't we, dear Marion?"

"Oh, I don't know, Grace. How you tease me about Alfred."

"Tease you by mentioning your lover?" said her sister.

"I am sure I don't much care to have him mentioned," said the wilful beauty, stripping the petals from some flowers she held, and scattering them on the ground. "I am almost tired of hearing of him; and as to his being my lover—"

"Hush! Don't speak lightly of a true heart, which is all your own, Marion," cried her sister, even in jest. There is not a truer heart than Alfred's in the world!"

"No—no," said Marion, raising her eyebrows with a pleasant air of careless consideration, "perhaps not. But I don't know that there's any great merit in that. I—I don't want him to be so very true. I never asked him. If he expects that I— But, dear Grace, why need we talk of him at all, just now!"

It was agreeable to see the graceful figures of the blooming sisters, twined together, lingering among the trees, conversing thus, with eagerness opposed to lightness, yet, with love responding tenderly to love. And it was very curious indeed to see the younger sister's eyes suffused with tears, and something fervently and deeply felt, breaking through the willfulness of what she said, and striving with it painfully.

The difference between them, in respect of age, could not exceed four years at most; but Grace, as often happens in such cases, when no mother watches over both (the doctor's wife was dead), seemed, in her gentle care of her young sister, and in the steadiness of her devotion to her, older than she was; and more removed, in course of nature, from all competition with her, or participation, otherwise than through her sympathy and true affection; in her wayward fancies, than their ages seemed to warrant. Great character of mother, that, even in this shadow and faint reflection of it, purifies the heart, and raises the exalted nature nearer to the angels!

The doctor's reflections, as he looked after them, and heard the purport of their discourse, were limited at first to certain merry meditations on the folly of all loves and likings, and the idle impositions on themselves by young people, who believed

for a moment, that there could be anything serious in such bubbles, and were always undeceived—always!

But the home adorning, self-denying qualities of Grace, and her sweet temper, so gentle and retiring, yet including so much constancy and bravery of spirit, seemed all expressed to him in the contrast between her quiet household figure and that of his younger and more beautiful child; and he was sorry for her sake—sorry for them both—that life should be such a very ridiculous business as it was.

The doctor never dreamed of inquiring whether his children, or either of them, helped in any way to make the scheme a serious one. But then he was a philosopher.

A kind and generous man by nature, he had stumbled, by chance, over that common philosopher's store (much more easily discovered than the object of the alchemist's researches), which sometimes trips up kind and generous men, and has the fatal property of turning gold to dross and every precious thing to poor account. "Britain!" cried the doctor. "Britain! Hallo!"

A small man, with an uncommonly sour and discontented face, emerged from the house, and returned to this call the unceremonious acknowledgment of "Now then!"

"Where's the breakfast-table?" said the doctor.

"In the house, returned Britain. "Are you going to spread it out here, as you were told last night?" said the doctor. "Don't you know that there are get emen coming? That there's business to be done this morning, before the coach comes by? That this is a very particular occasion?"

"I couldn't do anything, Doctor Jeddler, till the women had done getting in the apples, could I?" said Britain, his voice rising with his reasoning, so that it was very loud at last.

"Well, have they done now?" returned the doctor, looking at his watch, and clapping his hands. "Come! make haste! where's Clemency?"

"Here am I, mister," said a voice from one of the ladders, which a pair of clumsy feet descended briskly. "It's all done now. Clear away, gals. Everything shall be ready for you in half a minute, mister."

With that she began to bustle about most vigorously; presenting, as she did so, an appearance sufficiently peculiar to justify a word of introduction.

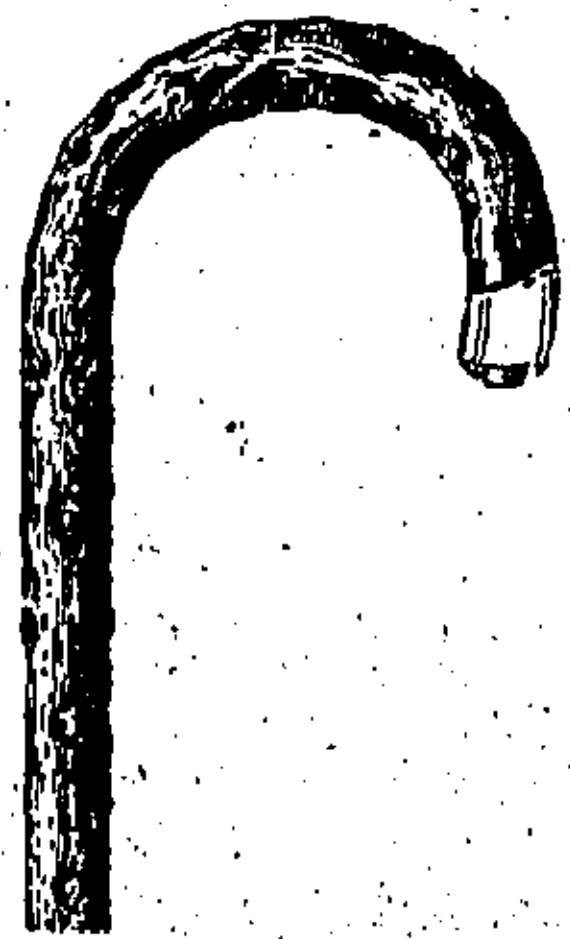
(Continued on Page 8.)

LANE, CRAWFORD'S



POCKET WALLETS
TOBACCO POUCHES
CIGAR CASES
CIGARETTE CASES
COLLAR BOXES
COLLAR BAGS
STUD BOXES
JEWEL CASES
TROUSER PRESSES
WALKING STICKS
UMBRELLAS

FITTED CASES FOR MEN
FITTED CASES FOR LADIES
SUIT CASES
BLOUSE CASES
ROLL UP DRESSING CASES
ATTACHE CASES



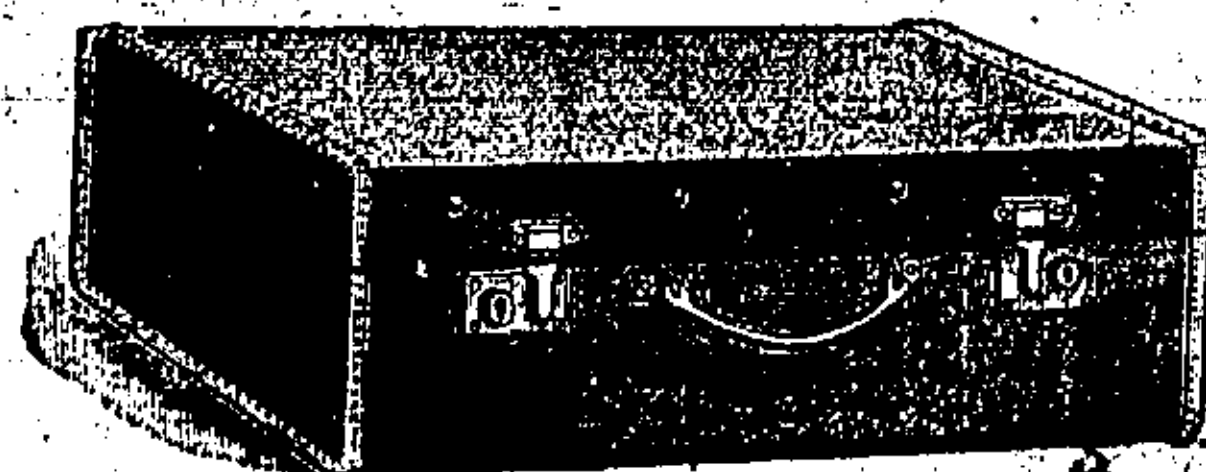
NOVELTIES FOR XMAS

PRESENTS FOR
MEN

L. C. & Co.

MENS' BEDROOM SLIPPERS
MENS' LEATHER SLIPPERS
BRACES IN FANCY BOXES
SILK SOCKS, ALL SHADES
MENS' GLOVES

ALL ENGLISH MAKE



SILK TIES
SILK HANDKERCHIEFS
SILK SCARVES
WOOLLEN SCARVES
FANCY WAISTCOATS
WOOLLEN CARDIGANS
SWEATERS
DRESSING GOWNS

MEN'S LINEN
HANDKERCHIEFS IN
FANCY BOXES



NEW DESIGNS

SELECTIONS for XMAS.



A CHRISTMAS STORY.

2(Continued from Page 7.)

She was about thirty years old, and had a sufficiently plump and cheerful face, though it was twisted up into an odd expression of tightness that made it comical. But the extraordinary homeliness of her gait and manner would have superseded any face in the world. To say that she had two left legs, and somebody else's arms, and that all four limbs seemed to be out of joint, and to start from perfectly wrong places when they were set in motion, is to offer the mildest outline of the reality. To say that she was perfectly content and satisfied with these arrangements, and regarded them as being no business of hers, and that she took her arms and legs as they came, and allowed them to dispose of themselves just as it happened, is to render faint justice to her equanimity. Her dress was a prodigious pair of self-willed shoes, that never wanted to go where her feet went; blue stockings; a printed gown of many colours, and the most hideous pattern procurable for money; and a white apron. She always wore short sleeves, and always had, by some accident, grazed elbows, in which she took so lively an interest, that she was continually trying to turn them round and get impossible views of them. In general, a little cap perched somewhere on her head, though it was rarely to be met with in the place usually occupied in other subjects by that article of dress; but from head to foot she was scrupulously clean, and maintained a kind of dislocated tidiness. Indeed, her laudable anxiety to be tidy and compact in her own conscience as well as in the public eye, gave rise to one of her most startling evolutions, which was to grasp herself sometimes by a sort of wooden handle (part of her clothing, and familiarly called a buck), and wrestle as it were with her garments, until they fell into a symmetrical arrangement.

Such, in outward form and garb, was Clemency Newcome; who was supposed to have unconsciously originated a corruption of her own Christian name, from Clementina (but nobody knew, for the deaf old mother, a very phenomenon of age, whom she had supported almost from a child, was dead, and she had no other relation); who now busied herself in preparing the table, and who stood, at intervals, with her bare red arms crossed, rubbing her grazed elbows with opposite hands, and staring at it very composedly, until she suddenly remembered something else it wanted, and jogged off to fetch it.

"Here are them two lawyers a-come, mister!" said Clemency, in a tone of no very great good-will. "Aha!" cried the doctor, advancing to the gate to meet them. "Good-morning, good-morning! Grace, my dear! Marion! Here are Messrs. Snitchey and Craggs. Where's Alfred?"

"He'll be back directly, father, no doubt," said Grace. "He had so much to do this morning in his preparations for departure, that he was up and out by daybreak. Good-morning, gentlemen."

"Ladies!" said Mr. Snitchey, "for self and Craggs," who bowed, "good-morning! Miss," to Marion, "I kiss your hand." Which he did. "And I wish you," which he might or might not, for he didn't look, at first sight, like a gentleman troubled with many warm outpourings of soul, in behalf of other people—a hundred happy returns of this auspicious day."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the doctor thoughtfully, with his hands in his pockets. "The great farce in a hundred acts."

"You wouldn't, I am sure," said Mr. Snitchey, standing a small professional blue bag against one leg of the table, "cut the great farce short for this actress, at all events, Doctor Jeddler."

"No," returned the doctor. "God forbid! May she live to laugh at it, as long as she can laugh, and then say, with the French wit, 'The farce is ended; draw the curtain.' The French wit," said Mr. Snitchey, peeping sharply into his blue bag, "was wrong, Doctor Jeddler, and your philosophy is altogether wrong, depend upon it, as I have often told you. Nothing serious in life! What do you call law?"

"A joke," replied the doctor. "Did you ever go to law?" asked Mr. Snitchey, looking out of the blue bag.

"Never," returned the doctor. "If you ever do," said Mr. Snitchey, perhaps you'll alter that opinion."

Craggs, who seemed to be represented by Snitchey, and to be conscious of little or no separate existence or personal individuality, offered a remark of his own in this place. It involved the only idea of which he did not stand seized and possessed in equal moieties with Snitchey; but he had some partners in it among the wise men of the world.

"It's made a great deal too easy," said Mr. Craggs.

"Law is?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," said Mr. Craggs, "everything is. Everything appears to me to be made too easy, nowadays. It's the vice of these times. If the world

is a joke (I am not prepared to say it isn't), it ought to be made a very difficult joke to crack. It ought to be as hard a struggle, sir, as possible. That's the intention. But it's being made far too easy. We are oiling the gates of life. They ought to be rusty. We shall have them beginning to turn, soon with a smooth sound. Whereas they ought to grate upon their hinges, sir."

Mr. Craggs seemed positively to grate upon his own hinges, as he delivered this opinion; to which he communicated immense effect—being a cold, hard, dry man, dressed in gray and white, like a flint; with small twinkles in his eyes, as if something struck sparks out of them. The three natural kingdoms, indeed, had each a fanciful representative among this brotherhood of disputants; for Snitchey was like a magpie or a raven (only not so sleek), and the doctor had a streaked face like a winter-pippin, with here and there a dimple to express the peckings of the birds, and a very little bit of pigtail behind that stood for the stalk.

As the active figure of a handsome young man, dressed for a journey, and followed by a porter bearing several packages and baskets, entered the orchard at a brisk pace, and with an air of gaiety and hope that accorded well with the morning, these drew together, like the brothers of the sister Fates, or like the Graces most effectually divided, or like three weird prophets on the heath, and greeted him.

"Happy returns, Alf!" said the doctor lightly.

"A hundred happy returns of this auspicious day, Mr. Heathfield!" said Snitchey, bowing low.

"Returns!" Craggs murmured in a deep voice all alone.

"Why, what a battery!" exclaimed Alfred, stopping short, "and one—two—three—all foreboders of no good, in the great sea before me. I am glad you are not the first I have met this morning: I should have taken it for a bad omen. But Grace was the first—sweet, pleasant Grace—so I defy you all!"

"If you please, mister, I was the first, you know," said Clemency Newcome. "She was walking out here, before sunrise, you remember. I was in the house."

"That's true! Clemency was the first," said Alfred. "So I defy you with Clemency."

"Ha, ha, ha—for self and Craggs," said Snitchey. "What a defiance!"

"Not so bad a one as it appears, maybe," said Alfred, shaking hands heartily with the doctor, and also with Snitchey and Craggs, and then look-

ing round. "Where are the—Good heavens!"

With a start, productive for the moment of a closer partnership between Jonathan Snitchey and Thomas Craggs and the subsiding articles of agreement in that wise contemplated, he hastily betook himself to where the sisters stood together, and—however, I needn't more particularly explain his manner of saluting Marion first, and Grace afterwards, than by hinting that Mr. Craggs may possibly have considered it "too easy."

Perhaps to change the subject, Doctor Jeddler made a hasty move towards the breakfast, and they all sat down at table. Grace presided; but so discreetly stationed herself, as to cut off her sister and Alfred from the rest of the company. Snitchey and Craggs sat at opposite corners, with the blue bag between them for safety; the doctor took his usual position, opposite to Grace. Clemency hovered galvanically about the table, as waitress; and the melancholy Britain, at another and a smaller board, acted as grand carver of a round of beef and a ham.

"Meat?" said Britain, approaching Mr. Snitchey, with the carving knife and fork in his hands, and throwing the question at him like a missile.

"Certainly," returned the lawyer. "Do you want any?" to Craggs.

"Lean and well done," replied that gentleman.

Having executed these orders, and moderately supplied the doctor (he seemed to know that nobody else wanted anything to eat), he lingered as near the firm as he decently could, watching with an austere eye their disposition of the viands, and but once relaxing the severe expression of his face. This was on the occasion of Mr. Craggs, whose teeth were not of the best, partially choking, when he cried out with great animation, "I thought he was gone!"

"Now, Alfred," said the doctor, "for a word or two of business, while we are yet at breakfast."

"While we are yet at breakfast," said Snitchey and Craggs, who seemed to have no present idea of leaving off.

Although Alfred had not been breakfasting, and seemed to have quite enough business on his hands as it was, he respectfully answered—"If you please, sir."

"It anything could be serious," the doctor began, "in such a—"

"Farce as this, sir," hinted Alfred.

"In such a farce as this," observe the doctor, "it might be this recurrence, on the eve of separation, of a double birthday, which is connected with many associations pleasant to

us four, and with the recollection of a long and amicable intercourse. That's not to the purpose."

"Ah! yes, yes, Doctor Jeddler," said the young man; "it is to the purpose. Much to the purpose, as my heart bears witness this morning, and as yours does too, I know, if you would let it speak. I leave your house today; I cease to be your ward to-day; we part with tender relations stretching far behind us, that never can be exactly renewed, and with others dawning yet before us—he looked down at Marion beside him—"fraught with such considerations as I must not trust myself to speak of now. Come, come!" he added, rallying his spirits and the doctor at once, "there's a serious grain in this large foolish dust-heap, doctor. Let us allow today, that there is one."

"To-day!" cried the doctor. "Hear him! Ha, ha, ha! Of all days in the foolish year. Why, on this day, the great battle was fought on this ground. On this ground where we now sit, where I saw my two girls dance this morning, where the fruit has just been gathered for our eating from these trees, the roots of which are struck in men, not earth—so many lives were lost, that within my recollection, generations afterwards, a churchyard full of bones, and dust of bones, and chips of cloven skulls, has been dug up from underneath our feet here. Yet not a hundred people in that battle knew for what they fought, or why; not a hundred of the inconsiderate rejoicers in the victory, why they rejoiced. Not half a hundred people were the better for the gain or loss. Not half a dozen men agree to this hour on the cause or merits; and nobody, in short, ever knew anything distinct about it, but the mourners of the slain. Serious, too!" said the doctor, laughing.

"Such a system," said Alfred, "to be very serious."

"Serious!" cried the doctor. "If you allowed such things to be serious, you must go mad, or die, or climb up to the top of a mountain, and turn hermit."

"Besides—so long ago," said Alfred.

"Long ago!" returned the doctor. "Do you know what the world has been doing, ever since? Do you know what else it has been doing? I don't!"

"It has gone to law a little," observed Mr. Snitchey, stirring his tea.

"Although the way out has been always made too easy," said his partner.

"And you'll excuse my saying, doctor," pursued Mr. Snitchey, "having been already put a thousand

times in possession of my opinion, in the course of our discussions, that, in its having gone to law, and in its legal system altogether, I do observe a serious side—now, really, a something tangible, and with a purpose and intention in it—"

Clemency Newcome made an angular tumble against the table, occasioning a sounding clatter among the cups and saucers.

"Heyday! what's the matter there?" exclaimed the doctor. "It's this evil-inclined blue bag," said Clemency, "always tripping up somebody!"

"With a purpose and intention in it, I was saying," resumed Snitchey, "that commands respect. Life a farce, Doctor Jeddler? With law in it?"

The doctor laughed, and looked at Alfred.

"Granted, if you please, that war is foolish," said Snitchey. "There we agree. For example. Here's a smiling country," pointing it out with his fork, "once overrun by soldiers—trespassers every man of 'em—and laid waste by fire and sword. He, he, he! The idea of any man exposing himself, voluntarily, to fire and sword! Stupid, wasteful, positively ridiculous; you laugh at your fellow-creatures, you know, when you think of it! But take this smiling country as it stands. Think of the laws appertaining to real property; to the bequest and devise of real property; to the mortgage and redemption of real property; to leasehold, freehold, and copyhold estate; think," said Mr. Snitchey, with such great emotion that he actually smacked his lips, "of the complicated laws, relating to title and proof of title, with all the contradictory precedents and numerous Acts of Parliament connected with them; think of the infinite number of ingenious and interminable Chancery suits, to which this pleasant prospect may give rise; and acknowledge, Doctor Jeddler, that there is a green spot in the scheme about us! I believe," said Mr. Snitchey, looking at his partner, "that I speak for self and Craggs?"

Mr. Craggs, having signified assent, Mr. Snitchey somewhat freshened by his recent eloquence, observed that he would take a little more beef and another cup of tea.

"I don't stand up for life in general," he added, rubbing his hands and chuckling, "it's full of folly; full of something worse. Professions of trust, and confidence, and unselfishness, and all that! Bah, bah, bah! We see what they're worth. But you mustn't laugh at life; you've got a game to play; a very serious game indeed! Everybody's playing against you, you know, and you're playing

against them. Oh! it's a very interesting thing. There are deep moves upon the board. You must only laugh, Doctor Jeddler, when you win—and then not much. He, he, he! And then not much," repeated Snitchey, rolling his head and winking his eye, as if he would have added, "you may do this instead!"

"Well, Alfred!" cried the doctor, "what do you say now?"

"I say, sir," replied Alfred, "that the greatest favour you could do me, and yourself too, I am inclined to think, would be to try sometimes to forget this battlefield and others like it in that broader battlefield of life, on which the sun looks every day."

"Really, I'm afraid that wouldn't soften his opinions, Mr. Alfred," said Snitchey. "The combatants are very eager and very bitter in that same battle of life. There's a great deal of cutting and slashing, and firing into people's heads from behind. There's terrible treading down, and trampling on. It is rather a bad business."

"I believe, Mr. Snitchey," said Alfred, "there are quiet victories and struggles, great sacrifices of self, and noble acts of heroism, in it—even in many of its apparent lightnesses and contradictions—not the less difficult to achieve, because they have no earthly chronicle or audience—done every day in nooks and corners, and in little households, and in men's and women's hearts—any one of which might reconcile the sternest man to such a world, and fill him with belief and hope in it, though two-fourths of its people were at war, and another fourth at law; and that's a bold word."

Both the sisters listened keenly.

"Well, well!" said the doctor, "I am too old to be converted, even by my friend Snitchey here, or my good spinster sister, Mantha Jeddler: who had what she calls her domestic trials ages ago, and has led a sympathising life with all sorts of people ever since; and who is so much of your opinion (only she's less reasonable and more obstinate, being a woman), that we can't agree, and seldom meet. I was born upon this battlefield. I began, as a boy, to have my thoughts directed to her real history of a battlefield. Sixty years have gone over my head, and I have never seen the Christian world, including Heaven knows how many loving mothers and good enough girls like mine here, anything but mad for a battlefield. The same contradictions prevail in everything. One must either laugh or cry at such stupendous inconsistencies; and I prefer to laugh."

Continued on Page 10.)

UP-TO-THE MINUTE FASHIONS

IN DAY and EVENING WEAR
COATFROCKS, GOWNS, WRAPS
CROCHET and CREPE JUMPERS

JAEGER PURE WOOL
GOLFERS - JUMPERS - SCARVES
MOTORING COATS
DRESSING GOWNS - SLIPPERS.

HAND MADE
UNDIES
AMERICAN
SILK
HOSIERY
FANCY
GARTERS

UMBRELLAS

HANDKERCHIEFS
IN
FANCY BOXES

LANE
& CO.

GIFTS FOR LADIES
THAT ARE SURE TO PLEASE

FANCY
HANDBAGS
IN
LEATHER & SILK

GLOVES
EVENING
SCARVES
AND
FEATHER
NECKWEAR

-- FANS --

BROCADE SHOES

SHOE BUCKLES

HOLIDAY DANCES!

SATURDAY, 24TH DECEMBER,

DINNER DANCING AT REPULSE BAY HOTEL.

BOXING DAY, MONDAY, 26TH DECEMBER,

"FANCY DRESS" DINNER DANCING AT HONGKONG
HOTEL GRILL.

WEDNESDAY, 28TH DECEMBER,

DINNER DANCING AT REPULSE BAY HOTEL.

NEW YEAR'S EVE:

SATURDAY, 31ST DECEMBER,

"FANCY DRESS" DINNER DANCING AT REPULSE
BAY HOTEL.

(SUNDAY BEING NEW YEAR'S DAY, THE ABOVE
DINNER DANCE WILL COMMENCE FROM 7.30 P.M.)

MONDAY, 2ND JANUARY, 1922,

DINNER DANCING AT REPULSE BAY HOTEL.

HONGKONG HOTEL CO., LTD.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(Continued from Page 8.)

Britain, who had been paying the profoundest and most melancholy attention to each speaker in his turn, seemed suddenly to decide in favour of the same preference, if a deep sepulchral sound that escaped him might be construed into a demonstration of risibility. His face, however, so perfectly unaffected by it, both before and afterwards, that although one or two of the breakfast party looked round as being startled by a mysterious noise, nobody connected the offender with it.

Except his partner in attendance, Clemency Newcome, who, rousing him with one of those favourite joints, her elbows, inquired, in a reproachful whisper, what he laughed at.

"Not you!" said Britain.

"Who then?"

"Humanity," said Britain. "That's the joke!"

"What between master and them lawyers, he's getting more and more addle-headed every day!" cried Clemency, giving him a mental stimulant. "Do you know where you are? Do you want to get warning?"

"I don't know anything," said Britain, with a leaden eye, and an inmovable visage. "I don't care for anything. I don't make out anything. I don't believe anything. And I don't want anything."

Although this forlorn summary of his general condition may have been overcharged in an access of despondency, Benjamin Britain—sometimes called Little Britain, to distinguish him from Great; as we might say Young England, to express Old England with a decided difference—had defined his real state more accurately than might be supposed. For, serving as a sort of man Miles to the doctor's Friar Bacon, and listening day after day to innumerable orations addressed by the doctor to various people, all tending to show that his very existence was at best a mistake and an absurdity, this unfortunate servitor had fallen, by degrees, into such an abyss of confused and contradictory suggestions from within and without, that Truth at the bottom of her will, was on the level surface as compared with Britain in the depths of his mystification. The only point he clearly comprehended was that the new element usually brought into these discussions by Snitchey and Craggs, never served to make them clearer, and always seemed to give the doctor a species of advantage and confirmation. Therefore, he looked upon the firm as one of the

proximate causes of his state of mind, and held them in abhorrence accordingly.

"But this is not our business, Alfred," said the doctor. "Ceasing to be my ward (as you have said) today, and leaving us full to the brim of such learning as the grammar-school down here was able to give you, and your studies in London could add to that, and such practical knowledge as a dull old country doctor like myself could graft upon both; you are away, now, into the world. The first term of probation appointed by your poor father, being over, away you go now, your own master, to fulfil his second desire. And long before your three years' tutor among the foreign schools of medicine is finished, you'll have forgotten us. Lord, you'll forget us easily in six months!"

"If I do—But you know better; why should I speak to you?" said Alfred, laughing.

"I don't know anything of the sort," returned the doctor. "What do you say, Marion?"

Marion, trifling with her teacup, seemed to say—but she didn't say it—that he was welcome to forget them, if he could. Grace pressed the blooming face against her cheek, and smiled.

"I haven't been, I hope, a very unjust steward in the execution of my trust," pursued the doctor; "but I am to be, at any rate, formally discharged, and released, and what not this morning; and here are our good friends Snitchey and Craggs, with a bagful of papers, and accounts, and documents, for the transfer of the balance of the trust funds to you (I wish it was a more difficult one to dispose of, Alfred, but you must get to be a great man and make it so), and other drolleries of that sort, which are to be signed, sealed, and delivered."

"And duly witnessed—as by law required," said Snitchey, pushing away his plate, and taking out the papers, which his partner proceeded to spread upon the table; "and self and Craggs having been co-trustees with you, doctor, in so far as the fund was concerned, we shall want your two servants to attest the signatures. Can you read, Mrs. Newcome?"

"I ain't married, mister," said Clemency.

"Oh! I beg your pardon. I should think not," chuckled Snitchey, casting his eyes over her extraordinary figure. "You can read?"

"A little," answered Clemency. "The marriage service, night and morning, eh?" observed the lawyer jocosely.

"No," said Clemency. "Too hard. I only reads a thimble."

"Read a thimble!" echoed Snitchey. "What are you talking about, young woman?"

Clemency nodded. "And a nutmeg-grater."

"Why, this is a lunatic! a subject for the lord high chancellor!" said Snitchey, staring at her.

"If possessed of any property," stipulated Craggs.

Grace, however, interposing, explained that each of the articles in question bore an engraved motto, and so formed the pocket library of Clemency Newcome, who was not much given to the study of books.

"Oh, that's it, is it, Miss Grace!" said Snitchey. "Yes, yes. Ha, ha, ha! I thought our friend was an idiot. She looks uncommonly like it," he muttered, with a supercilious glance. "And what does the thimble say, Mrs. Newcome?"

"I ain't married, mister," observed Clemency.

"Well, Newcome. Will that do?" said the lawyer. "What does the thimble say, Newcome?"

How Clemency, before replying to this question, held one pocket open, and looked down into its yawning depths for the thimble which wasn't there—and how she then held an opposite pocket open, and seeming to decry it like a pearl of great price, at the bottom, cleared away such intervening obstacles as a handkerchief, an end of wax candle, a flushed apple, an orange, a lucky penny, a crumpled bone, a pylock, a pair of scissors in a sheath, in re-expressively describable as promising young shears, a handful of cotton, a needle-case, a cabinet collection of curl-papers, and a biscuit, all of which articles she entrusted individually and severally to Britain to hold—is of no consequence. Now how, in her determination to grasp this pocket by the throat, and keep it prisoner (for it had a tendency to swing, and twist itself round the nearest corner), she assumed, and calmly maintained, an attitude apparently inconsistent with the hum in an ivory and the laws of gravity. It is enough that at last she triumphantly produced the thimble on her finger, and rattled the nutmeg-grater—the literature of both those trinkets being obviously in course of wearing out and wasting away, through excessive friction.

"That's the thimble, is it, young woman?" said Mr. Snitchey, diverting himself at her expense. "And what does the thimble say?"

"It says," replied Clemency, reading slowly and as if it were a tower, "For-gey and for-gey."

Snitchey and Craggs, laughing heartily, "So new!" said Snitchey. "So easy!" said Craggs. "Such a

knowledge of human nature. In it!" said Snitchey. "So applicable to the affairs of life!" said Craggs.

"And the nutmeg-grater?" inquired the head of the firm.

"The grater says," returned Clemency, shaking her head vaguely. "I ain't no lawyer."

"Do, or you'll be done brown, you mean," said Mr. Snitchey.

"I don't understand," retorted Clemency, shaking her head vaguely. "I ain't no lawyer."

"I am afraid that if she was doctor," said Mr. Snitchey, turning to him suddenly, as if to anticipate any effect that might otherwise be consequent on this retort, "she'd find it to be the golden rule of half her clients. They are serious enough in that—whimsical as your world is—and lay the blame on us afterwards. We, in our profession, are little else than mirrors after all, Mr. Alfred; but we are generally consulted by angry and quarrelsome people who are not in their best looks, and it's rather hard to quarrel with us if we reflect unpleasant aspects. I think," said Mr. Snitchey, "that I speak for self and Craggs?"

"Decidedly," said Craggs. "And so, if Mr. Britain will oblige us with a mouthful of ink," said Mr. Snitchey, returning to the papers, "we'll sign, seal, and deliver as soon as possible, or the coach will be coming past before we know where we are."

If one might judge from his appearance, there was every probability of the coach coming past before Mr. Britain knew where he was; for he stood in a state of abstraction, mentally balancing the doctor against the lawyers, and the lawyers against the doctor, and their client against both, and engaged in feeble attempts to make the thimble and nutmeg-grater (a new idea to him) square with anybody's system of philosophy; and, in short, bewildering himself as much as ever his great namesake has done with theories and schools. But Clemency, who was his good genius—though he had the mearest possible opinion of her understanding, by reason of her seldom troubling herself with abstract speculations, and being always at hand to do the right thing at the right time—having produced the ink in a twinkling, tendered him the further service of recalling him to himself by the application of her elbows; with which gentle flappers she so joggled his memory, in a more literal construction of that phrase than usual, that he soon became quite fresh and brisk.

How he laboured under an apprehension not uncommon to persons in his degree, to whom the use of pen and ink is an event, that he couldn't

append his name to a document, not of his own writing, without committing himself in some shadowy manner, or somehow signing away vague and enormous sums of money; and how he approached the deeds under protest, and by dint of the doctor's coercion, and insisted on pausing to look at them before writing (the cramped hand, to say nothing of the phraseology, being so much Chinese to him), and also on turning them round to see whether there was anything fraudulent underneath; and how, having signed his name, he became desolate as one who had parted with his property and rights—I want the time to tell. Also, how the blue bag containing his signature afterwards had a mysterious interest for him, and he couldn't leave it; also, how Clemency Newcome, in an ecstasy of laughter at the idea of her own importance and dignity, brooded over the whole table with her two elbows, like a spread eagle, and reposed her head upon her left arm as a preliminary to the formation of certain cabalistic characters, which required a deal of ink, and imaginary counterparts whereof she executed at the same time with her tongue. Also, how, having once tasted ink, she became thirsty in that regard, as tame tigers are said to be after tasting another sort of fluid, and wanted to sign everything, and put her name in all kinds of places. In brief, the doctor was discharged of his trust and all its responsibilities; and Alfred, taking it on himself, was fairly started on the journey of life.

"Britain!" said the doctor. "Run to the gate, and watch for the coach. Time flies, Alfred!"

"Yes, sir, yes," returned the young man hurriedly. "Dear Grace! a moment! Marion—so young and beautiful, so winning and so much admired, dear to my heart as nothing else in life is—remember! I leave Marion to you!"

"She has always been a sacred charge to me, Alfred. She is doubly so now. I will be faithful to my trust, believe me."

"I do believe it, Grace. I know it well. Who could look upon your face, and hear your voice, and not know it! Ah, Grace! If I had your well-governed heart, and tranquil mind, how bravely I would leave this place to-day!"

"Would you?" she answered, with a quiet smile.

"And yet, Grace—sister seems the natural word."

"Use it!" she said quickly. "I am glad to hear it. Call me nothing else."

"And yet, sister, then," said Alfred, "Marion and I had better have your true and steadfast qualities serving

us here, and making us both happier and better. I wouldn't carry them away, to sustain myself, if I could!"

"Coach upon the hill-top!" exclaimed Britain.

"Time flies, Alfred," said the doctor. Marion had stood apart, with her eyes fixed upon the ground; but, this warning being given, her young lover brought her tenderly to where her sister stood, and gave her into her embrace.

"I have been telling Grace, dear Marion," he said, "that you are her charge; my precious trust at parting. And when I come back and reclaim you, dearest, and the bright prospect of our married life lies stretched before us, it shall be one of our chief pleasures to consult how we can make Grace happy; how we can anticipate her wishes; how we can show our gratitude and love to her; how we can return her something of the debt she will have heaped upon us."

The younger sister had one hand in his; the other rested on her sister's neck. She looked into that sister's eyes, so calm, serene, and cheerful, with a gaze in which affection, admiration, sorrow, wonder, almost veneration, were blended. She looked into that sister's face, as if it were the face of some bright angel. Calm, serene, and cheerful, the face looked back on her and on her lover.

"And when the time comes, as it must one day," said Alfred—"I wonder it has never come yet, but Grace knows best, for Grace is always right—when she will want a friend to open her whole heart to, and to be to her something of what she has been to us, then, Marion, how faithful we will prove, and what delight to us to know that she, our dear good sister, loves and is loved again, as we would have her!"

Still the younger sister looked into her eyes, and turned not—even towards him. And still those honest eyes looked back, so calm, serene, and cheerful, on herself and on her lover.

"And when all that is past, and we are old, and living (as we must!) together—close together—talking often of old times," said Alfred—"these shall be our favourite times among them—this day most of all; and telling each other what we thought and felt, and hoped and feared at parting; and how we couldn't bear to say good-bye—"

"Coach coming through the wood!" cried Britain.

"Yes! I am ready. And how we met again, so happily, in spite of all; we'll make this day the happiest in all the year, and keep it as a treble birthday. Shall we, dear?"

"Yes!" interposed the elder sister eagerly, and with a radiant smile. "Yes! Alfred, don't linger. There's no time. Say good-bye to Marion. And Heaven be with you!"

He pressed the younger sister to his heart. Released from his embrace, she again clung to her sister; and her eyes, with the same blended look, again sought those so calm, serene, and cheerful.

"Farewell, my boy!" said the doctor. "To talk about any serious correspondence or serious affections, and engagements and so forth, in such a—ha, ha, ha!—you know what I mean—why that, of course, would be sheer nonsense. All I can say is, that if you and Marion should continue in the same foolish minds, I shall not object to have you for a son-in-law one of these days."

"Over the bridge!" cried Britain. "Let it come!" said Alfred, wringing the doctor's hand stoutly. "Think of me sometimes, my old friend and guardian, as seriously as you can! Adieu, Mr. Snitchey! Farewell, Mr. Craggs!"

"Coming down the road!" cried Britain.

"A kiss of Clemency Newcome, for long acquaintance sake! Shake hands, Britain! Marion, dearest heart, good-bye! Sister Grace! remember!"

The quiet household figure, and the face so beautiful in its serenity, were turned towards him in reply; but Marion's look and attitude remained unchanged.

The coach was at the gate. There was a bustle with the luggage. The coach drove away. Marion never moved.

He waves his hat to you, my love," said Grace. Your chosen husband, darling. Look!

The younger sister raised her head and, for a moment, turned it. Then, turning back again, and fully meeting, for the first time, those calm eyes, fell sobbing on her neck.

"Oh, Grace. God bless you! But I cannot bear to see it, Grace! It breaks my heart."

PART THE SECOND.

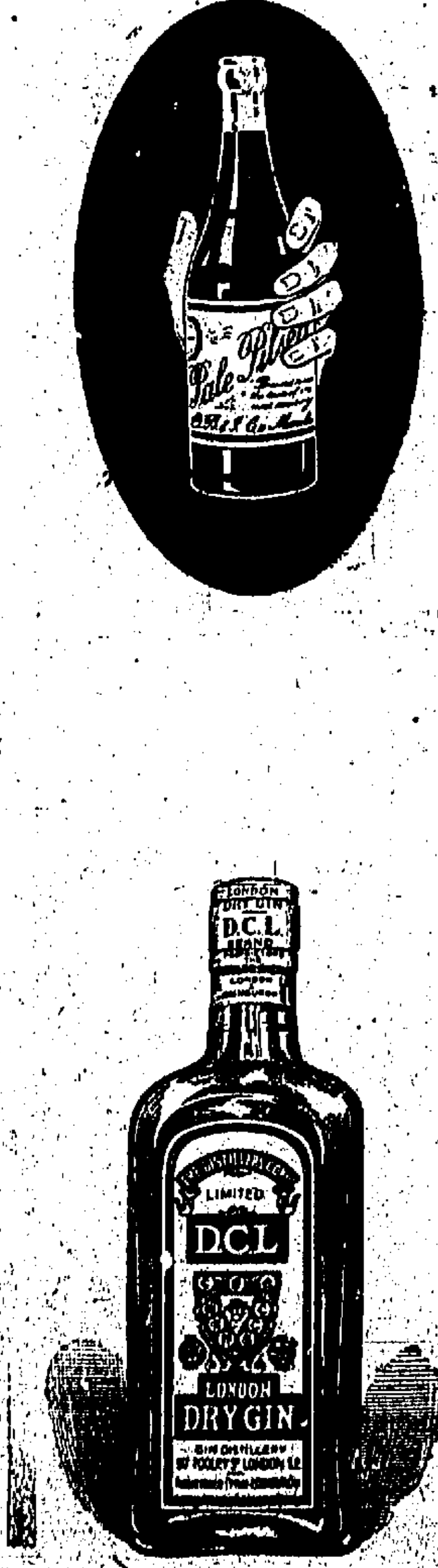
Snitchey and Craggs had a snug little office on the old battle-ground, where they drove a snug little business, and fought a great many small pitched battles for a great many contending parties. Though it could hardly be said of these conflicts that they were running fights—for in truth they generally proceeded at a snail's pace—the part the firm had in them came so far within the general denomination, that now they

(Continued on Page 12.)

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A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(Continued from Page 10.)

took a shot at this plaintiff, and now aimed a chop at that defendant, now made a heavy charge at an estate in Chancery, and now had some light skirmishing among an irregular body of small debtors, just as the occasion served, and the enemy happened to present himself. The *Gazette* was an important and profitable feature in some of their fields, as in fields of greater renown; and in most of the actions wherein they showed their generalship, it was afterwards observed by the combatants that they had had great difficulty in making each other out, or in knowing what they were about, in consequence of the vast amount of smoke by which they were surrounded.

The offices of Messrs. Snitchey and Craggs stood conveniently, with an open door down two smooth steps, in the market-place; so that any angry farmer inclining towards hot water, might tumble into it at once. Their special council-chamber and hall of conference was an old back room upstairs, with a low dark ceiling which seemed to be knitting its brows gloomily in the consideration of tangled points of law. It was furnished with some high-backed leather chairs, garnished with green goggle-eyed brass nails; of which every here and there, two or three had fallen out—or had been picked out, perhaps, by the wandering thumbs and forefingers of bewildered clients. There was a framed print of a great judge in it, every curl in whose dreadful wig had made a man's hair stand on end. Bales of papers filled the dusty closets, shelves, and tables; and round the wainscot there were tiers of boxes, padlocked and fireproof, with people's names printed outside, which anxious visitors felt themselves, by a cruel enchantment, obliged to spell backwards and forwards, and to make anagrams of, while they sat, seeming to listen to Snitchey and Craggs, without comprehending one word of what they said.

Snitchey and Craggs had each, in private life as in professional existence, a partner of his own. Snitchey and Craggs were the best friends in the world, and had a real confidence in one another; but Mrs. Snitchey, by a dispensation not uncommon in the affairs of life, was on principle suspicious of Mr. Craggs; and Mrs. Craggs, was on principle suspicious of Mr. Snitchey. "Your Snitchey's indeed," the latter lady would observe, sometimes to

Mr. Craggs; using that imaginative plural as if in disparagement of an objectionable pair of pantaloons or other articles not possessed of a singular number: "I don't see what you want with your Snitchey, for my part. You trust a great deal too much to your Snitchey, I think, and I hope you may never find my words come true." While Mrs. Snitchey would observe to Mr. Snitchey, of Craggs, "that if ever he was led away by man, he was led away by that man, and that if ever she read a double purpose in a mortal eye, she read that purpose in Craggs's eye." Notwithstanding this, however, they were all very good friends in general; and Mrs. Snitchey and Mrs. Craggs maintained a close bond of alliance against "the office," which they both considered the blue chamber, and common enemy, full of dangerous (because unknown) machinations.

In this office, nevertheless, Snitchey and Craggs made havoc for their several hives. Here, sometimes, they would linger, of a fine evening, at the window of their council-chamber, overlooking the old battlemented, and wonder (but that was generally at a late time, when much business had made them sentimental) at the folly of mankind, who couldn't always be at peace with one another and go to law comfortably. Here, days, and weeks, and months, and years, passed over them; their calendar, the gradually dimming number of brass nails in the leather chairs, and the increasing bulk of papers on the tables. Here, nearly three years' fight had thinned the one and swelled the other, since the breakfast in the orchard, when they sat together in consultations at high.

Not alone, but with a man of thirty, or about that time of life, negligently dressed, and somewhat haggard in the face, but well-made, well-attired, and well-looking; who sat in the arm-chair of state, with one hand in his breast, and the other in his dishevelled hair, pondering moodily. Messrs. Snitchey and Craggs sat opposite each other at a neighbouring desk. One of the fireproof boxes, unpadlocked and open, was upon it; a part of its contents lay strewn upon the table, and the rest was then in course of passing through the hands of Mr. Snitchey; who brought it to the candle, document by document; looked at every paper singly, as he produced it, shook his head, and handed it to Mr. Craggs; who looked it over also, shook his head, and laid it down. Sometimes, they would stop, and shaking their heads in concert, look towards the abstracted client. And the name on the box being Michael Warden, Esquire, we may conclude

from these premises that the name and the box were both his, and that the affairs of Michael Warden, Esquire, were in a bad way.

"That's all," said Mr. Snitchey, turning up the last paper. "Really there's no other resource. No other resource."

"All lost, spent, wasted, pawned, borrowed, and sold, eh?" said the client, looking up.

"All," returned Mr. Snitchey. "Nothing else to be done, you say?"

"Nothing at all."

"The client bit his nails, and pondered again."

"And I am not even personally safe in England? You hold to that, do you?"

"In no part of the United Kingdom, of Great Britain and Ireland," replied Mr. Snitchey.

"A mere prodigal son with no father to go back to, no swine to keep, and no hawks to share with them? Eh?" pursued the client, rocking one leg over the other, and searching the ground with his eyes.

Mr. Snitchey coughed, as if to deprecate the being supposed to participate in any figurative illustration of a legal position. Mr. Craggs, as if to express that it was a partnership view of the subject, also coughed.

"Ruined at thirty!" said the client. "Humph!"

"Not ruined, Mr. Warden," returned Snitchey. "Not so bad as that. You have done a good deal towards it, I must say, but you are not ruined. A little nursing—"

"A little devil," said the client. "Mr. Craggs," said Snitchey, "will you please me with a pinch of snuff? Thank you, sir."

As the imperturbable lawyer applied it to his nose, with great apparent relish and a perfect absorption of his attention in the proceeding, the client gradually broke into a smile, and, looking up, said—

"You talk of nursing. How long nursing?"

"How long nursing?" repeated Snitchey, dusting the snuff from his fingers and making a slow calculation in his mind. "For your involved estate, sir? In good hands? S. and C.'s say? Six or seven years."

"To starve for six or seven years?" said the client, with a fretful laugh, and an impatient change of his position.

"To starve for six or seven years," Mr. Warden, said Snitchey, "would be very uncommon indeed. You might get another estate by showing yourself the while. But we don't think you could do it—speaking for 'Self and Craggs'—and, consequently, don't advise it."

"What do you advise?"

"Nursing, I say," repeated Snitchey. "Some years of nursing by self and Craggs would bring it round. But to enable us to make terms, and hold terms, and you to keep terms, you must go away; you must live abroad. As to starvation, we could insure you some hundreds a year to starve upon, even in the beginning—I dare say, Mr. Warden."

"Hundreds," said the client. "And I have spent thousands!"

"That," retorted Mr. Snitchey, putting the papers slowly back into the cast-iron box, "there is no doubt about. No doubt, about—"

He repeated to himself, as he thoughtfully pursued his occupation.

"The lawyer very likely knew his man; at any rate, his dry, shrewd, whimsical manner had a favourable influence on the client's moody state, and disposed him to be more free and unreserved. Or, perhaps, the client knew his man; and had elicited such encouragement as he had required, to render some purpose he was about to disclose the more defensible in appearance. Gradually raising his head, he sat looking at his immovable adviser with a smile, which presently broke into a laugh."

"After all," he said, "my iron-headed friend—"

Mr. Snitchey pointed out his partner. "Self and excuse me—Craggs."

"I beg Mr. Craggs's pardon," said the client. "After all, my iron-headed friends—he leaned forward in his chair, and dropped his voice a little—"you don't know half my ruin yet."

Mr. Snitchey stopped and stared at him. Mr. Craggs also stared.

"I am not only deep in debt," said the client, "but I am deep in—"

"Not in love!" cried Snitchey. "Yes!" said the client, falling back in his chair, and surveying the firm with his hands in his pockets. "Deep in love."

"And not with an heiress, sir?"

"Not with an heiress."

"Nor a rich lady?"

"Nor a rich lady that I know of—except in beauty and merit."

"A single lady, I trust?" said Mr. Snitchey, with great expression.

"Certainly."

"It's not one of Doctor Jeddler's daughters?" said Snitchey, suddenly squaring his elbows on his knees, and advancing his face at least a yard.

"Yes!" returned the client. "Not his younger daughter?" said Snitchey.

"Yes!" returned the client. "Mr. Craggs," said Snitchey, much yeted, "will you oblige me, with

another pinch of snuff? Thank you! I am happy to say it don't signify, Mr. Warden, she's engaged, sir."

"She's engaged. My partner can corroborate me. We know the fact."

"We know the fact," repeated Craggs.

"Why, so do I, perhaps," returned the client quietly. "What of that? Are you men of the world, and did you never hear of a woman changing her mind?"

"There certainly have been actions for breach," said Mr. Snitchey, "brought against both spinsters and widows; but, in the majority of cases—"

"Cases!" interposed the client impatiently. "Don't talk to me of cases. The general precedent is in a much larger volume than any of your law books. Besides, do you think I have lived six weeks in the doctor's house for nothing?"

"I think, sir," observed Mr. Snitchey, gravely addressing himself to his partner, "that of all the scrapes Mr. Warden's horses have brought him into at one time and another, and they have been pretty numerous, and pretty expensive as none know better than himself, and you, and the worst scrape may turn out to be, if he talks in this way, his having been ever left by one of them at the doctor's garden wall, with three broken ribs, a snapped collar-bone, and the Lord knows how many bruises. We didn't think so much of it at the time when we knew he was going on well under the doctor's hands and roof; but it looks bad now, sir. Bad? It looks very bad. Doctor Jeddler too—our client, Mr. Craggs."

"Mr. Alfred Heathfield too—a sort of client, Mr. Snitchey," said Craggs. "Mr. Michael Warden too, a kind of client," said the careless visitor, "and no bad one either, having played the fool for ten or twelve years. However, Mr. Michael Warden has sown his wild oats now—there's their crop, in that box; and he means to repent and be wise. And in proof of it, Mr. Michael Warden means, if he can, to marry Marion, the doctor's lovely daughter, and to carry her away with him."

"Really, Mr. Craggs?" Snitchey began.

"Really, Mr. Snitchey, and Mr. Craggs, partners both, said the client, interrupting him, "you know your duty to your clients, and you know well enough, I am sure, that it is no part of it to interfere in a mere love affair, which I am obliged to confide to you. I am not going to carry the young lady off, without her own consent. There's nothing illegal in it. I never was Mr. Heathfield's bosom friend. I violate no confidence

of his. I live where he loves, and I mean to win where he would win—if I can."

"He can't, Mr. Craggs," said Snitchey, evidently anxious and discomfited. "He can't do it, sir. She dotes on Mr. Alfred."

"Does she?" returned the client. "Mr. Craggs, she dotes on him, sir," persisted Snitchey.

"I didn't live six weeks, some few months ago, in the doctor's house for nothing; and I doubted that soon, observed the client. "She would have doted on him, if her sister could have brought it about; but I watched them. Marion avoided his name, avoided the subject; shrank from the least allusion to it, with evident distress."

"Why should she, Mr. Craggs, you know? Why should she, sir?" inquired Snitchey.

"I don't know, why she should, though there are many likely reasons," said the client, smiling at the attention and perplexity expressed in Mr. Snitchey's shining eye, and at his cautious way of carrying on the conversation, and making himself informed upon the subject; "but I know she does. She was very young when she made the engagement—if it may be called one: I am not even sure of that—and has repented of it, perhaps. Perhaps—it seems a foolish thing to say, but upon my soul I don't mean it in that light—she may have fallen in love with me, as I have fallen in love with her."

"Ha! ha! Mr. Alfred, her old playfellow too, you remember, Mr. Craggs," said Snitchey, with a disconcerted laugh, "knew her almost from a baby!"

"Which makes it the more probable that she may be tired of his idea," calmly pursued the client, "and not indisposed to exchange it for the newer one of another lover, who presents himself (or is presented by his horse) under romantic circumstances; has the not unfavourable reputation—with a country girl—of having lived thoughtlessly and gaily, without doing much harm to anybody; and who, for his youth and figure, and so forth—this may seem foolish again, but upon my soul I don't mean it in that light—might perhaps pass muster in a crowd with Mr. Alfred himself."

There was no gainsaying the last clause, certainly; and Mr. Snitchey, glancing at him, thought so. There was something naturally graceful and pleasant in the very carelessness of his air. It seemed to suggest, of his comely face and well-knit figure, that they might be greatly better if he chose; and that, once roused and made earnest (but he never had been

earnest yet), he could be full of fire and purpose. "A dangerous sort of libertine," thought the shrewd lawyer, "to seem to catch the spark he wants from a young lady's eyes."

"Now, observe, Snitchey," he continued, rising and taking him by the button, and placing one partner on either side of him, so that neither might evade him, "I don't ask you for any advice. You are right to keep quite aloof from all parties in such a matter, which is not one in which grave men like you could interfere, on any side. I am briefly going to review, in half a dozen words, my position and intention, and then I shall leave it to you to do the best for me, in money matters, that you can; seeing that, if I run away with the doctor's beautiful daughter as I hope to do, and to become another man under her bright influence, it will be, for the moment, more chargeable than running away alone. But I shall soon make all that up in an altered life."

"I think it will be better not to hear this, Mr. Craggs?" said Snitchey, looking at him across the client.

"I think not," said Craggs. "Both listening attentively."

"Well! You needn't hear it," replied their client. "I'll mention it, however. I don't mean to ask the doctor's consent, because he wouldn't give it me. But I mean to do the doctor no wrong or harm; because (besides there being nothing serious in such trifles, as he says) I hope to rescue his child, my Marion, from what I see—I know—she dreads, and contemplates with misery, that is, the return of this old lover. If anything in the world is true, it is true that she dreads his return. Nobody is injured so far. I am so harried and worried here, just now, that I lead the life of a flying fish. I skulk about in the dark; I am shut out of my own house, and warned off my own grounds; but that house, and those grounds, and many an acre besides, will come back to me one day, as you knew and say; and Marion will probably be richer—on your showing, who are never sanguine—ten years hence as my wife, than as the wife of Alfred Heathfield, whose return she dreads (remember that), and in whom, or in any man, my passion is not surpassed. Who is injured yet? It is a fair case throughout. My right is as good as his, if she decide in my favour; and I will try my right by her alone. You will like to know no more after this, and I will tell you no more. Now you know my purpose and wants. When must I leave here?"

(Continued on page 14.)

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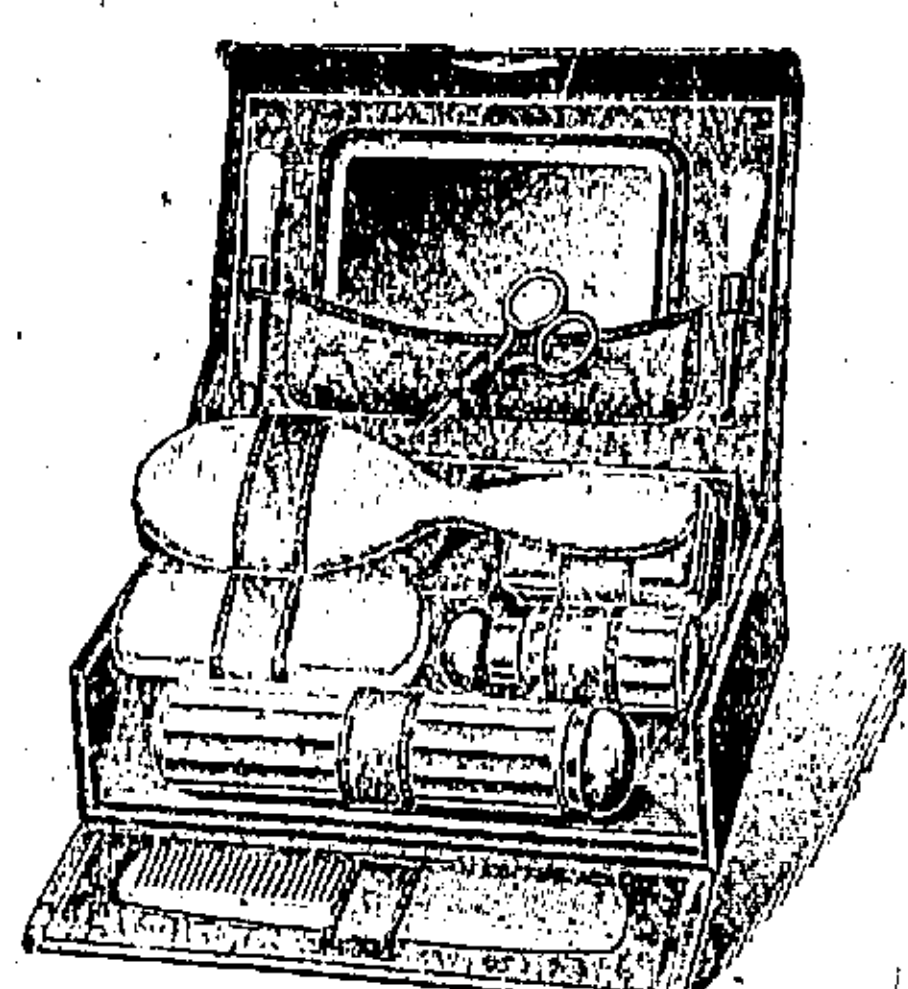
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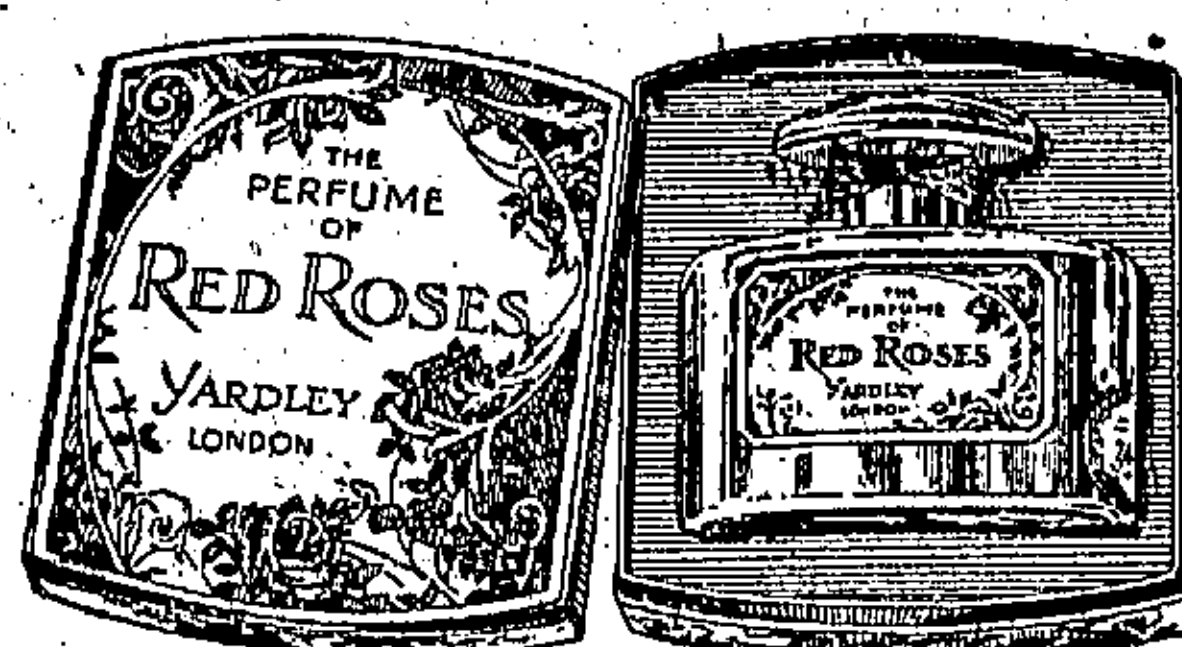
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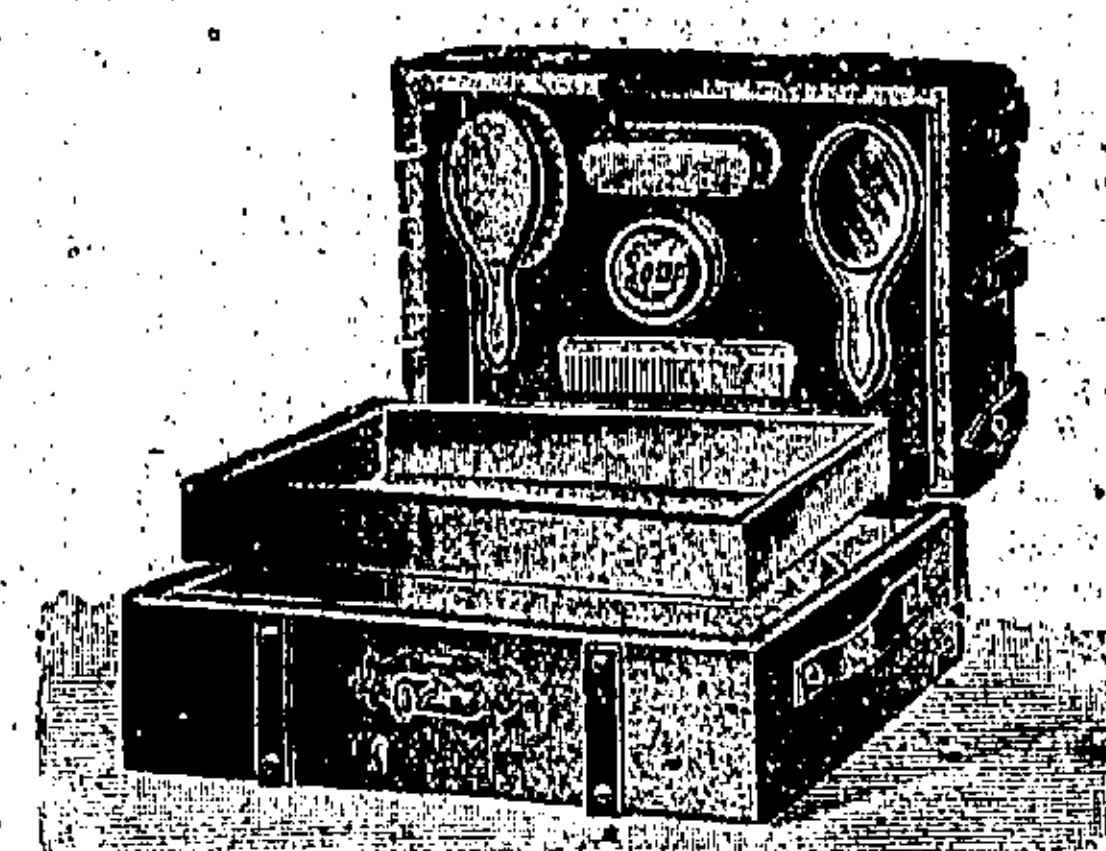
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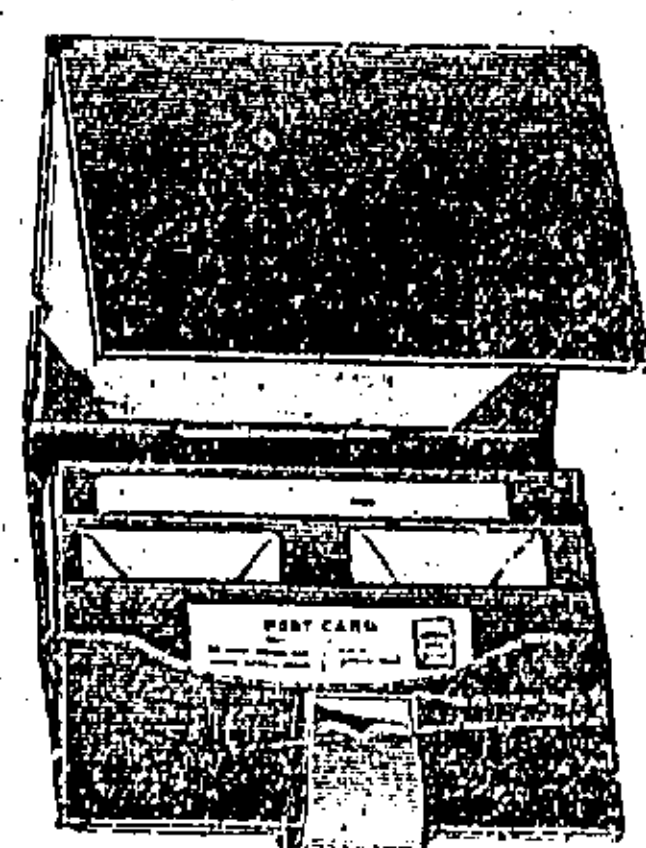
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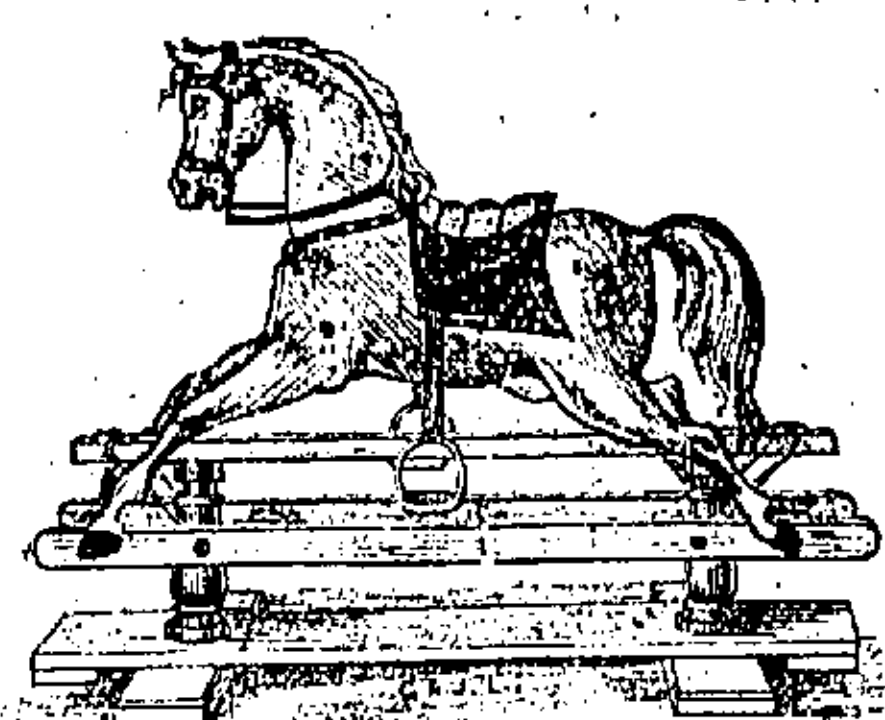
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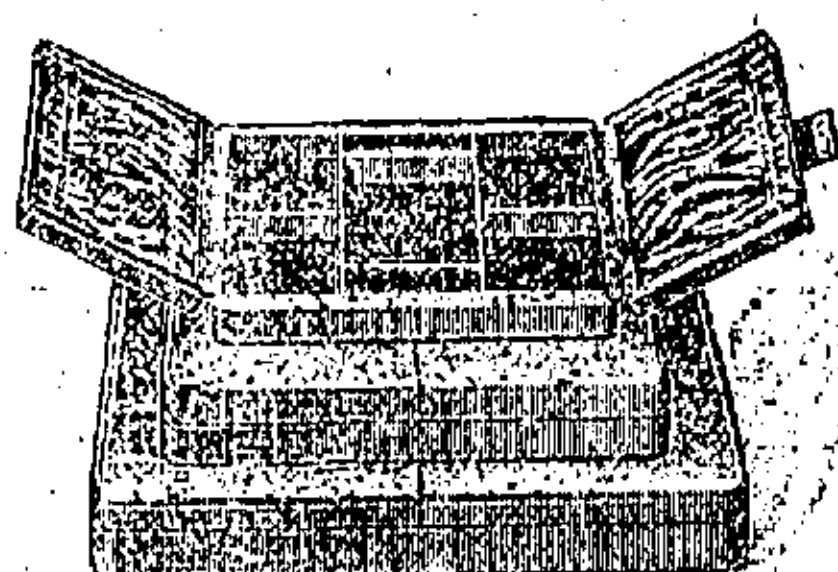
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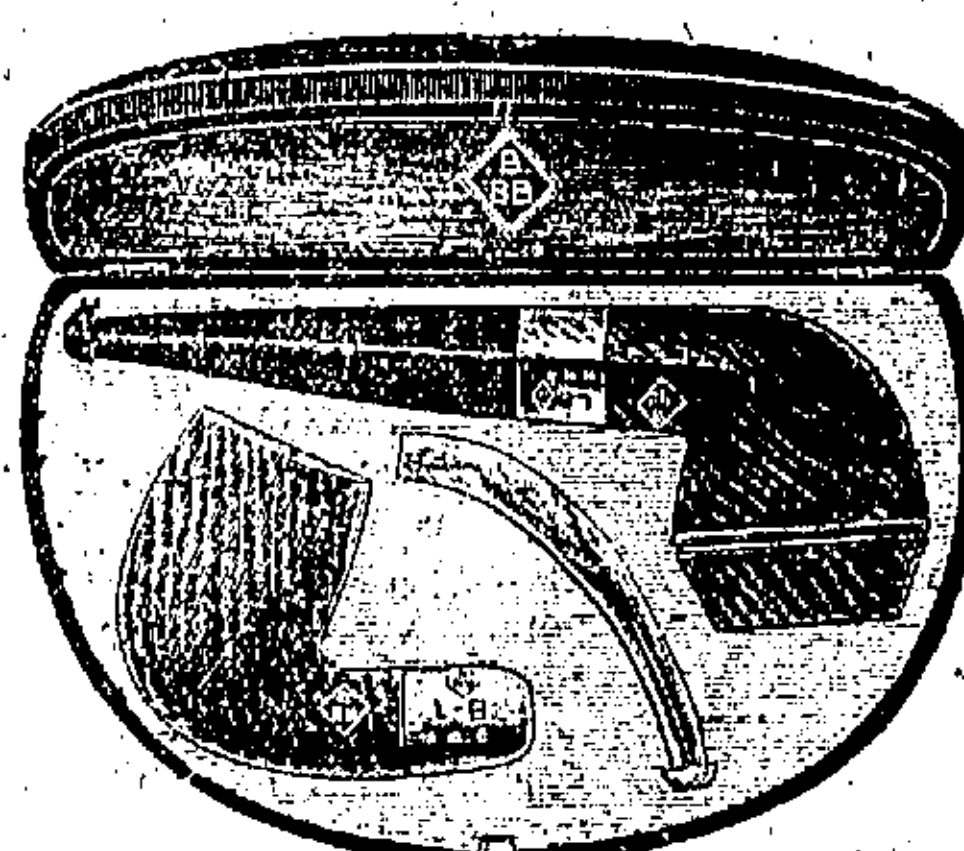
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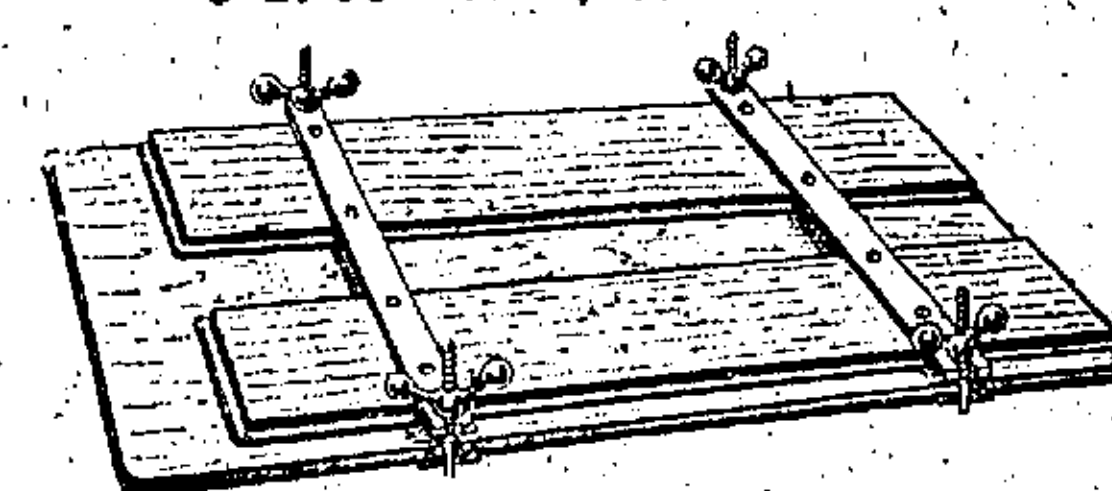
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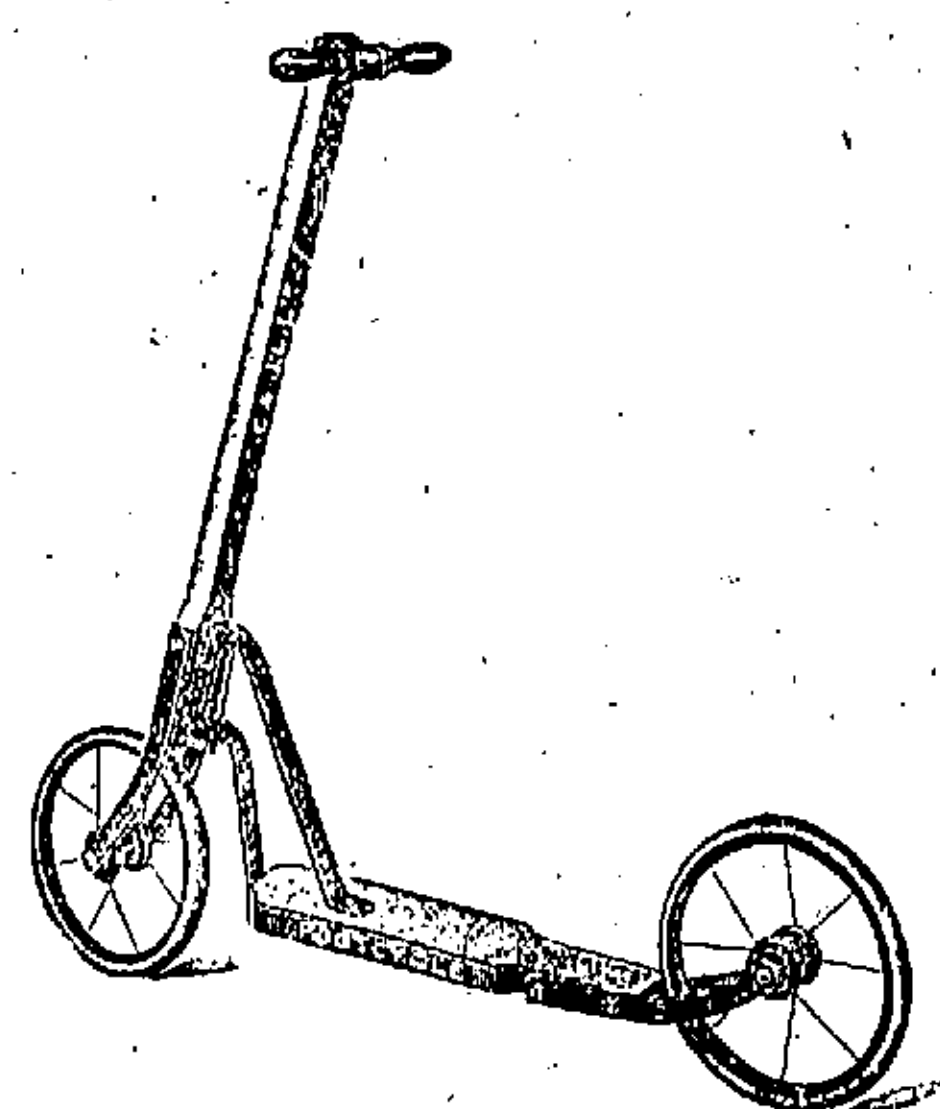
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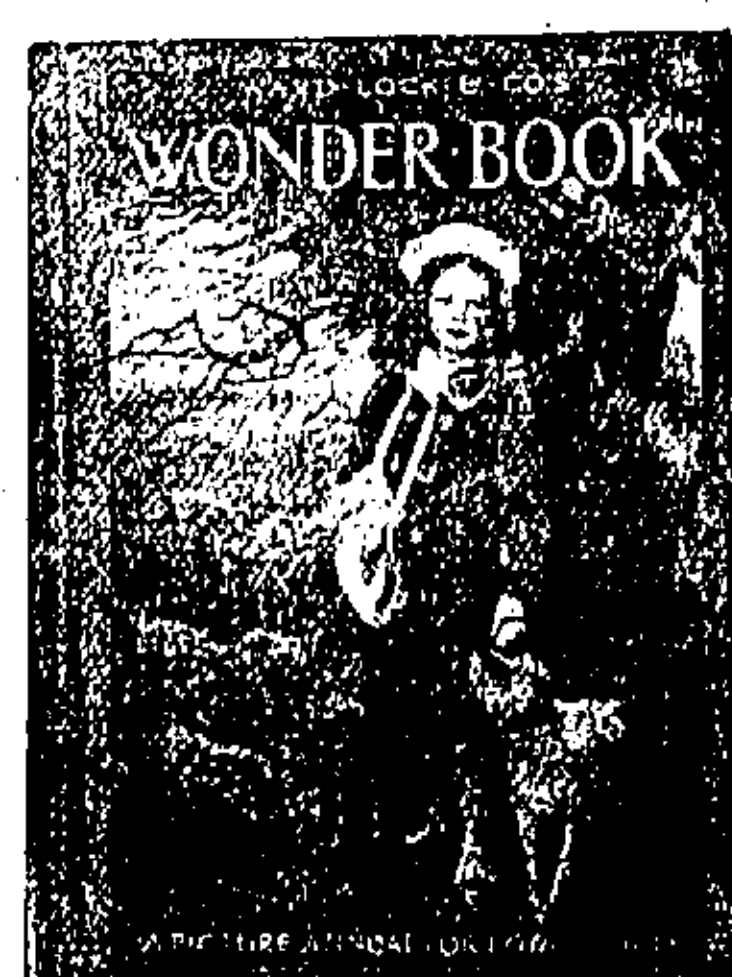
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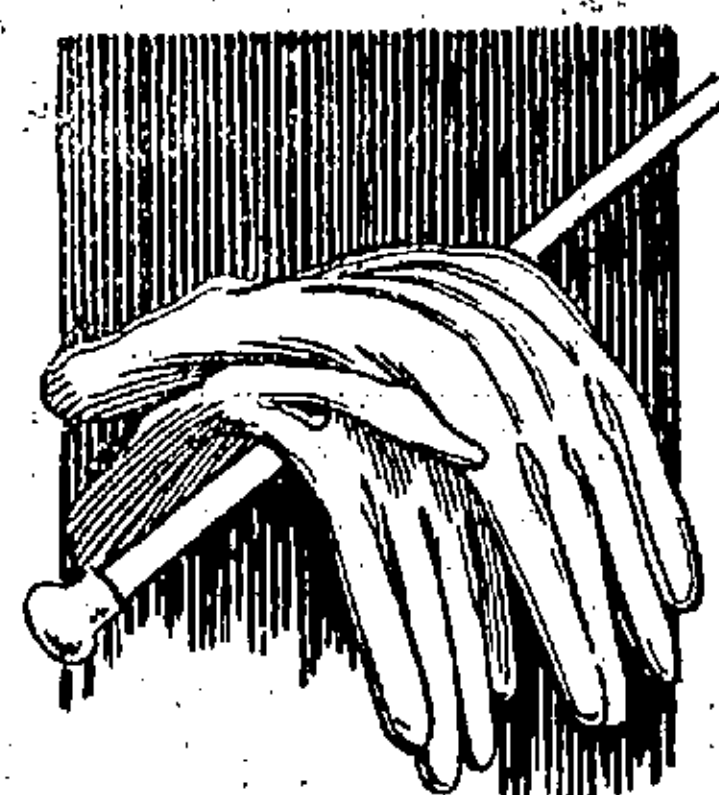
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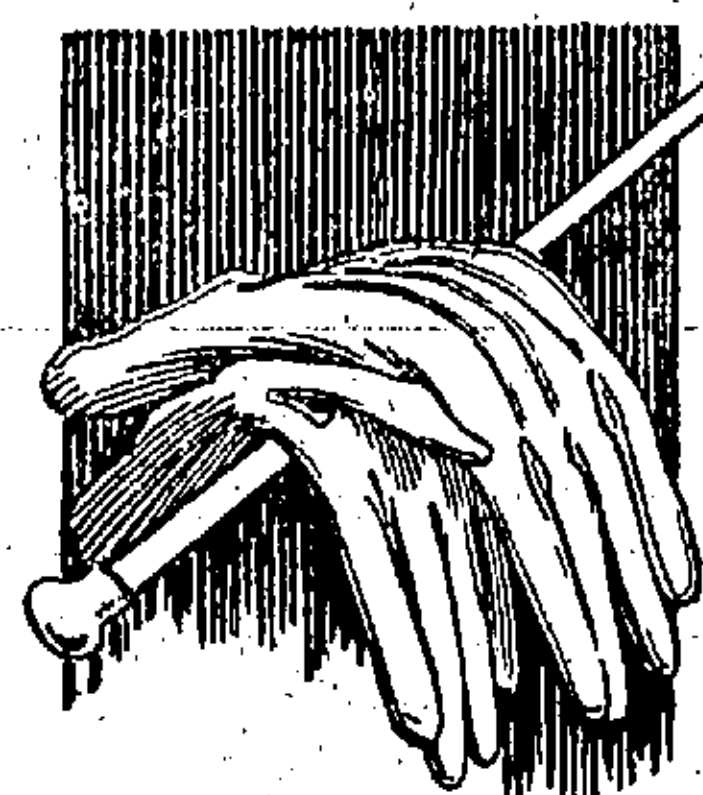
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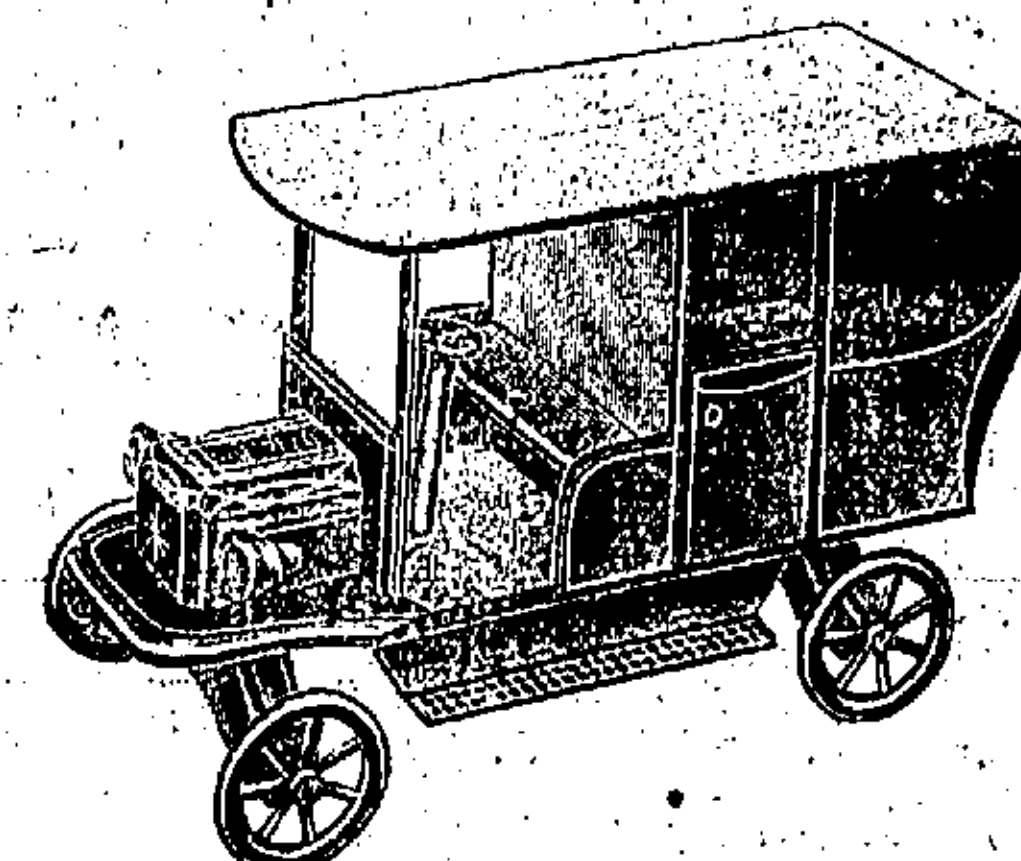
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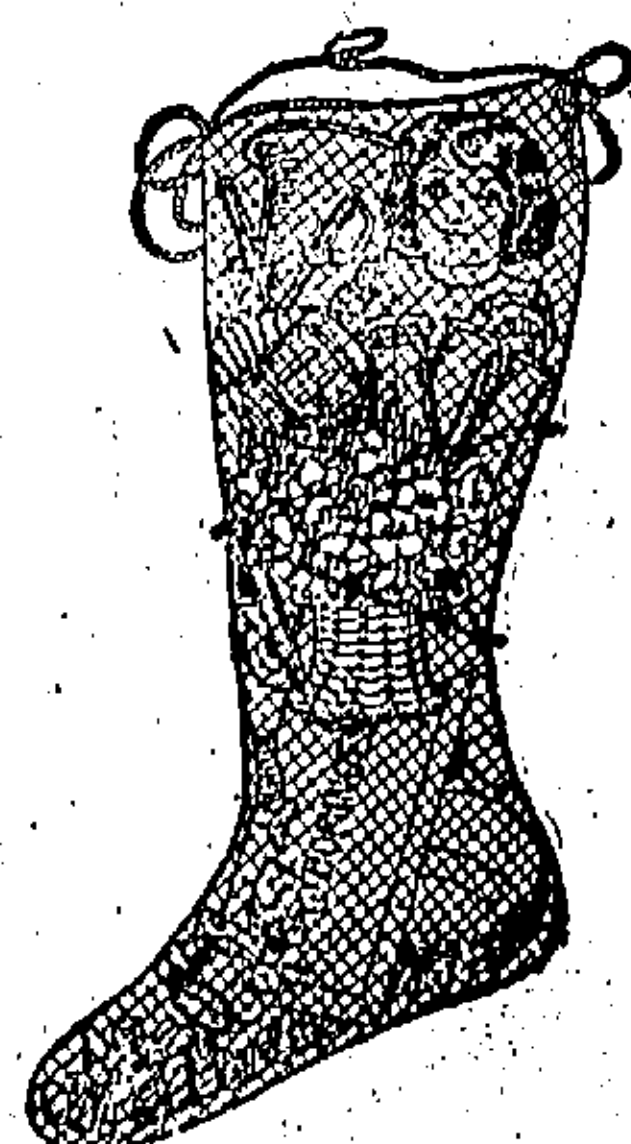
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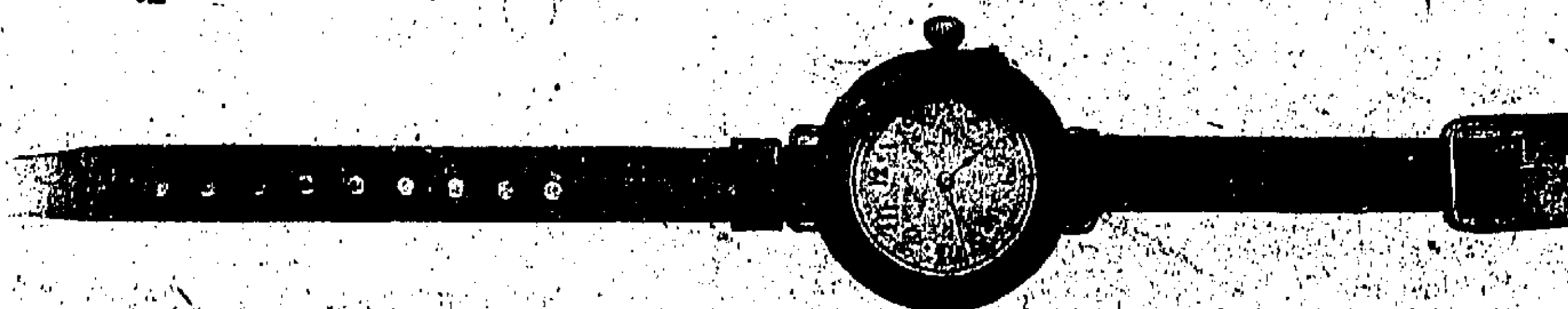
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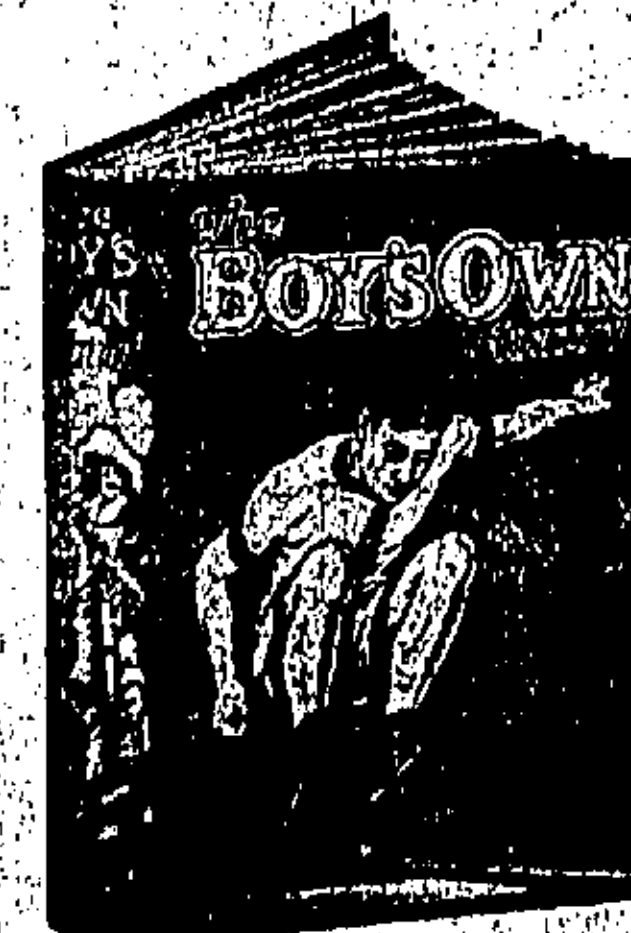


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A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(Continued from Page 12.)

"In a week," said Snitchey. "Mr. Craggs?"

"In something less, I should say," responded Craggs.

"In a month," said the client, after attentively watching the two faces. "This day month. To-day is Thursday. Succeed or fail, on this day month I go."

"It's too long a delay," said Snitchey; "much too long. But let it be so. I thought he'd have stipulated for three," he murmured to himself. "Are you going? Good-night, sir!"

"Good-night!" returned the client, shaking hands with the firm. "You'll live to see me making a good use of riches yet. Henceforth, the star of my destiny is Marion!"

"Take care of the stairs, sir," replied Snitchey; "for she don't shine there. Good-night!"

"Good-night!"

So they both stood on the stairhead with a pair of office-candles, watching him down. When he had gone away, they stood looking at each other.

"What do you think of all this, Mr. Craggs?" said Snitchey.

Mr. Craggs shook his head.

"It was," said Mr. Craggs. "Perhaps he deceives himself altogether," pursued Mr. Snitchey, looking up the fire-proof box, and putting it away; "or, if he don't, a little bit of fickleness and perfidy is not a miracle, Mr. Craggs. And yet I thought that pretty face was very true. I thought," said Mr. Snitchey, putting on his greatcoat (for the weather was very cold), drawing on his gloves, and snuffing out one candle, "that I had even seen her character becoming stronger and more resolved of late. More like her sister's."

"Mrs. Craggs was of the same opinion," returned Craggs.

"I'd really give a trifle to-night," observed Mr. Snitchey, who was a good-natured man, "if I could believe that Mr. Warden was reckoning without his host; but, light-headed, capricious, and unbalanced as he is, he knows something of the world and its people (he ought to, for he has bought what he does know, dear enough); and I can't quite think that we had better not interfere: we can do nothing, Mr. Craggs, but keep quiet."

"Nothing," returned Craggs.

"Our friend the doctor makes light of such things," said Mr. Snitchey, shaking his head. "I hope he mayn't stand in need of his philosophy. Our friend Alfred talks of the battle of life," he shook his head again; "I hope he mayn't be cut down early in the day. Have you got your hat, Mr. Craggs? I am going to put the other candle out."

Mr. Craggs replying in the affirmative, Mr. Snitchey suited the action to the word, and they groped their way out of the council-chamber, now as dark as the subject, or the law in general.

My story passes to a quiet little study, where, on that same night, the sisters and the hale old doctor sat by a cheerful fireside. Grace was working at her needle. Marion read aloud from a book before her. The doctor, in his dressing-gown and slippers, with his feet spread out upon the warm rug, leaned back in his easy-chair, and listened to the book, and looked upon his daughters.

They were very beautiful to look upon. Two better faces for a fireside never made a fireside bright and sacred. Something of the difference between them had been softened down in three years' time; and enthroned upon the clear brow of the younger sister, looking through her eyes, and thrilling in her voice, was the same earnest nature that her own motherless youth had ripened in the elder sister long ago. But she still appeared at once the lovelier and weaker of the two; still seemed to rest her head upon her sister's breast, and put her trust in her, and look into her eyes for counsel and reliance. Those loving eyes, so calm, serene, and cheerful, as of old.

"And being in her own home," read Marion, from the book, "her home made exquisitely dear by these remembrances, she now began to know that the great trial of her heart must soon come on, and could not be delayed. O home, our comforter and friend when others fall away, to part with whom, at any step between the cradle and the grave—"

"Marion, my love!" said Grace.

"Why, puss!" exclaimed her father, "what's the matter?"

She put her hand upon the hand her sister stretched towards her, and read on; her voice still faltering and trembling, though she made an effort to command it when thus interrupted.

"To part with whom, at any step between the cradle and the grave, is always sorrowful. O home, so true to us, so often slighted in return, be lenient to them that turn away from thee, and do not haunt their erring footsteps too reproachfully! Let no

kind looks, no well-remembered smiles, be seen upon thy phantom face. Let no ray of affection, welcome, gentleness, forbearance, cordiality, shine from thy white head. Let no old loving word, or tone, rise up in judgment against thy deserter; but if thou canst look harshly and severely, do, in mercy to the penitent!"

"Dear Marion, read no more to-night," said Grace—for she was weeping.

"I cannot," she replied, and closed the book. "The words seem all on fire!"

The doctor was amused at this; and laughed as he patted her on the head.

"What! overcome by a story-book!" said Doctor Jeddler. "Print and paper! Well, well, it's all one. It's as rational to make a serious matter of print and paper as of anything else. But, dry your eyes, love, dry your eyes. I daresay the heroine has got home again long ago, and made it up all round—and if she hasn't, a real home is only four walls; and a fictitious one, mere rags and ink."

"It's only me, mister," said Clemency, putting in her head at the door.

"And what's the matter with you?" said the doctor.

"Oh, bless you, nothing ain't the matter with me," returned Clemency—and truly too, to judge from her well-swept face, in which there gleamed as usual the very soul of good-humour, which, ungainly as she was, made her quite engaging. Abrasions on the elbows are not generally understood, it is true, to range within that class of personal charms called beauty-spots. But it is better, going through the world, to have the arms chafed in that narrow garb than the temper; and Clemency was sound and whole as any beauty's in the land.

"Nothing ain't the matter with me," said Clemency, entering, "but—come a little closer, mister."

The doctor, in some astonishment, complied with this invitation.

"You said I wasn't to give you one before them, you know," said Clemency.

A novice in the family might have supposed, from her extraordinary ogling as she said it, as well as from a singular rapture or ecstasy which pervaded her elbows, as if she were embracing herself, that "one," in its most favourable interpretation, meant a chaste salute. Indeed the doctor himself seemed alarmed, for the moment; but quickly regained his composure, as Clemency, having had recourse to both her pockets—beginning with the right one, going away to the wrong one, and afterwards

coming back to the right one again—produced a letter from the post office.

"Britain was riding by on a errand," she chuckled, handing it to the doctor, "and see the mail come in, and waited for it. There's A. H. in the corner. Mr. Alfred's on his journey home, I bet. We shall have a wedding in the house—there was two spoons in my saucer this morning. O luck, how slow he opens it!"

All this she delivered, by way of soliloquy, gradually rising higher, and higher on tiptoe, in her impatience to hear the news, and making a corkscrew of her apron, and a bottle of her mouth. At last, arriving at a climax of suspense, and seeing the doctor still engaged in the perusal of the letter, she came down flat upon the soles of her feet again, and cast her apron, as a veil, over her head, in a mute despair, and inability to bear it any longer.

"Here! Girls!" cried the doctor. "I can't help it: I never could keep a secret in my life. There are not many secrets, indeed, worth being kept in such a well-lit room as this. Alfred's coming home, my dears, directly."

"Directly!" exclaimed Marion.

"What! The story-book is soon forgotten!" said the doctor, pinching her cheek. "I thought the news would dry those tears. Yes. Let it be a surprise," he says, here. But I can't let it be a surprise. He must have a welcome."

"Directly!" repeated Marion.

"Why, perhaps not what your impatience calls 'directly,'" returned the doctor; "but pretty soon too. Let us see. Let us see. To-day is Thursday, is it not? Then he promises to be here this day month."

"This day month!" repeated Marion softly.

"A gay day and a holiday for us," said the cheerful voice of her sister Grace, kissing her in congratulation. "Long looked forward to, dearest, and come at last."

She answered with a smile; a mournful smile, but full of sisterly affection. As she looked in her sister's face, and listened to the quiet music of her voice, picturing the happiness of this return, her own face glowed with hope and joy.

And with a something else—a something shining more and more through all the rest of its expression; for which I have no name. It was not exultation, triumph, proud enthusiasm. These are not so calmly shown. It was not love and gratitude alone, though love and gratitude were part of it. It emanated from no sordid thought, for sordid thoughts do not light up the brow, and hover on the lips, and move the spirit like

a fluttered light, until the sympathetic figure trembles.

Doctor Jeddler, in spite of his system of philosophy—which he was continually contradicting and denying in practice, but more famous philosophers have done that—could not help having as much interest in the return of his old ward and pupil as if it had been a serious event. So he sat himself down in his easy-chair again, stretched out his slippers, and once more upon the rug, read the letter over and over a great many times, and talked it over more times still.

"Ah! The day was," said the doctor, looking at the fire, "when you and he, Grace, used to trot about arm-in-arm, in his holiday time, like a couple of walking dolls. You remember?"

"I remember," she answered, with her pleasant laugh, and plying her needle busily.

"This day month, indeed!" mused the doctor. "That hardly seems a twelvemonth ago. And where was my little Marion then?"

"Never far from her sister," said Marion cheerily, "however little. Grace was everything to me, even when she was a young child herself."

"True, puss, true," returned the doctor. "She was a staid little woman, was Grace, and a wise housekeeper, and a busy, quiet, pleasant body; bearing with our humours and anticipating our wishes, and always ready to forget her own, even in those times." I never knew you positive or obstinate, Grace, my darling, even then, on any subject but one.

"I am afraid I have changed sadly for the worse since," laughed Grace, still busy at her work. "What was that one, father?"

"Alfred, of course," said the doctor. "Nothing would serve you but you must be called Alfred's wife; so we called you Alfred's wife; and you liked it better, I believe (odds as it seems now), than being called a duchess, if we could have made you one."

"Indeed?" said Grace placidly.

"Why, don't you remember?" inquired the doctor.

"I think I remember something of it," she returned, "but not much. It's so long ago." And as she sat at work, she hummed the burden of an old song, which the doctor liked.

"Alfred will find a real wife soon," she said, breaking off; "and that will be a happy time indeed for all of us. My three years' trust is nearly at an end, Marion. It has been a very easy one. I shall tell Alfred, when I give you back to him, that you have loved him dearly all the time, and that he has never once needed my good services."

May I tell him so, love?"

"Tell him, dear Grace," replied Marion, "that there never was a trust so generously, nobly, steadfastly discharged; and that I loved you, all the time, dearer and dearer every day; and oh, how dearly now!"

"Nay," said her cheerful sister, returning her embrace. "I can scarcely tell him that; we will leave my deserts to Alfred's imagination. It will be liberal enough, dear Marion; like your own."

With that, she resumed the work she had for a moment laid down, when her sister spoke so fervently; and with it the old song the doctor liked to hear. And the doctor, still reposing in his easy-chair, with his slippers feet stretched out before him on the rug, listened to the tune, and beat time on his knee with Alfred's letter, and looked at his two daughters, and thought that among the many trifles of the trifling world, these trifles were agreeable enough.

Clemency Newcome, in the meantime, having accomplished her mission and lingered in the room until she had made herself a party to the news, descended to the kitchen, where her coadjutor, Mr. Britain, was regaling after supper, surrounded by such a plentiful collection of bright pot-ids, well-scoured saucepans, burnished dinner-covers, gleaming kettles, and other tokens of her industrious habits, arranged upon the walls and shelves, that he sat as in the centre of a hall of mirrors. The majority did not give forth very flattering portraits of him, certainly; nor were they by any means unanimous in their reflections; as some made him very long-faced, others very broad-faced, some tolerably well-looking, others vastly ill-looking according to their several manners of reflecting, which were various, in respect of one fact, as those of so many kinds of men. But they all agreed that in the midst of them sat, quite at his ease, an individual with a pipe in his mouth, and a jug of beer at his elbow, who nodded condescendingly to Clemency, when she stationed herself at the same table.

"Well, Clemmy," said Britain, "how are you by this time, and what's the news?"

Clemency told him the news, which he received very graciously. A gracious change had come over Benjamin from head to foot. He was much broader, much redder, much more cheerful, and much jollier in all respects. It seemed as if his face had been tied up in a knot before, and was now untwisted and smoothed out.

"There'll be another job for Snitchey and Craggs, I suppose," he observed, puffing slowly at his pipe. "More witnessing for you and me, perhaps, Clemmy!"

"Lor!" replied his fair companion, with her favourite twist of her favourite joints, "I wish it was me, Britain!"

"Wish what was you?"

"A going to be married," said Clemency.

Benjamin took his pipe out of his mouth and laughed heartily. "Yes! you're a likely subject for that!" he said. "Poor Clem!" Clemency for her part laughed as heartily as he, and seemed as much amused by the idea. "Yes," she assented, "I'm a likely subject for that; ain't I?"

"You'll never be married, you know," said Mr. Britain, resuming his pipe. "Don't you think I ever shall, though?" said Clemency, in perfect good faith.

Mr. Britain shook his head. "Not a chance of it!"

"Only think!" said Clemency. "Well!—I suppose you mean to, Britain, one of these days; don't you?"

A question so abrupt, upon a subject so momentous, required consideration. After blowing out a great cloud of smoke, and looking at it with his head now on this side and now on that, as if it were actually the question, and he were surveying it in various aspects, Mr. Britain replied that he wasn't altogether clear about it, but—yes—he thought he might come to that at last.

"I wish her joy, whoever she may be!" cried Clemency.

"Oh, she'll have that," said Benjamin, "safe enough."

"But she wouldn't have led quite such a joyful life as she will lead, and wouldn't have had quite such a sociable sort of husband as she will have," said Clemency, spreading herself half over the table, and staring retrospectively at the candle, "if it hadn't been for—not that I want to do it, for it was accidental, I am sure—if it hadn't been for me; now would she, Britain?"

"Certainly not," returned Mr. Britain, by this time in that high state of appreciation of his pipe, when a man can open his mouth but a very little way for speaking purposes; and sitting luxuriously immovable in his chair, can afford to turn only his eyes towards a companion, and that very passively and gravely. "Oh! I'm greatly beholden to you, you know, Clem."

"Lor, how nice that is to think of!" said Clemency.

At the same time, bringing her thoughts as well as her sight to bear upon the candle grease, and becoming abruptly reminiscent of its healing qualities as a balsam, she anointed her left elbow with a plentiful application of that remedy.

(Continued on Page 16.)

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A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(Continued from page 14.)

"You see I've made a good many investigations of one sort and another in my time," pursued Mr. Britain, with the profundity of a sage, "having been always of an inquiring turn of mind; and I've read a good many books about the general rights of things and wrongs of things, for I went into the literary line myself, when I began life."

"Did you though?" cried the admiring Clemency.

"Yes," said Mr. Britain: "I was bid for the best part of two years behind a book-stall, ready to fly out if anybody pocketed a volume; and after that I was light porter to a stay and mantua-maker, in which capacity I was employed to carry about, in oilskin baskets, nothing but deceptions—which soured my spirits and disturbed my confidence in human nature; and after that, I heard a world of discussions in this house, which soured my spirits afresh; and my opinion after all is that, as a safe and comfortable sweetener of the same, and as a pleasant guide through life, there's nothing like a nutmeg-grater."

Clemency was about to offer a suggestion, but he stopped her by anticipating it.

"Combined," he added gravely, "with a thimble."

"Do as you would, you know, and cetera, eh!" observed Clemency, folding her arms comfortably in her delight at this avowal, and patting her elbows. "Such a short cut, ain't it?"

"I'm not sure," said Mr. Britain, "that it's what would be considered good philosophy. I've my doubts about that; but it wears well, and saves a quantity of snarling, which the genuine article don't always."

"See how you used to go on once, yourself, you know!" said Clemency.

"Ah!" said Mr. Britain. "Put the most extraordinary thing, Clemmy, is that I should live to be brought round through you. That's the strange part of it. Through you! Why, I suppose you haven't so much as half an idea in your head."

Clemency, without taking the least offence, shook it, and laughed, and hugged herself, and said, "No, she didn't suppose she had."

"I'm pretty sure of it," said Mr. Britain.

"Oh! I dare say you're right," said Clemency. "I don't pretend to none. I don't want any."

Benjamin took his pipe from his lips, and laughed till the tears

ran down his face. "What a natural you are, Clemmy!" he said, shaking his head, with an infinite relish of the joke, and wiping his eyes. Clemency, without the smallest inclination to dispute it, did the like, and laughed as heartily as he.

"I can't help liking you," said Mr. Britain; "you're a regular good creature in your way, so shake hands, Clem. Whatever happens, I'll always take notice of you, and be a friend to you."

"Will you?" returned Clemency.

"Well! that's very good of you."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Britain, giving her his pipe to knock the ashes out of it; "I'll stand by you. Hark! That's a curious noise!"

"Noise!" repeated Clemency.

"A footstep outside. Somebody dropping from the wall, it sounded like," said Britain. "Are they all abed upstairs?"

"Yes, all abed by this time," she replied.

"Didn't you hear anything?"

"No."

They both listened, but heard nothing.

"I tell you what," said Benjamin, taking down a lantern. "I'll have a look round, before I go to bed myself, for satisfaction's sake. Undo the door while I light this, Clemmy."

Clemency complied briskly; but observed as she did so, that he would only have his walk for his pains, that it was all his fancy, and so forth.

Mr. Britain said, "Very likely"; but sallied out, nevertheless, armed with the poker, and casting the light of the lantern far and near in all directions.

"It's as quiet as a churchyard," said Clemency, looking after him; "and almost as ghostly too!"

Glancing back into the kitchen, she cried fearfully, as a light figure stole into her view, "What's that!"

"Hush!" said Marion, in an agitated whisper. "You have always loved me, have you not?"

"Loved you, child! You may be sure I have."

"I am sure. And I may trust you, may I not? There is no one else just now in whom I can trust."

"Yes," said Clemency, with all her heart.

"There is some one out there"—pointing to the door, "whom I must see and speak with, to-night. Michael Warden, for God's sake retire! Not now!"

Clemency started with surprise and trouble as, following the direction of the speaker's eyes, she saw a dark figure standing in the doorway.

"In another moment you may be discovered," said Marion. "Not now! Wait, if you can, in some con-

cealment. I will come presently."

He waved his hand to her, and was gone.

"Don't go to bed. Wait here for me!" said Marion hurriedly. "I have been seeking to speak to you for an hour past. Oh, be true to me!"

Eagerly seizing her bewildered hand, and pressing it with both her breast—an action more expressive, in its passion of entreaty, than the most eloquent appeal in words—Marion withdrew; as the light of the returning lantern flashed into the room.

"All still and peaceable. Nobody there. Fancy, I suppose," said Mr. Britain, as he locked and barred the door. "One of the effects of having a lively imagination. Hollo! Why, what's the matter?"

Clemency, who could not conceal the effects of her surprise and concern, was sitting in a chair, pale, and trembling from head to foot.

"Matter!" she repeated, chafing her hands and elbows nervously, and looking anywhere but at him.

"That's good in you, Britain, that is! After going and frightening one out of one's life with noises, and lanterns, and I don't know what all. Matter! Oh, yes!"

"If you're frightened out of your life by a lantern, Clemmy," said Mr. Britain, composedly blowing it out and hanging it up again, "that apparition's very soon got rid of. But you're as bold as brass in general," he said, stopping to observe her; "and were, after the noise and the lantern too. What have you taken into your head? Not an idea, eh?"

But as Clemency bade him good-night very much after her usual fashion, and began to bustle about with a show of going to bed herself immediately, Little Britain, after giving utterance to the original remark that it was impossible to account for a woman's whims, bade her good-night in return, and taking up his candle, strolled drowsily away to bed.

When all was quiet, Marion returned.

"Open the door," she said; "and stand there close beside me, while I speak to him, outside."

Timid as her manner was, it still evinced a resolute and settled purpose, such as Clemency could not resist. She softly unbarred the door; but before turning the key, looked round on the young creature waiting to issue forth when she should open it.

The face was not averted or cast down, but looking full upon her, in pride of youth and beauty. Some simple sense of the slightness of the

barrier that interposed itself between the happy home and honoured love of the fair girl, and what might be the desolation of that home, and shipwreck of its dearest treasure, smote so keenly on the tender heart of Clemency and so filled it to overflowing with sorrow and compassion, that, bursting into tears, she threw her arms round Marion's neck.

"It's little that I know, my dear," cried Clemency, "very little; but I know that this should not be. Think of what you do!"

"I have thought of it many times," said Marion gently.

"Once more," urged Clemency. "Till to-morrow," Marion shook her head.

"For Mr. Alfred's sake," said Clemency, with homely earnestness. "Him that you used to love so dearly once!"

She hid her face, upon the instant, in her hands, repeating, "Once!" as if it rent her heart.

"Let me go out," said Clemency, soothing her. "I'll tell him what you like. Don't cross the doorstep to-night. I'm sure no good will come of it. Oh, it was an unhappy day when Mr. Warden was ever brought here; Think of your good father, darling—of your sister!"

"I have," said Marion, hastily raising her head. "You don't know what I do. You don't know what I do. I must speak to him. You are the best and truest friend in all the world for what you have said to me, but I must take this step. Will you go with me, Clemency?" she kissed her on her friendly face, "or shall I go alone?"

Sorrowing and wondering, Clemency turned the key, and opened the door. Into the dark and doubtful night that lay beyond the threshold, Marion passed quickly, holding by her hand.

In the dark night he joined her, and they spoke together earnestly and long; and the hand that held so fast by Clemency's, now trembled, now turned deadly cold, now clasped and closed on hers, in the strong feelings of the speech it emphasised unconsciously. When she returned, he followed to the door, and pausing there a moment, seized the other hand, and pressed it to his lips. Then stealthily withdrew.

The door was barred and locked again, and once again she stood beneath her father's roof. Not bowed down by the secret that she brought there, though so young; but with that same expression on her face, for which I had no name before, and shining through her tears.

Again she thanked and thanked her humble friend, and trusted to her, as she said, with confidence, implicit-

ly. Her chamber safely reached, she fell upon her knees, and, with her secret weighing on her heart, could pray!

Could rise up from her prayers, so tranquil and serene, and bending over her fond sister in her slumber, look upon her face and smile—though sadly; murmuring as she kissed her forehead, how that Grace had been a mother to her, ever, and she loved her as a child!

Could draw the passive arm about her neck when lying down to rest—it seemed to cling there of its own will protectingly and tenderly even in sleep—and breathe upon the parted lips, God bless her!

Could sink into a peaceful sleep, herself; but for one dream, in which she cried out, in her innocent and touching voice, that she was quite alone, and they had all forgotten her.

A month soon passes, even at its tardiest pace. The month appointed to elapse between that night and the return, was quick of foot, and went by like a vapour.

The day arrived. A raging winter day, that shook the old house, sometimes, as if it shivered in the blast. A day to make home doubly home.

To give the chimney-corner new delights. To shed a ruddier glow upon the faces gathered round the hearth, and draw each fireside group into a closer and more social league, against the raging elements without. Such a wild winter day as best prepares the way for shut-out night; for curtain-rooms, and cheerful looks; for music, laughter, dancing, light, and jovial entertainment!

All these the doctor had in store to welcome Alfred back. They knew that he could not arrive till night; and they would make the night air ring, he said, as he approached. All his old friends should congregate about him. He should not miss a face that he had known and liked. No! They should every one be there!

So, guests were bidden, and musicians were engaged, and tables spread, and floors prepared for active feet, and bountiful provision made, of every hospitable kind. Because it was the Christmas season, and his eyes were all unused to English holly and its sturdy green, the dancing-room was garlanded and hung with it; and the red berries gleamed an English welcome to him, peeping from among the leaves.

It was a busy day for all of them: a busier day for none of them than Grace, who noiselessly presided everywhere, and was the cheerful mind of all the preparations. Many a time that day (as well as many a

time within the fleeting month preceding it), did Clemency glance anxiously, and almost fearful at Marion. She saw her paler, perhaps, than usual; but there was sweet composure on her face that made it lovelier than ever.

At night when she was dressed, and wore upon her head a wreath that Grace had proudly twined about it—its mimic flowers were Alfred's favourites, as Grace remembered when she chose them—that old expression, pensive, almost sorrowful, and yet so spiritual, high, and stirring, sat again upon her brow, enhanced a hundredfold.

The next wreath I adjust on this fair head will be a marriage wreath," said Grace, "or I am no true prophet, dear."

Her sister smiled, and held her in her arms.

A moment, Grace. Don't leave me yet. Are you sure that I want nothing more?

Her care was not for that. It was her sister's face she thought of, and her eyes were fixed upon it, tenderly.

"My art," said Grace, "can go no further, dear girl; nor your beauty. I never saw you look so beautiful as now."

"I never was so happy," she returned.

"Ay, but there is a greater happiness in store. In such another home, as cheerful and as bright as this looks now," said Grace, "Alfred and his young wife will soon be living."

She smiled again. "It is a happy home, Grace, in your fancy. I can see it in your eyes. I know it will be happy, dear. How glad I am to know it."

"Well," cried the doctor, bustling in. "Here we are, all ready for Alfred, eh? He can't be here until pretty late—an hour or so before midnight—so there'll be plenty of time for making merry before he comes. He'll not find us with the ice unbroken. Pile up the fire here, Britain! Set it shine upon the holly till it winks again. It's a world of nonsense, puss: true lovers and all the rest of it—all nonsense; but we'll be nonsensical with the rest of 'em, and give our true lover a mad welcome. Upon my word!" said the old doctor, looking at his daughters proudly, "I'm not clear to-night, among other absurdities, but that I'm the father of two handsome girls."

"All that one of them has ever done, or may do—may do, dearest father—to cause you pain or grief, forgive her," said Marion, forgive her now, when her heart is full. Say that you forgive her. That she shall always share your love, and—"

and the rest was not said, for her face was hidden on the old man's shoulder.

"Tut, tut, tut," said the doctor gently. "Forgive! What have I to forgive? Heyday, if our true lovers came back to flury us like this, we must send expresses out to stop 'em short upon the road, and bring 'em on a mile or two a day, until we're properly prepared to meet 'em. Kiss me, puss. Forgive! Why, what a silly child you are. If you had vexed and crossed me fifty times a day, instead of not at all, I'd forgive you everything, but such a supplication. Kiss me again, puss. There! Prospective and retrospective—a clear score between us. Pile up the fire here! Would you freeze the people on this bleak December night! Let us be light, and warm, and merry, or I'll not forgive some of you!"

So gaily the old doctor carried it! And the fire was piled up, and the lights were bright, and company arrived, and a murmuring of lively tongues began, and already there was a pleasant air of cheerful excitement stirring through all the house.

More and more company came flocking in. Bright eyes sparkled upon Marion; smiling lips gave her joy of his return; sage mothers fanned themselves, and hoped she mightn't be too youthful and incontinent for the quiet round of home; impetuous fathers fell into disgrace, for too much exaltation of her beauty; daughters envied her; sons envied him; innumerable pairs of lovers profited by the occasion; all were interested, animated, and expectant.

Mr. and Mrs. Craggs came arm in arm, but Mrs. Snitchey came alone. "Why, what's become of him?" inquired the doctor.

The feather of a bird of paradise in Mrs. Snitchey's turban trembled as if the bird of paradise were alive again, when she said that doubtless Mr. Craggs knew. She was never told.

"That nasty office," said Mrs. Craggs.

"I wish it was burned down," said Mrs. Snitchey.

"He's—he's—There's a little matter of business that keeps my partner rather late," said Mr. Craggs, looking uneasily about him.

"Oh—h! Business. Don't tell me," said Mrs. Snitchey.

"We know what business means," said Mrs. Craggs.

But their not knowing what it meant was perhaps the reason why Mrs. Snitchey's bird of paradise feather quivered so portentously, and why all the pendant bits on Mrs. Craggs's earrings shook like little bells.

(Continued on Page 18.)

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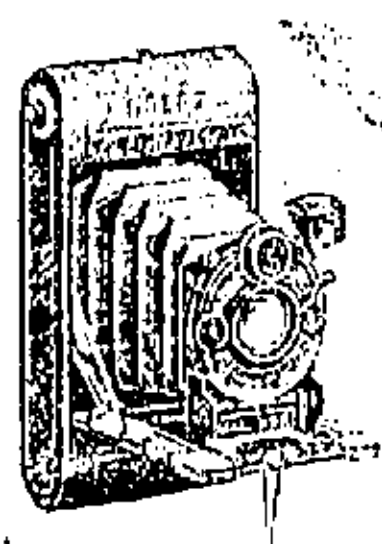
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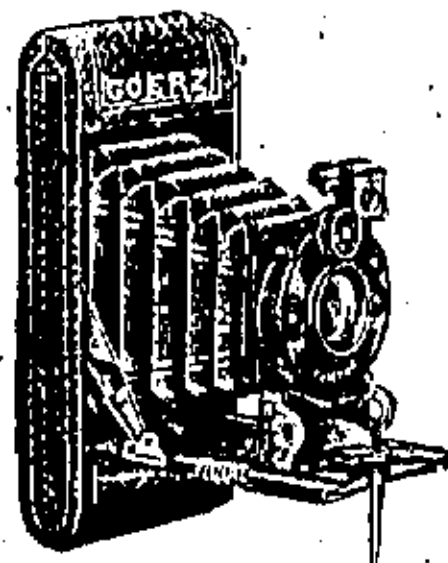
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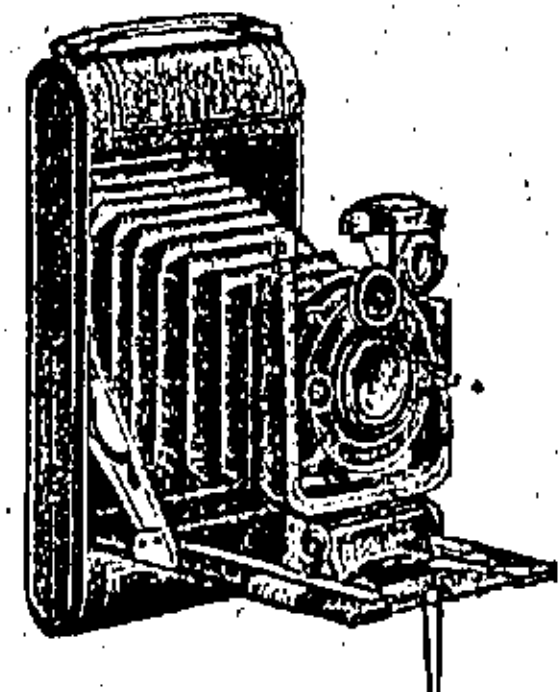
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Vest-Pocket $1\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$



$2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$

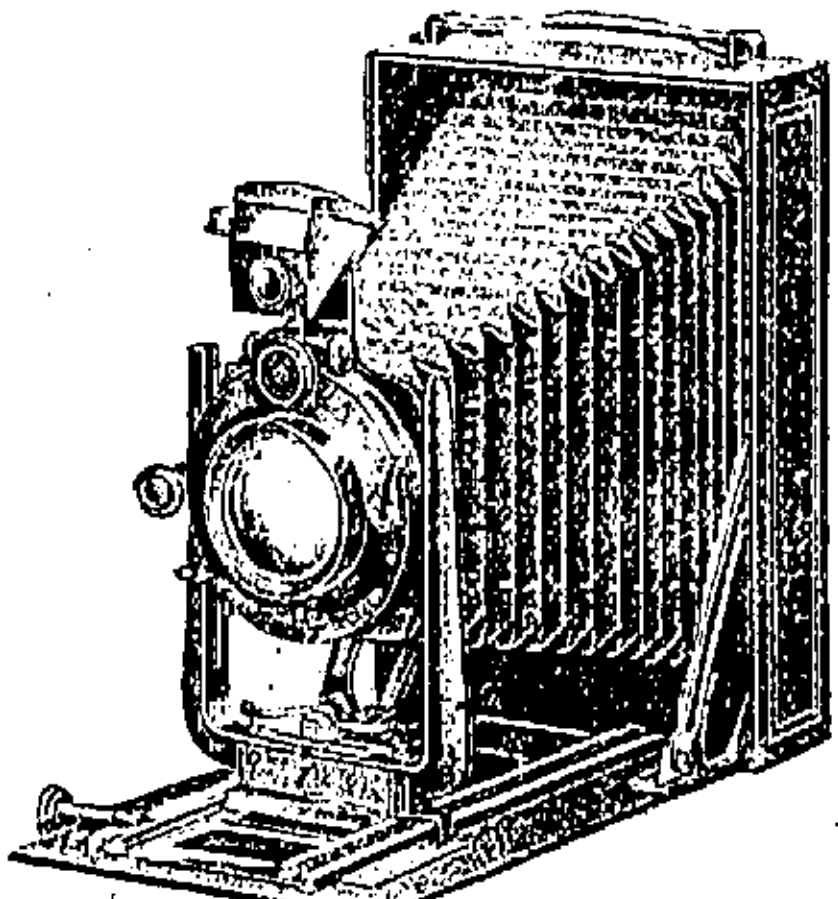


$3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$

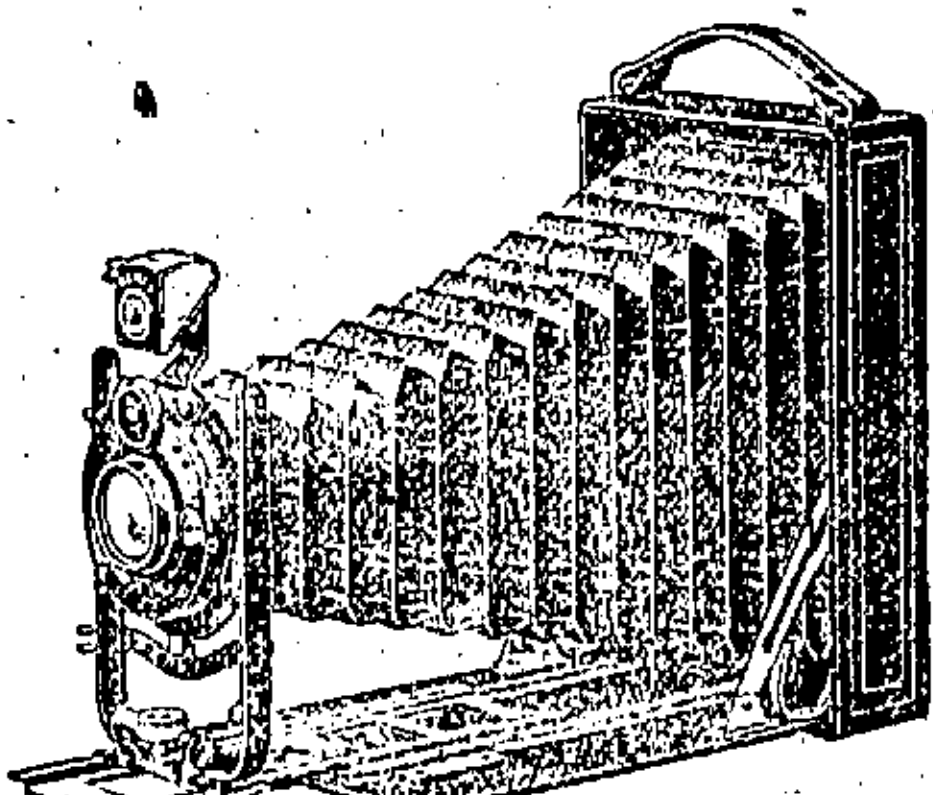


BERLIN

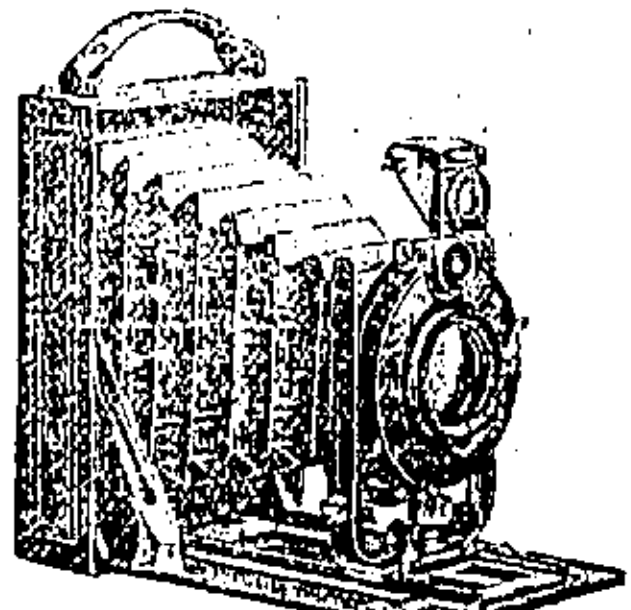
Goerz Taro Tenax for Dry plate and Film-pack



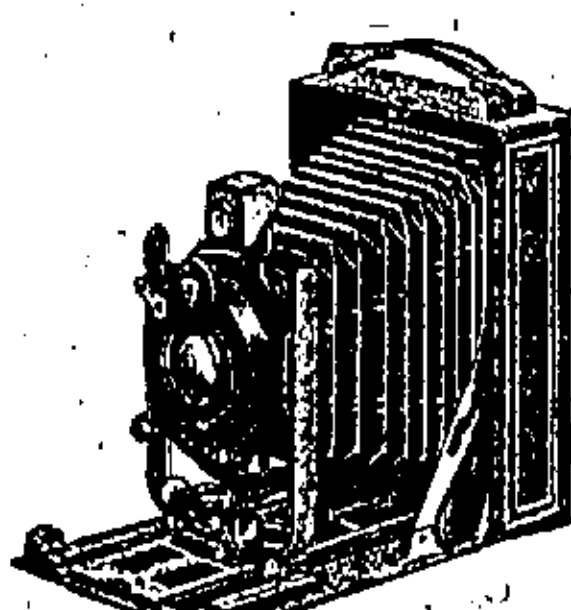
Taro $\frac{1}{2}$ plate



Taro $5\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$

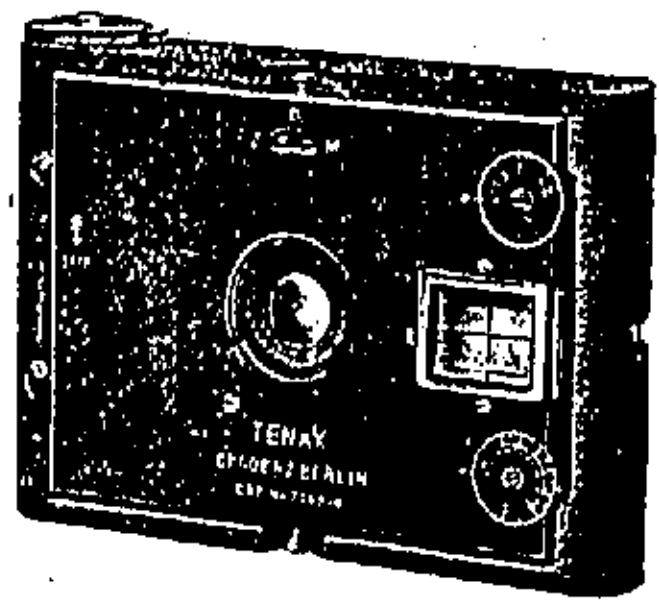


Taro $\frac{1}{4}$ plate

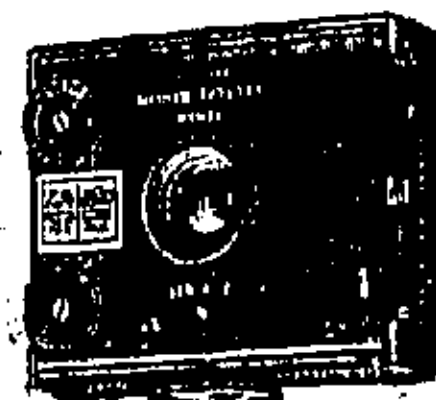
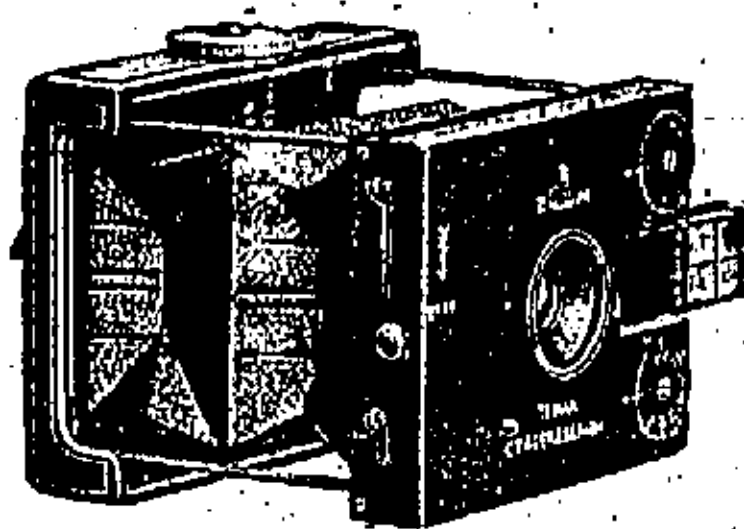


Taro 9×12

Goerz C. D. V. Tenax for Dry plate and Film-pack

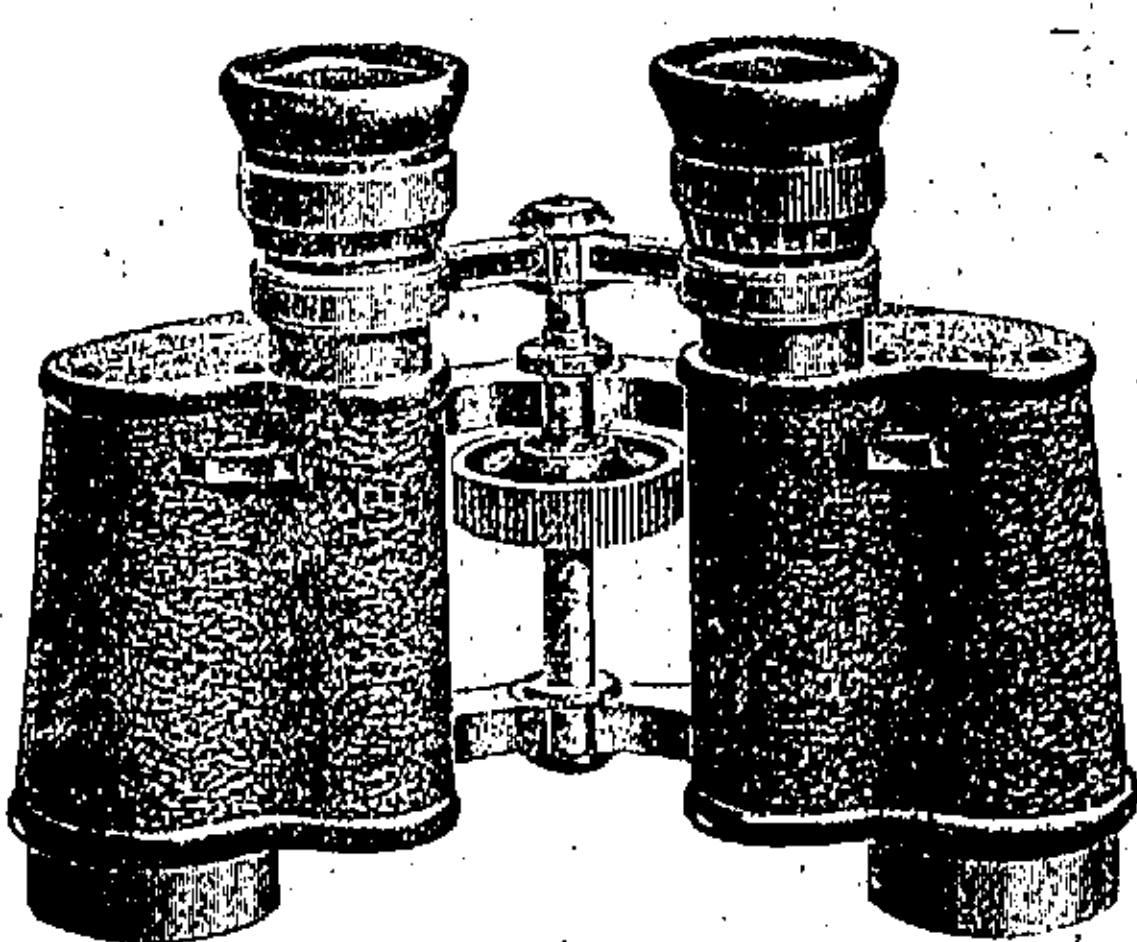


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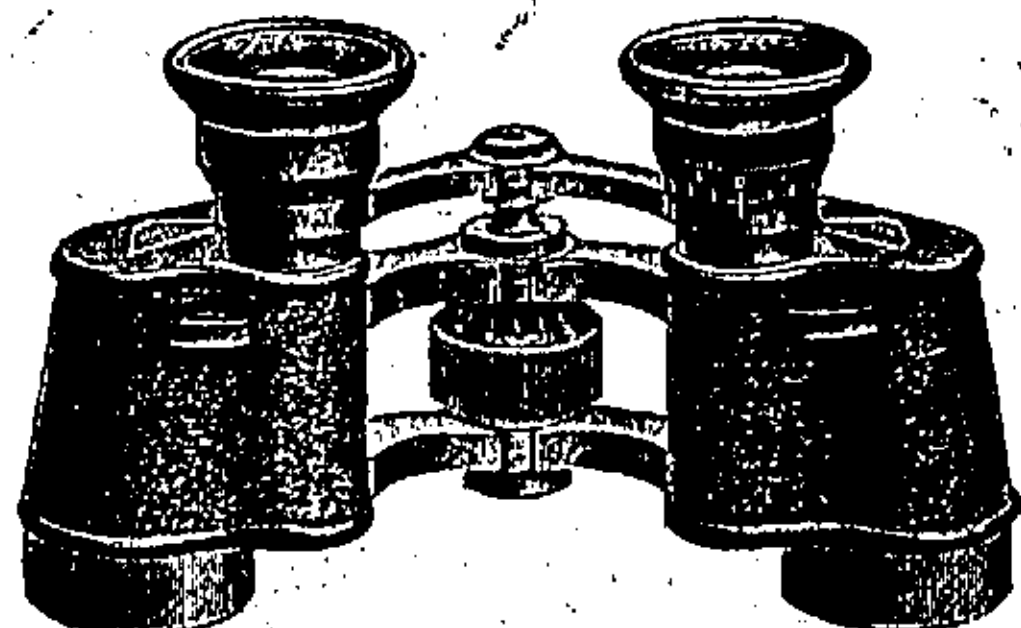


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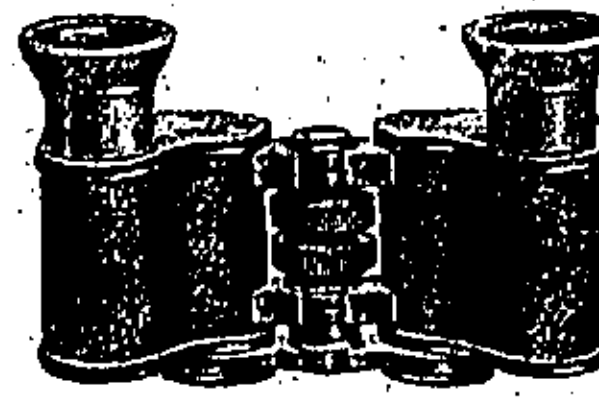
Goerz Binoculars



Helinox 6x, 8x, and 12x.



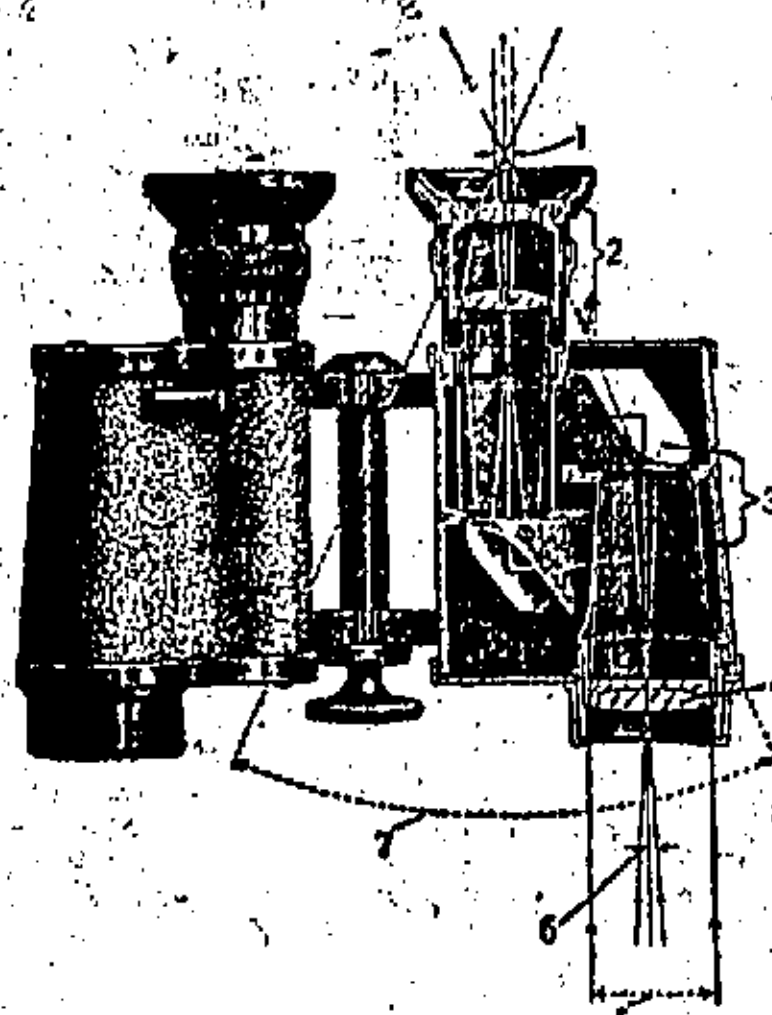
Neo $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6x, 8x, 12x$.



Fugo $3\frac{1}{4} \times$ for Opera.

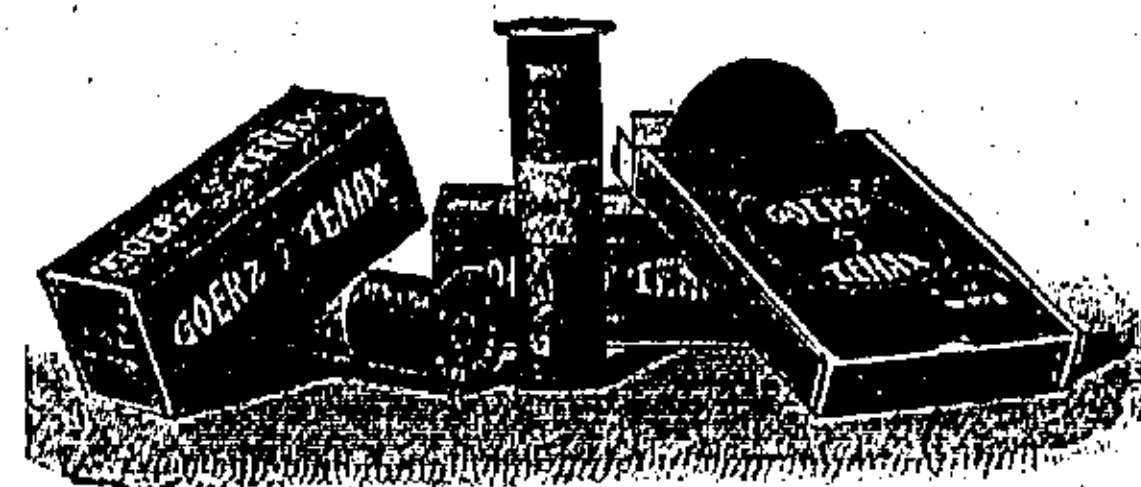


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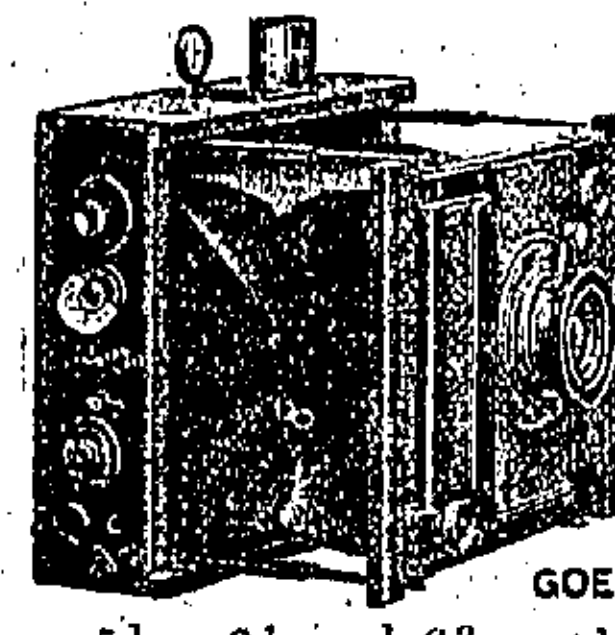
Cross Section

Goerz Tenax Roll-Film and Film-pack

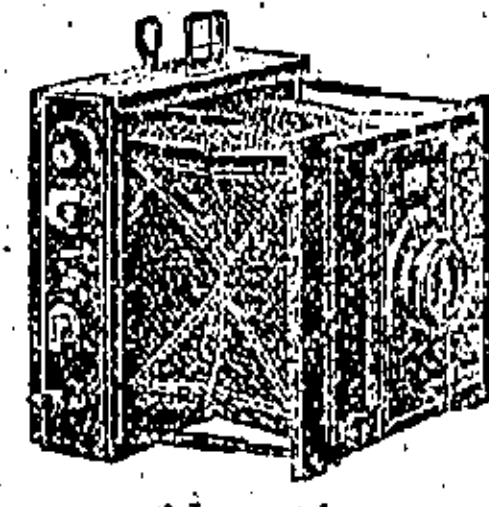


Goerz Enlarging Apparatus

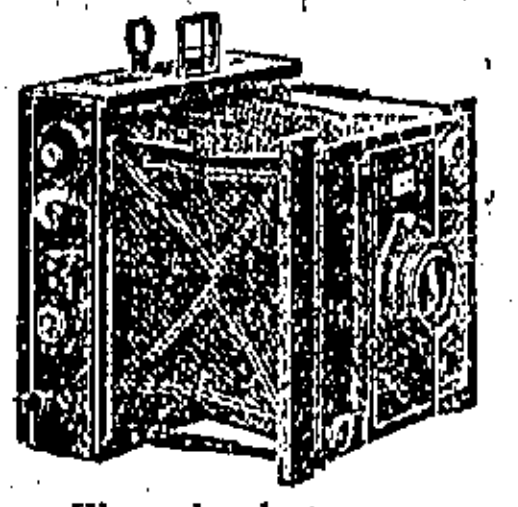
Goerz Anschutz Ango for Dry plate and Film-pack



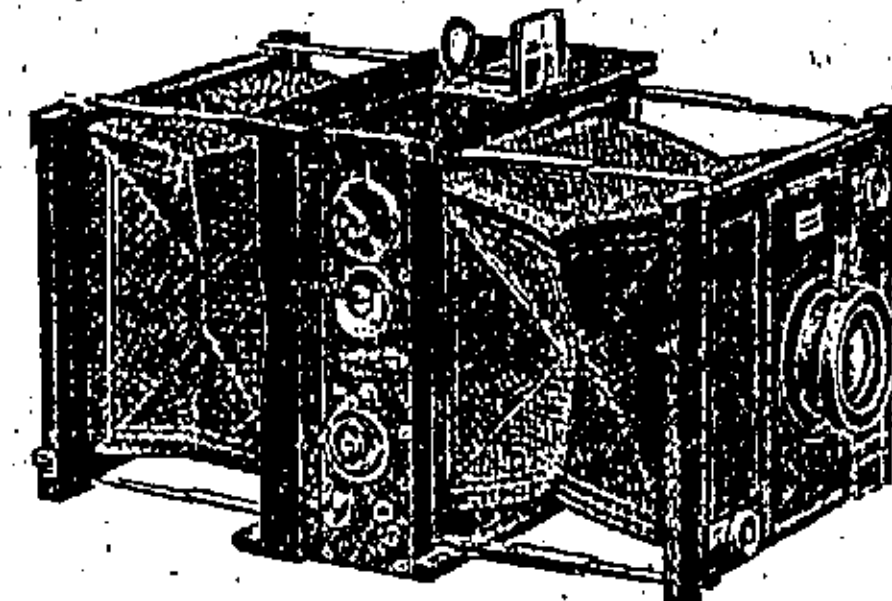
$5\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ and $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$



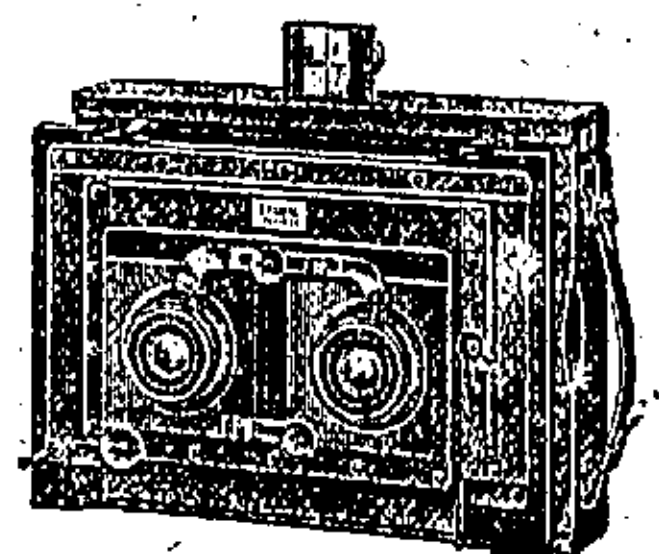
$3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$



Tropical Ango

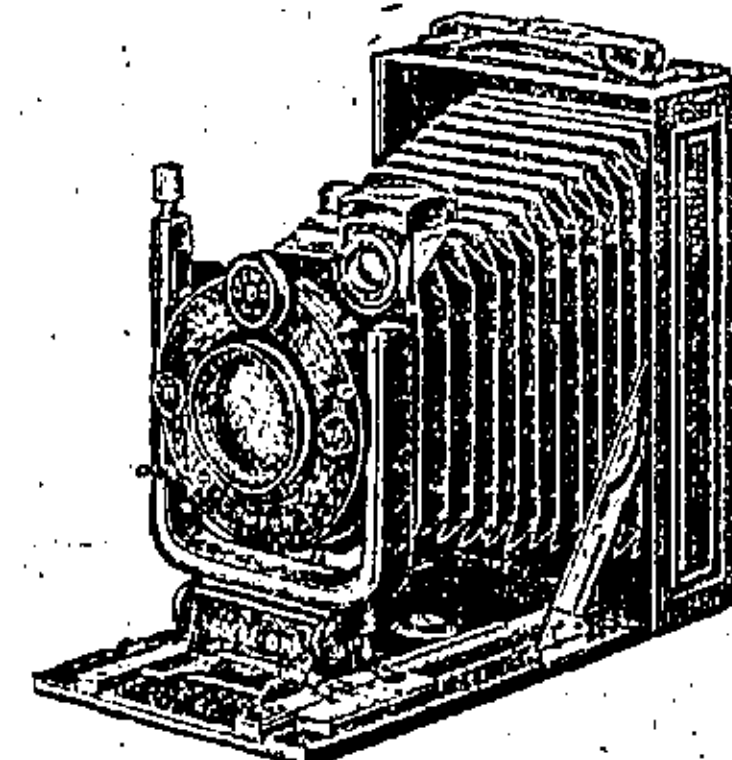


Ango with Extension

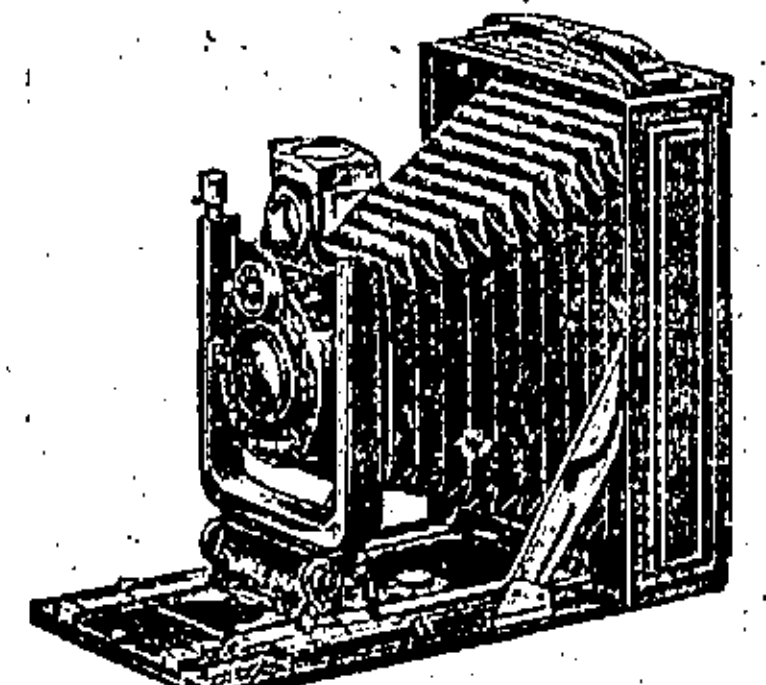


Stereoscopic Ango

Goerz Manufok Tenax for Dry plate and Film-pack



Manufok $\frac{1}{2}$ plate and $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$



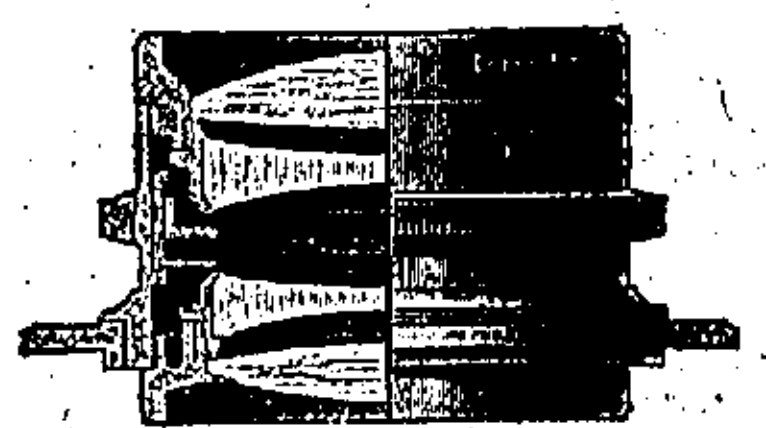
Manufok $\frac{1}{4}$ plate

All above Tenax can be fitted up with either of the following lenses.

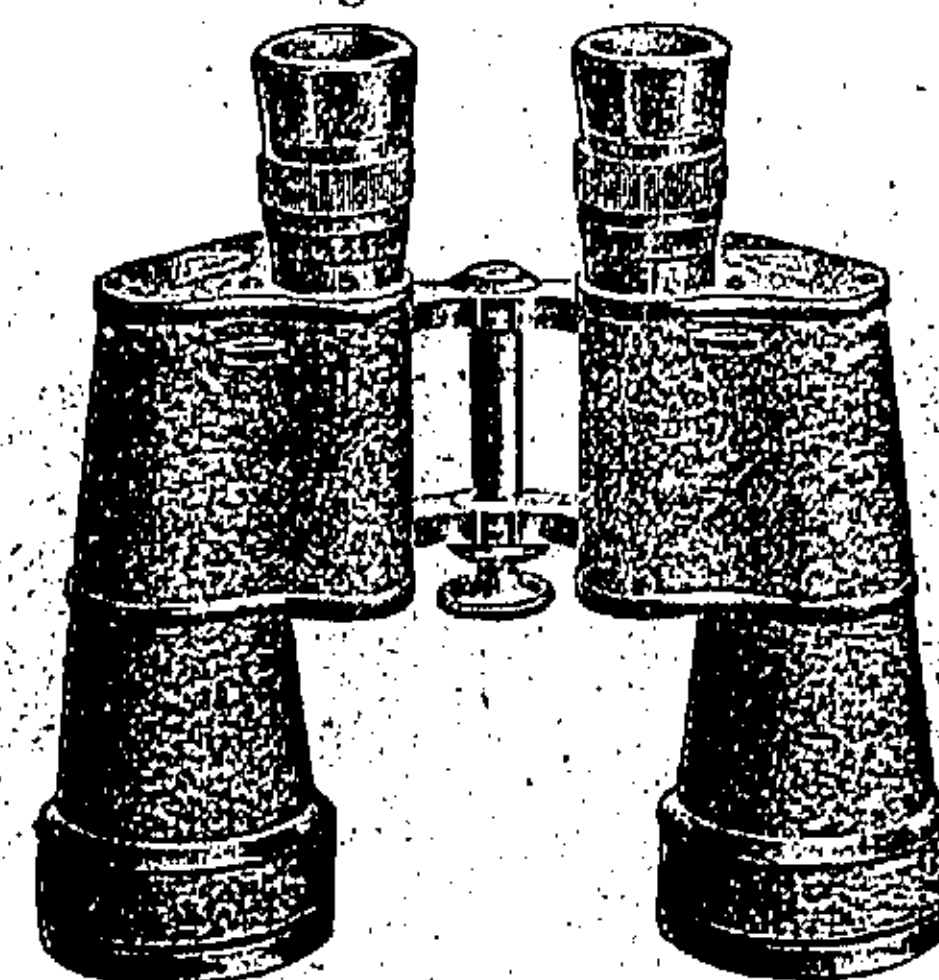
| | | | | | |
|---------|-------------|-----|-----|-----|---------|
| 1-GOERZ | DOGMAR | ... | ... | ... | F1: 4.5 |
| 2-GOERZ | DOGMAR | ... | ... | ... | F1: 6.3 |
| 3-GOERZ | DAGOR | ... | ... | ... | F1: 6.8 |
| 4-GOERZ | SYNTOR | ... | ... | ... | F1: 6.8 |
| 4-GOERZ | TENASTIGMAT | ... | ... | ... | F1: 6.8 |



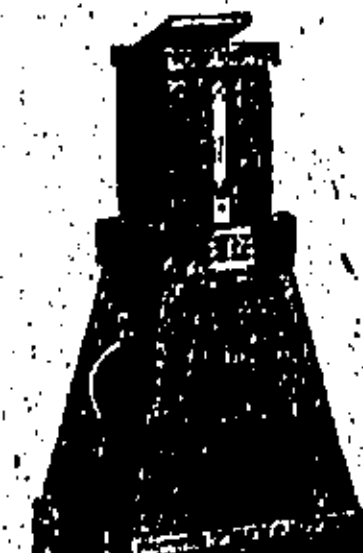
Dagor F1: 6.8



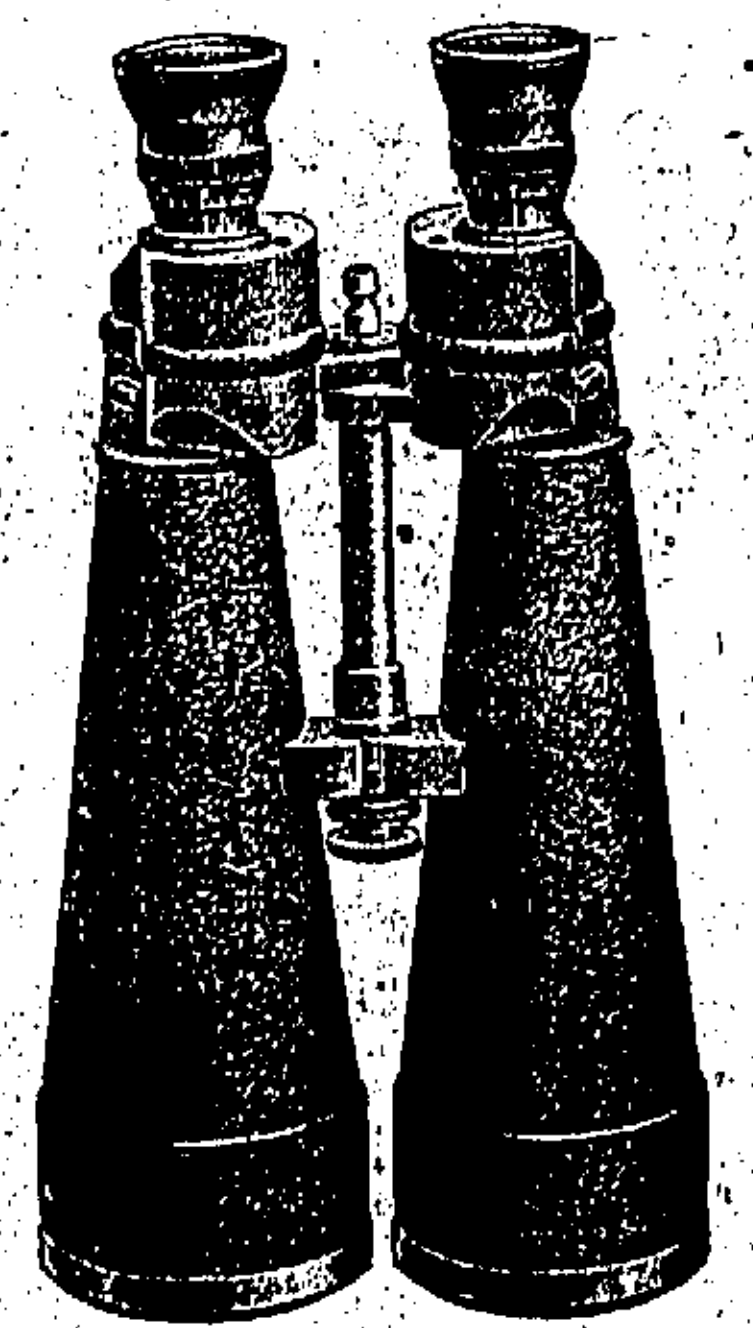
Dogmar F1: 4.5 and F1: 6.3



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A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(Continued from Page 16)

"I wonder you could come away, Mr. Craggs," said his wife. "Mr. Craggs is fortunate, I'm sure!" said Mrs. Snitchey. "That office so engrosses 'em," said Mrs. Craggs.

"A person with an office has no business to be married at all," said Mrs. Snitchey.

Then Mrs. Snitchey said, within herself, that that look of hers had pierced to Craggs's soul, and he knew it; and Mrs. Craggs observed, to Craggs, that "his Snitchey" was deceiving him behind his back, and he would find it out when it was too late.

Still, Mr. Craggs, without much heeding these remarks, looked uneasily about him until his eye rested on Grace, to whom he immediately presented himself.

"Good evening, ma'am," said Craggs. "You look charmingly. Your Miss—your sister, Miss Marion, is she—"

"Oh, she's quite well, Mr. Craggs," said Mrs. Snitchey. "Yes—I—she here?" asked Craggs.

"Here! Don't you see her yonder? Going to dance?" said Grace. Mr. Craggs put on his spectacles to see the better; looked at her through them, for some time; coughed; and put them, with an air of satisfaction, in their sheath again, and in his pocket.

Now the music struck up, and the dance commenced. The bright fire crackled and sparkled, rose and fell, as though it joined the dance itself, in right good fellowship. Sometimes, it roared as if it would make music too. Sometimes, it flashed and beamed as if it were the eye of the old room; it winked too, sometimes, like a knowing patriarch, upon the youthful whippersnappers in corners. Sometimes, it sported with the holly-houghs; and, shining on the leaves by fits and starts, made them look as if they were in the cold winter night again, and fluttering in the wind. Sometimes its genial humour grew obstreperous, and passed all bounds; and then it cast into the room, among the twinkling feet, with a loud burst, a shower of harmless little sparks, and in its exultation leaped and bounded, like a mad thing, up the broad old chimney.

Another dance was near its close, when Mr. Snitchey touched his partner, who was looking on, upon the arm.

Mr. Craggs started, as if his familiar had been a spectre.

"Is he gone?" he asked.

"Hush! He has been with me," said Snitchey, "for three hours and more. He went over everything. He looked into all our arrangements for him, and was very particular indeed. He—Humph!"

The dance was finished. Marion passed close before him as he spoke. She did not observe him, or his partner; but looked over her shoulder towards her sister in the distance, as she slowly made her way into the crowd, and passed out of their view.

"You see! All safe and well," said Mr. Craggs. "He didn't recur to that subject, I suppose?"

"Not a word."

"And is he really gone? Is he safe away?"

"He keeps to his word. He drops down the river with the tide in that shell of a boat of his, and so goes out to sea on this dark night!—a dare-devil he is—before the wind. There's no such lonely road anywhere else. That's one thing. The tide flows, he says, an hour before midnight—about this time. I'm glad it's over." Mr. Snitchey wiped his forehead, which looked hot and anxious.

"What do you think," said Mr. Craggs, "about—"

"Hush!" replied his cautious partner, looking straight before him. "I understand you. Don't mention names, and don't let us seem to be talking secrets. I don't know what to think; and to tell you the truth, I don't care now. It's a great relief. His self-love deceived him, I suppose. Perhaps the young lady conquered a little. The evidence would seem to point that way. Alfred not arrived?"

"Not yet," said Mr. Craggs. "Expected every minute."

"Good!" Mr. Snitchey wiped his forehead again. "It's a great relief. I haven't been so nervous since we've been in partnership. I intend to spend the evening now, Mr. Craggs."

Mrs. Craggs and Mrs. Snitchey joined them as he announced this intention. The bird of paradise was in a state of extreme vibration, and the little bells were ringing quite audibly.

"It has been the theme of general comment, Mr. Snitchey," said Mrs. Snitchey. "I hope the office is satisfied."

"Satisfied with what, my dear?" asked Mr. Snitchey.

"With the exposure of a defenceless woman to ridicule and remark," returned his wife. "That is quite in the way of the office, that is."

"I really, myself," said Mrs. Craggs, "have been so long accustomed to connect the office with everything opposed to domesticity, that I am glad to know it as the avowed enemy of my peace. There

is something honest in that, at all events."

"My dear," urged Mr. Craggs, "your good opinion is invaluable, but I never avowed that the office was the enemy of your peace."

"No," said Mrs. Craggs, ringing a perfect peal upon the little bells. "Not you, indeed. You wouldn't be worthy of the office, if you had the candour to."

"As to my having been away to-night, my dear," said Mr. Snitchey, giving her his arm, "the deprivation has been mine, I'm sure; but, as Mr. Craggs knows—"

Mrs. Snitchey cut this reference very short by hitching her husband to a distance, and asking him to look at that man. To do her the favour to look at him!

"At which man, my dear?" said Mr. Snitchey.

"Your chosen companion; I'm no companion to you, Mr. Snitchey."

"Yes, yes, you are, my dear," he interposed.

"No, no, I'm not," said Mrs. Snitchey, with a majestic smile. "I know my station. Will you look at your chosen companion, Mr. Snitchey; at your reference, at the keeper of your secrets, at the man you trust; at your other self, in short."

The habitual association of self with Craggs, assigned Mr. Snitchey to look in that direction.

"If you can look that man in the eye this night," said Mrs. Snitchey, "and not know that you are deluded, practised upon, made the victim of his arts, and bent down prostrate to his will by some unaccountable fascination which it is impossible to explain, and against which no warning of mine is of the least avail; all I can say is—I pry you!"

At the very same moment, Mrs. Craggs was oracular on the cross subject. Was it possible, she said, that Craggs could so blind himself to his Snitchey's, as not to feel his true position. Did he mean to say that he had seen his Snitchey come into that room, and did it plainly see that there was reservation, cunning, treachery, in the man? Would he tell her that his very action, when he wiped his forehead and looked so stealthily about him, didn't show that there was something weighing on the conscience of his precious Snitchey (if he had a conscience), that wouldn't bear the light? Did anybody but his Snitchey's come to festive entertainments like a briglar?—which, by the way, was hardly a clear illustration of the case, as he walked in very mildly at the door. And would he still assert to her at noonday (it being nearly midnight) that his Snitchey's were to be justified through

thick and thin, against all facts, and reason, and experience?

Neither Snitchey nor Craggs openly attempted to stem the current which had thus set in, but both were content to be carried gently along it, until its force abated. This happened at about the same time as a general movement for a country dance; when Mr. Snitchey proposed himself as a partner to Mrs. Craggs, and Mr. Craggs gallantly offered himself to Mrs. Snitchey; and after some such slight evasions as "Why don't you ask somebody else?" and "You'll be glad, I know, if I decline," and "I wonder you can dance out of the office" (but this jocosely now), each lady graciously accepted, and took her place.

It was an old custom among them, indeed, to do so, and to pair off, in like manner, at dinners and suppers; for they were excellent friends, and on a footing of easy familiarity. Perhaps the false Craggs and the wicked Snitchey were a recognised fiction with the two wives, as Doe and Roe, incessantly running up and down bailiwicks, were with the two husbands; or, perhaps the ladies had instituted, and taken upon themselves, these two shares in the business, rather than be left out of it altogether. But, certain it is, that each wife went as gravely and steadily to work in her vocation as her husband did in his, and would have considered it almost impossible for the firm to maintain a successful and respectable existence, without her laudable exertions.

But, now, the bird of paradise was seen to flutter down the middle; and the little bells began to bounce and jingle in poussette; and the doctor's rosy face spun round and round, like an expressive peacock highly vanquished; and breathless Mr. Craggs began to doubt already, whether country dancing had been made "too easy" like the rest of life; and Mr. Snitchey, with his nimble cuts and capers, footed it for self and Craggs, and half a dozen more.

Now, too, the fire took fresh courage, favoured by the lively wind, the dance awakened, and burned clear and high. It was the genius of the room, and present everywhere. It shone in people's eyes; it sparkled in the jewels on the snowy necks of girls; it twinkled at their ears as if it whispered to them slyly, it flashed about their waists, it flickered on the ground and made it rosy for their feet; it bloomed upon the ceiling that it's glow might set off their bright faces, and it kindled up a general illumination in Mrs. Craggs's little belfry.

Now, too, the lively air that fanned it grew less gentle, as the music quickened and the dance proceeded with new spirit; and a breeze arose that made the leaves and berries dance upon the wall, as they had often done upon the trees; and the breeze rustled in the room as if an invisible company of fairies, treading in the footsteps of the good substantial revellers, were whirling after them. Now, too, no feature of the doctor's face could be distinguished as he spun and spun; and now there seemed a dozen birds of paradise in fitful flight; and now there were a thousand little bells at work; and now a fleet of flying skirts was ruffled by a little tempest, when the music gave in, and the dance was over.

Hot and breathless as the doctor was, it only made him the more impatient for Alfred's coming.

"Anything been seen, Britain? Anything been heard?"

"Too dark to see far, sir. Too much noise inside the house to hear."

"That's right! The gayer we'll come for him. How goes the time?"

"Just twelve, sir. He can't be long."

"Stir up the fire, and throw another log upon it," said the doctor. "Let him see his welcome blazing out upon the night—good boy!—as he comes along!"

He saw it.—Yes! From the chaise he caught the light, as he turned the corner by the old church. He knew the room from which it shone. He saw the wintry branches of the old trees between the light and him. He knew that one of those trees rustled musically in the summer time at the window of Marion's chamber.

The tears were in his eyes. His heart throbbed so violently that he could hardly bear his happiness. How often he had thought of this time—pictured it under all circumstances—feared that it might never come—yearned, and waited for it—far away!

Again the light! Distinct and ruddy; kindled, he knew, to give him welcome, and to speed him home. He beckoned with his hand, and waved his hat, and cheered out loud, as if the light were they, and they could see and hear him, as he dashed towards them through the mud and mire triumphantly.

Stop! He knew the doctor, and understood what he had done. He would not let it be a surprise to them. But he could make it one yet, by going forward on foot. If the orchard gate were open, he could enter there; if not, the wall was easily climbed, as he knew of old; and

he would be among them in an instant.

He dismounted from the chaise, and telling the driver—even that was not easy in his agitation—to remain behind for a few minutes, and then to follow slowly, ran on with exceeding swiftness, tried the gate, scaled the wall, jumped down on the other side, and stood panting in the old orchard.

There was a frosty rime upon the trees, which, in the faint light of the clouded moon, hung upon the smaller branches like dead garlands. Withered leaves crackled and snapped beneath his feet, as he crept softly on towards the house. The desolation of a winter night sat brooding on the earth, and in the sky. But the red light came cheerily towards him from the windows; figures passed and repassed there; and the hum and murmur of voices greeted his ear sweetly.

Listening for hers: attempting, as he crept on, to detach it from the rest, and half-believing that he heard it: he had nearly reached the door, when it was abruptly opened, and a figure coming out encountered his. It instantly recoiled with a half-suppressed cry.

"Clemency," he said, "don't you know me?"

"Don't come in!" she answered, pushing him back. "Go away. Don't ask me why. Don't come in."

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed. "I don't know. I—I am afraid to think. Go back. Hark!"

There was a sudden tumult in the house. She put her hands upon her ears. A wild scream, such as no hands could shut out, was heard; and Grace—distraction in her looks and manner—rushed out at the door.

"Grace!" He caught her in his arms. "What is it! Is she dead?"

She disengaged herself, as if to recognise his face, and fell down at his feet.

A crowd of figures came about them from the house. Among them was her father, with a paper in his hand.

"What is it!" cried Alfred, grasping his hair with his hands, and looking in an agony from face to face, as he bent upon his knee beside the insensible girl. "Will no one look at me? Will no one speak to me? Does no one know me? Is there no voice among you all, to tell me what it is!"

There was a murmur among them. "She is gone."

"Gone!" he echoed.

"Fled, my dear Alfred!" said the doctor, in a broken voice, and with his hands before his face. "Gone from her home and us. To-night! She writes that she has made her

innocent and blameless choice—

entreats that we will forgive her—prays that we will not forget her—and is gone."

"With whom? Where?"

He started up, as if to follow in pursuit; but, when they gave way to let him pass, looked wildly round upon them, staggered back, and sank down in his former attitude, clasping one of Grace's cold hands in his own.

There was a hurried running, to and fro, confusion, noise, disorder, and no purpose. Some proceeded to disperse themselves about the roads, and some took horse, and some got lights, and some conversed together, urging that there was no trace or track to follow. Some approached him kindly, with the view of offering consolation; some admonished him that Grace must be removed into the house, and that he prevented it. He never heard them, and he never moved.

The snow fell fast and thick. He looked up for a moment in the air, and thought that those white ashes strewn upon his hopes and misery were suited to them well. He looked round on the whitening ground, and thought how Marion's footprints would be hushed and covered up, as soon as made, and even that remembrance of her blotted out. But he never felt the weather, and he never stirred.

PART THE THIRD.

The world has grown six years older since that night of the return. It was a warm autumn afternoon, and there had been heavy rain. The sun burst suddenly from among the clouds; and the old battle-ground, sparkling brilliantly and cheerfully at sight of it in one green place, flashed a responsive welcome there, which spread along the country-side as if a joyful beacon had been lighted up, and answered from a thousand stations.

How beautiful the landscape kindling in the light, and that luxuriant influence passing on like a celestial presence, brightening everything! The wood, a sombre mass before, revealed its varied tints of yellow, green, brown, red; its different forms of trees, with raindrops glittering on their leaves and twinkling as they fell. The verdant meadow-land, bright and glowing, seemed as if it had been blind, a minute since, and now had found a sense of sight wherewith to look up at the shining sky. Cornfields, hedge-rows, fences, homesteads, the clustered roofs, the steeple of the church, the stream, the water-mill, all sprang out of the

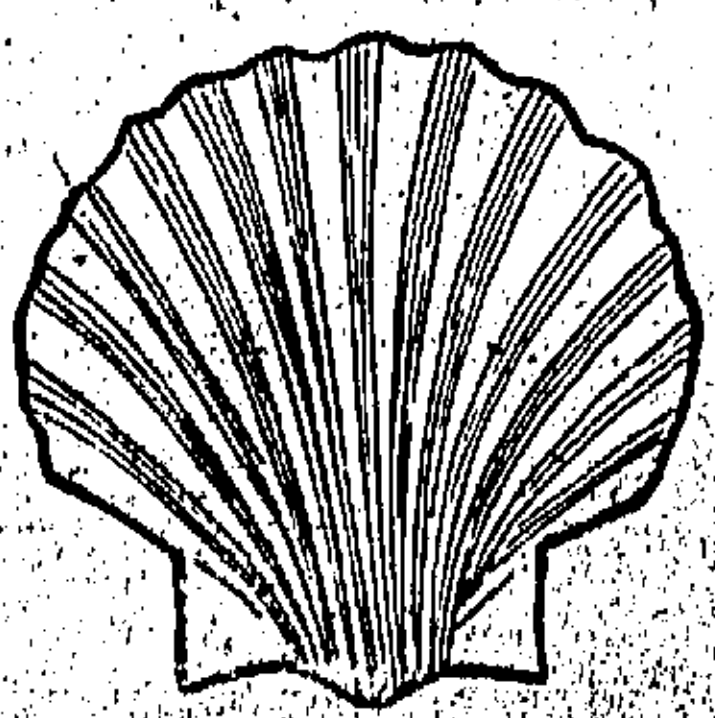
(Continued on Page 20)

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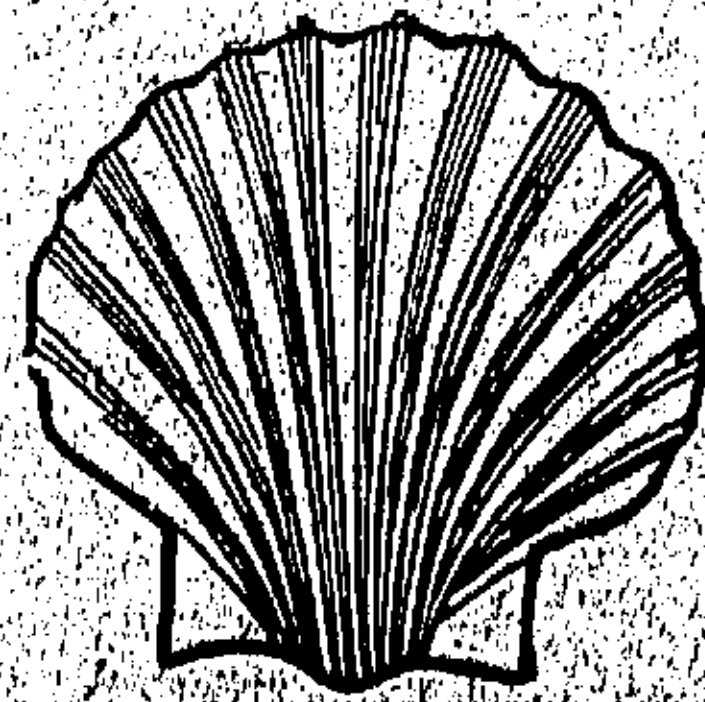
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They Satisfy

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CIGARETTES

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(Continued from page 28.)

gloomy darkness, smiling. Birds sang sweetly, flowers raised their drooping heads, fresh scents arose from the invigorated ground; the blue expanse above, extended and diffused itself; already the sun's slanting rays pierced mortally the sullen bank of cloud that lingered in its flight; and a rainbow, spirit of all the colours that adorned the earth and sky, spanned the whole arch with its triumphant glory.

At such a time, one little roadside inn, snugly sheltered behind a great elm-tree with a rare seat for idlers encircling its capacious bole, addressed a cheerful front towards the traveller, as a house of entertainment ought, and tempted him with many mute but significant assurances of a comfortable welcome. The ruddy signboard perched up in the tree, with its golden letters winking in the sun, ogled the passer-by, from among the green leaves, like a jolly face, and promised good cheer. The horse-trough, full of clear fresh water, and the ground below it sprinkled with droppings of fragrant hay, made every horse that passed prick up his ears. The crimson curtains in the lower rooms, and the pure white hangings in the little bedchambers above, beckoned, "Come in! With every breath of air. Upon the bright green shutters, there were golden legends about beer and ale, and neat wines, and good beds; and an affecting picture of a brown jug frothing over at the top. Upon the window-sills were flowering plants in bright red pots, which made a lively show against the white front of the house; and in the darkness of the doorway, there were streaks of light, which glanced off from the surfaces of bottles and tankards.

On the door-step, appeared a proper figure of a landlord, too; for, though he was a short man, he was round and broad, and stood with his hands in his pockets, and his legs just wide enough apart to express a mind at rest upon the subject of the cellar, and an easy confidence—too calm and virtuous to become a swagger—in the general resources of the inn. The superabundant moisture, trickling from everything after the late rain, set him off well. Nothing near him was thirsty. Certain top-heavy dahlias, looking over the palings of his neat well-ordered garden, had swilled as much as they could carry—perhaps a trifle more—and may have been the worse for liquor; but, the sweet-briar, roses, wallflowers, the plants at the win-

dows, and the leaves on the old tree, were in the humming state of moderate company that had taken no more than was wholesome for them, and had served to develop their best qualities. Sprinkling dewy drops about them on the ground, they seemed profuse of innocent and sparkling mirth, that did good where it lighted, softening neglected corners which the steady rain could seldom reach, and hurting nothing.

This village inn had assumed, on being established, an uncommon sign. It was called The Nutmeg-Grater. And underneath that household word was inscribed, up in the tree, on the same flaming board, and in the like golden characters, By Benjamin Britain.

At a second glance, and on a more minute examination of his face, you might have known that it was no other than Benjamin Britain himself who stood in the doorway—reasonably changed by time, but for the better; a very comfortable host indeed.

"Mrs. B.," said Mr. Britain, looking down the road, "is rather late. It's tea-time."

As there was no Mrs. Britain coming, he strolled leisurely out into the road and looked up at the house, very much to his satisfaction. "It's just the sort of house," said Benjamin, "I should wish to stop at, if I didn't keep it."

Then he strolled towards the garden path, and took a look at the dahlias. They looked over at him, with a helpless drowsy hanging of their heads, which bobbed again, as heavy drops of wet dripped off them.

"You must be looked after," said Benjamin. "Memorandum, not to forget to tell her so. She's a long time coming!"

Mr. Britain's better half seemed to be by a very much his better half, that his own moiety of himself was utterly cast away and helpless without her.

"She hadn't much to do, I think," said Ben. "There were a few little matters of business after market; but not many. Oh! here we are at last!"

A chaise-cart, driven by a boy, came clattering along the road; and seated in it, in a chair, with a large well-saturated umbrella spread out to dry behind her, was the plump figure of a matronly woman, with her bare arms folded across a basket which she carried on her knee, several other baskets and parcels lying crowded about her, and a certain bright good-nature in her face and contented awkwardness in her manner, as she jogged to and fro with the motion of her carriage, which smacked of old times, even in the distance. Upon her nearer approach, this relish of bygone days was not diminished; and

when the cart stopped at the Nutmeg-Grater door, a pair of shoes, alighting from it, slipped nimbly through Mr. Britain's open arms, and came down a substantial weight upon the pathway, which shoes could hardly have belonged to any one but Clemency Newcome.

In fact they did belong to her, and she stood in them, and a rosy, comfortable-looking soul she was; with as much soap on her glossy face as in times of yore, but with whole elbows now, that had grown quite dimpled in her improved condition.

"You're late, Clemmy!" said Mr. Britain.

"Why, you see, Ben, I've had a deal to do!" she replied, looking busily after the safe removal into the house of all the packages and baskets: "eight, nine, ten—where's eleven? Oh! my basket's eleven! It's all right. Put the horse up, Harry; and if he coughs again give him a warm mash to-night. Eight, nine, ten. Why, where's eleven? Oh! I forgot, it's all right. How's the children, Ben?"

"Hearty, Clemmy, hearty!"

"Bless their precious faces!" said Mrs. Britain, unbosoming her own round countenance (for she and her husband were by this time in the bar), and smoothing her hair with her open hands. "Give us a kiss, old man!"

Mr. Britain promptly complied.

"I think," said Mrs. Britain, applying herself to her pockets and drawing forth an immense bulk of thin books and crumpled papers—a very kennel of dogs' ears, "I've done everything. Bills all settled—turnips sold—brewer's account looked into and paid—bacco pipes ordered—seventeen pound four, paid into the bank—Doctor Heathfield's charge for little Clem—you'll guess what that is—Doctor Heathfield won't take nothing again, Ben."

"I thought he wouldn't," returned Britain.

"No. He says whatever family you was to have, Ben, he'd never put you the cost of a halfpenny. Not if you was to have twenty."

Mr. Britain's face assumed a serious expression, and he looked hard at the wall.

"Ain't it kind of him?" said Clemency.

"Very," returned Mr. Britain. "It's the sort of kindness that I wouldn't presume upon, on any account."

"No," retorted Clemency. "Of course not. Then there's the pony—he fetched eight pound two; and that ain't bad, is it?"

"It's very good," said Ben.

"I'm glad you're pleased!" exclaimed his wife. "I thought you would be; and I think that's all, and so no more at present—from yours

and dear, C. Britain. Ha, ha, ha! There! Take all the papers, and lock 'em up. Oh! Wait a minute. Here's a printed bill to stick on the wall. Wet from the printer's. How nice it smells!"

"What's this?" said Ben, looking over the document.

"I don't know," replied his wife. "I haven't read a word of it."

"To be sold by auction," read the host of the Nutmeg-Grater, "unless previously disposed of by private contract."

"They always put that," said Clemency.

"Yes, but they don't always put this," he returned. "Look here, 'Mansion,' etc.—'offices,' etc.—'shrubberies,' etc.—'ring fence,' etc.—'Messrs. Snitchey and Craggs,' etc.—'ornamental portion of the unencumbered freehold property of Michael Warden, Esquire, intending to continue to reside abroad!'"

"Intending to continue to reside abroad!" repeated Clemency.

"Here it is," said Mr. Britain.

"Look!"

"And it was only this very day that I heard it whispered at the old house, that better and plainer news had been half-promised of her, soon!" said Clemency, shaking her head sorrowfully, and patting her elbows as if the recollection of old times unconsciously awakened her old habits. "Dear, dear, dear! There'll be heavy hearts, Ben, yonder."

Mr. Britain heaved a sigh, and shook his head, and said he couldn't make it out; he had left off trying long ago. With that remark, he applied himself to putting up the bill just inside the bar window. Clemency, after meditating in silence for a few moments, roused herself, cleared her thoughtful brow, and bustled off to look after the children.

Though the host of the Nutmeg-Grater had a lively regard for his good-wife, it was of the old patronising kind, and she amused him mightily. Nothing would have astonished him so much, as to have known for certain from any third party, that it was she who managed the whole house, and made him, by her plain straightforward thrift, good-humour, honesty, and industry, a thriving man. So easy it is, in any degree of life (as the world very often finds it), to take those cheerful natures that never assert their merit, at their own modest valuation; and to conceive a flippant liking of people for their outward oddities and eccentricities, whose innate worth, if we would look so far, might make us blush in the comparison!

It was comfortable to Mr. Britain to think of his own condescension in having married Clemency. She was a perpetual testimony to him of the goodness of his heart, and the kindness of his disposition; and he felt that her being an excellent wife was an illustration of the old precept that virtue is its own reward.

He had finished watering up the bill, and had locked the vouchers for her day's proceedings in the cupboard—chuckling all the time, over her capacity for business—when, returning with the news that the two Masters Britain were playing in the coach-house, under the superintendence of one Betsey, and that little Clem was sleeping "like a picture," she sat down to tea, which had awaited her arrival, on a little table. It was a very neat little bar, with the usual display of bottles and glasses; a sedate clock, right to the minute (it was half-past five); everything in its place, and everything furnished and polished up, to the very utmost.

"It's the first time I've sat down quietly to-day, I declare," said Mrs. Britain, taking a long breath, as if she had sat down for the night; but getting up again immediately to hand her husband his tea, and cut him his bread-and-butter; "how that bill does set me thinking of old times!"

"Ah! said Mr. Britain, handing his saucer like an oyster, and disposing of its contents on the same principle.

"That same Mr. Michael Warden," said Clemency, shaking her head at the notice of sale, "lost me my old place."

"And got you your husband," said Mr. Britain.

"Well! So he did," retorted Clemency, "and many thanks to him."

"Man's the creature of habit," said Mr. Britain, surveying her over his saucer. "I had somehow got used to you, Clem; and I found I shouldn't be able to get on without you. So we went and got made man and wife. Ha! ha! We! Who'd have thought it!"

"Who indeed!" cried Clemency. "It was very good of you, Ben."

"No, no, no," replied Mr. Britain, with an air of self-denial. "Nothing worth mentioning."

"Oh, yes, it was, Ben," said his wife, with great simplicity; "I'm sure I think so, and am very much obliged to you. Ah! looking again at the bill; 'when she was known to be gone, and out of reach, dear girl, I couldn't help telling—for her sake quite as much as theirs—what I knew, could I?'"

"You told it, anyhow," observed her husband.

"And Doctor Jeddler," pursued Clemency, putting down her tea-cup, and looking thoughtfully at the bill, "in his grief and passion turned me out of house and home! I never have been so glad of anything in all my life, as that I didn't say an angry word to him, and hadn't an angry feeling towards him, even then; for he repented that truly, afterwards. How often he has sat in this room, and told me over and over again he was sorry for it—the last time, only yesterday, when you were out. How often he has sat in this room, and talked to me, hour after hour, about one thing and another, in which he made believe to be interested—but only for the sake of the days that are gone by, and because he knows she used to like me, Ben!"

"Why, how did you ever come to catch a glimpse of that, Clem?" asked her husband, astonished that she should have a distinct perception of a truth which had only dimly suggested itself to his inquiring mind.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Clemency, blowing her tea, to cool it.

"Bless you, I couldn't tell you, if you was to offer me a reward of a hundred pound."

He might have pursued this metaphysical subject but for her catching a glimpse of a substantial fact behind him, in the shape of a gentleman attired in mourning, and cloaked and hooted like a rider on horseback, who stood at the bar-door. He seemed attentive to their conversation, and not at all impatient to interrupt it.

Clemency hastily rose at his sight. Mr. Britain also rose and saluted the guest.

"Will you please to walk upstairs, sir. There's very nice room upstairs, sir."

"Thank you," said the stranger, looking earnestly at Mr. Britain's wife. "May I come in here?"

"Oh, surely, if you like, sir," returned Clemency, admitting him.

"What would you please to want, sir?"

The bill had caught his eye, and he was reading it.

"Excellent property that, sir," observed Mr. Britain.

He made no answer; but, turning round, when he had finished reading looked at Clemency with the same observant curiosity as before. "You were asking me," he said still looking at her—

"What you would please to take, sir," answered Clemency, stealing a glance at him in return.

"If you will let me have a draught of ale," he said, moving to a table by the window, "and will let me have it here, without being any interruption

to your meal, I shall be much obliged to you."

He sat down as he spoke, without any further parley, and looked out at the prospect. He was an easy, well-knit figure of a man in the prime of life. His face, much browned by the sun, was shaded by a quantity of dark hair; and he wore a moustache. His beer being set before him, he filled out a glass, and drank good-humouredly, to the house; adding, as he put the tumbler down again—

"It's a new house, is it not?"

"Not particularly new, sir," replied Mr. Britain.

"Between five and six years old," said Clemency, speaking very distinctly.

"I think I heard you mention Doctor Jeddler's name, as I came in, inquired the stranger. That bill reminds me of him; for I happen to know something of that story, by hearsay, and through certain connections of mine—Is the old man living?"

"Yes, he's living, sir," said Clemency.

"Much changed?"

"Since when, sir?" returned Clemency, with remarkable emphasis and expression.

"Since his daughter—went away."

"Yes! he's greatly changed since then," said Clemency. "He's gray and old, and hasn't the same way with him at all; but, I think he's happy now. He has taken on with his sister since then, and goes to see her very often. That did him good, directly. At first, he was sadly broken down; and it was enough to make one's heart bleed, to see him wandering about, falling at the world; but a great change for the better came over him after a year or two, and then he began to like to talk about his lost daughter, and to praise her, ay, and the world too! and was never tired of saying, with the tears in his poor eyes, how beautiful and good she was. He had forgiven her then. That was about the same time as Miss Grace's marriage. Britain, you remember?"

Mr. Britain remembered very well. "The sister is married then," returned the stranger. He paused for some time before he asked, "To whom?"

Clemency narrowly escaped over-setting the tea-board, in her emotion at this question.

"Did you never hear?" she said.

"I should like to hear," he replied, as he filled his glass again and raised it to his lips.

(Continued on Page 22.)

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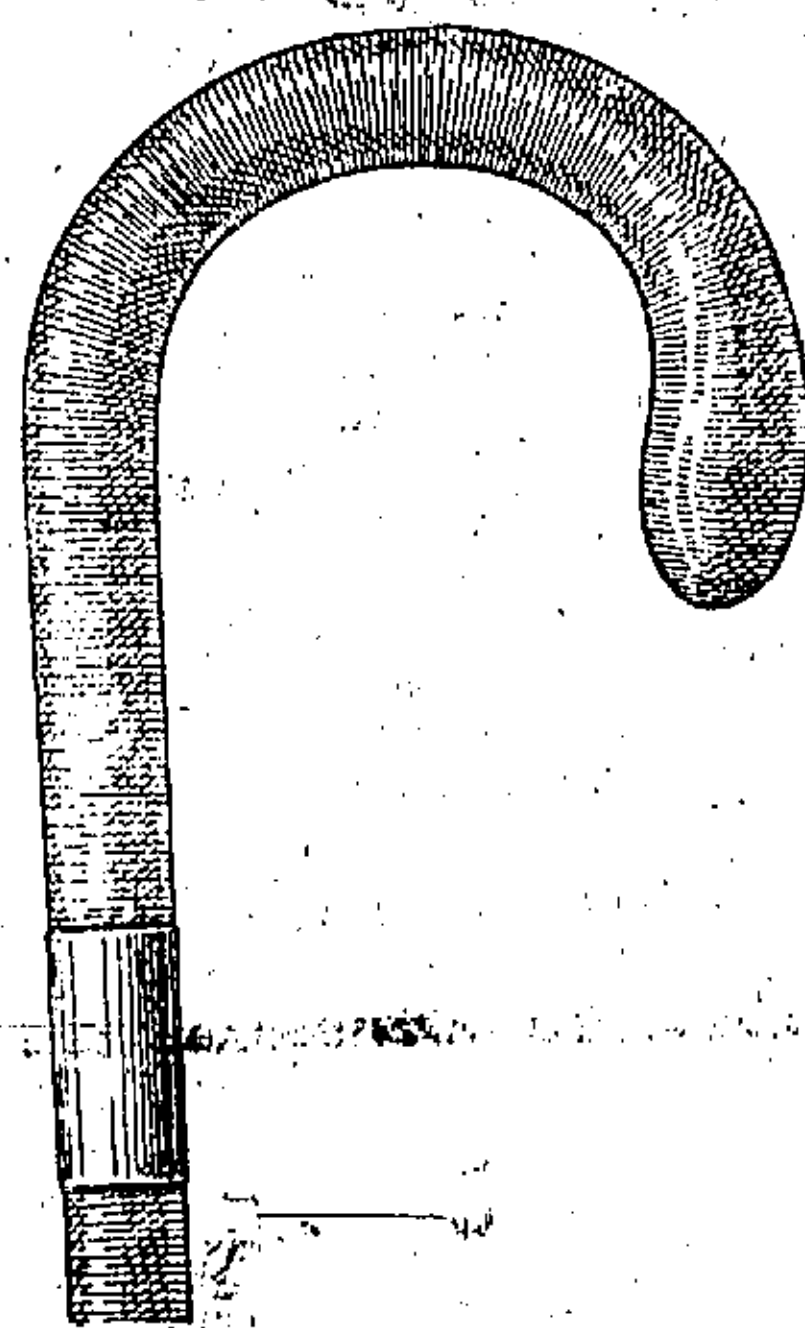
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A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(Continued from Page 20.)

"Ah! It would be a long story, if it was properly told," said Clemency, smiling her chin on the palm of her left hand, and supporting that elbow on her right hand, as she shook her head, and looked back through the intervening years, as if she were looking at a fire. "It would be a long story, I am sure."

"But told as a short one," suggested the stranger.

"Told as a short one," repeated Clemency, in the same thoughtful tone, and without any apparent reference to him, or consciousness of having auditors, "what would there be to tell? That they grieved together, and remembered her together, like a person dead; that they were so tender of her, never would reproach her, called her back to one another as she used to be, and found excuses for her! Every one knows that, I'm sure I do. No one better," added Clemency, wiping her eyes with her hand.

"And so—" suggested the stranger.

"And so," said Clemency, taking him up mechanically, and without any change in her attitude or manner, "they at last were married. They were married on her birthday—it comes round again to-morrow—very quiet, very humble-like, but very happy. Mr. Alfred said, one night when they were walking in the orchard, 'Grace, shall our wedding-day be Marion's birthday?' And it was."

"And they have lived happily together?" said the stranger.

"Ay," said Clemency. "No two people ever more so. They have had no sorrow but this."

She raised her head as with a sudden attention to the circumstances under which she was recalling these events, and looked quickly at the stranger. Seeing that his face was turned towards the window, and that he seemed intent upon the prospect, she made some eager signs to her husband; and pointed to the bill, and moved her mouth as if she were repeating with great energy, one word or phrase to him over and over again. As she uttered no sound, and as her dumb motions, like most of her gestures, were of a very extraordinary kind, this unintelligible conduct reduced Mr. Britain to the confines of despair. He stared at the table, at the stranger, at the spoons, at his wife—followed her pantomime with looks of deep amazement and perplexity—asked in the same language, was it property in danger, was it he in danger, was it she—answered her signals with other signals expressive of the deepest distress and confusion—followed the motions of her lips—guessed half aloud "milk and water," "monthly warning," "mice and warts"—and couldn't approach her meaning.

Clemency gave it up at last, as a hopeless attempt, and moving her chair by very slow degrees a little nearer to the stranger, sat with her eyes apparently cast down, but glancing sharply at him now and then, waiting until he should ask some other question. She had not to wait long; for he said, presently—

"And what is the after history of the young lady who went away? They know it, I suppose?"

Clemency shook her head. "I've heard," she said, "that Doctor Jeddler is thought to know more of it than he tells. Miss Grace has had letters from her sister, saying that she was well and happy, and made much happier by her being married to Mr. Alfred; and has written letters back. But there's a mystery about her life and fortunes altogether, which nothing has cleared up to this hour, and which—"

She faltered here, and stopped.

"And which—" repeated the stranger.

"Which only one other person, I believe, could explain," said Clemency, drawing her breath quickly.

"Who may that be?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Michael Warden!" answered Clemency, almost in a shriek; at once conveying to her husband what she would have had him understand before, and letting Michael Warden know that he was recognized—

"You remember me, sir?" said Clemency, trembling with emotion.

"I saw just now you did! You remember that, that night in the garden. I was with her!"

"Yes, you were," he said.

"Yes, sir," returned Clemency. "Yes, to be sure. This is my husband, if you please. Ben, my dear Ben, run to Miss Grace—run to Mr. Alfred—run somewhere. Ben! Bring somebody here directly!"

"Stay!" said Michael Warden, quietly interposing himself between the door and Britain. "What would you do?"

"Let them know that you are here, sir," answered Clemency, clapping her hands in sheer agitation. "Let them know that they may hear of her, from your own lips; let them know that she is not quite lost to them, but that she will come home again yet, to bless her father and her loving sister—even her old servant, even me!"—she struck herself upon the breast with both hands "with a sight of her sweet face, Run, Ben, run!" And still she pressed him on.

"Stand the door, and still Mr. Warden stood before it, with his hands stretched out, not angrily, but anxiously.

"Or, perhaps," said Clemency, running past her husband, and catching in her emotion at Mr. Warden's

cloak, "perhaps she's here now; perhaps she's close by I think from your manner she is. Let me see her, sir, if you please. I waited on her when she was a little child. I saw her grow to be the pride of all this place. I knew her when she was Mr. Alfred's promised wife. I tried to warn her when you tempted her away. I know what her old home was when she was like the soul of it, and how it changed when she was gone and lost. Let me speak to her, if you please!"

He gazed at her with compassion, not unmixed with wonder; but he made no gesture of assent.

"I don't think she can know," pursued Clemency, "how truly they forgive her; how they love her; what joy it would be to them to see her once more. She may be timorous of going home. Perhaps if she sees me, it may give her new heart. Only tell me truly, Mr. Warden, is she with you?"

"She is not," he answered, shaking his head.

This answer, and his manner, and his black dress, and his coming back so quietly, and his announced intention of continuing to live abroad, explained it all. Marion was dead.

He didn't contradict her; yes, she was dead! Clemency sat down, hid her face upon the table, and cried.

At that moment, a gray-headed old gentleman came running in, quite out of breath, and panting so much that his voice was scarcely to be recognized as the voice of Mr. Snitchey.

"Good Heaven, Mr. Warden!" said the lawyer, taking him aside, "what wind has blown—" He was so blown himself, that he couldn't get on any further until after a pause, when he added, feebly, "you here?"

"An ill wind, I am afraid," he answered. "If you could have heard what has just passed—how I have been besought and entreated to perform impossibilities—what confusion and affliction I carry with me!"

"I can guess it all. But why did you ever come here, my good sir?" retorted Snitchey.

"Come! How should I know who kept the house? When I sent my servant on to you, I strolled in here because the place was new to me; and I had a natural curiosity in everything new and old, in these old scenes; and it was outside the town. I wanted to communicate with you, first, before appearing there. I wanted to know what people would say to me. I see by your manner that you can tell me. If it were not for your confounded caution, I should have been possessed of everything long ago."

"Our caution!" returned the lawyer, "speaking for self and Craggs, deceased," here Mr. Snitchey, glancing at his hatband, shook his head, "how can you reasonably blame us, Mr. Warden? It was understood between us that the subject was never to be renewed, and that it wasn't a subject on which grave and sober men like us (I made a note of your observations at the time) could interfere? Our caution too! When Mr. Craggs, sir, went down to his respected grave in the full belief—"

"I had given a solemn promise of silence until I should return, whenever that might be," interrupted Mr. Warden; "and I have kept it."

"Well, sir," replied Snitchey, "and I have also reason to know that it will be broken to her sister to-morrow evening. They have given her that promise. In the meantime, perhaps you'll give me the honour of your company at my house, being unoccupied at your own. But, not to run the chance of any more such difficulties as you have had here, in case you should be recognised—though you're a good deal changed; I think I might have passed you myself. Mr. Warden—we had better dine here—and walk on in the evening. It's a very good place to dine at, Mr. Warden: your own property, by the bye. Self and Craggs (deceased) took a chop here sometimes, and had it very comfortably served. Mr. Craggs, sir," said Snitchey, shutting his eyes tight for an instant, and opening them again, "was struck off the roll of life too soon."

"Heaven forgive me for not condoling with you," returned Michael Warden, passing his hand across his forehead. "But I'm like a man in a dream at present. I seem to want my wife. Mr. Craggs—yes—I am very sorry we have lost Mr. Craggs; but he looked at Clemency as he said it, and seemed to sympathise with Ben, consoling her."

"Mr. Craggs, sir," observed Snitchey, "didn't find life. I regret to say, as easy to have, and to hold as his theory made it out, or he would have been among us now. It's a great loss to me. My right arm, my right leg, my right ear, my right eye, was Mr. Craggs. I am paralytic without him. He bequeathed his share of the business to Mrs. Craggs, her executors, administrators, and assigns. His name remains in

the firm to this hour. I try, in a childish sort of a way, to make believe, sometimes, that he's alive. You may observe that I speak for self and Craggs—deceased, sir—deceased," said the tender-hearted attorney, waving his pocket-handkerchief.

Michael Warden, who had still been observant of Clemency, turned to Mr. Snitchey when he ceased to speak, and whispered in his ear.

"Ah, poor thing!" said Snitchey, shaking his head. "Yes. She was always very faithful to Marion. She was always very fond of her. Pretty Marion! Poor Marion! Cheer up, mistress—you are married now, you know, Clemency."

Clemency only sighed, and shook her head.

"Well, well! Wait till to-morrow," said the lawyer kindly.

"To-morrow can't bring back the dead to life, mister," said Clemency, sobbing.

"No. It can't do that, or it would bring back Mr. Craggs, deceased," returned the lawyer. "But it may bring some soothing circumstances; it may bring some comfort. Wait till to-morrow!"

So Clemency, shaking his proffered hand, said she would; and Britain, who had been terribly cast down at sight of his dependent wife (which was like the business hanging in his head) said that was right; and Mr. Snitchey and Michael Warden went upstairs; and there they were soon engaged in a conversation, so cautiously conducted, that no murmur of it was audible above the clatter of plates and dishes, the hissing of the frying-pan, the bubbling of saucepans, the low monotonous waltzing of the jack—with a dreadful click every now and then as if it had met with some mortal accident to its head, in a fit of giddiness—and all the other preparations in the kitchen for their dinner.

To-morrow was a bright and peaceful day; and nowhere were the autumn tints more beautifully seen than from the quiet orchard of the doctor's house. The snows of many winter nights had melted from that ground, the withered leaves of many summer times had rustled there, since she had fled. The honeysuckle porch was green again, the trees cast bountiful and changing shadows on the grass, the landscape was as tranquil and serene as it had ever been; but where was she?

Not there. Not there. She would have been a stranger sight in her old home now, even than that home had been at first, without her. But a lady sat in the familiar place from whose heart she had never passed away; in whose true memory she lived, unchanging, youthful, radiant with all promise and all hope; in whose affection—and it was a mother's now, there was a cherished little daughter playing by her side—she had no rival, no successor; upon whose gentle lips her name was trembling then.

The spirit of the lost girl looked out of those eyes. Those eyes of Grace, her sister, sitting with her husband in the orchard, on their wedding day, and his and Marion's birthday.

He had not become a great man; he had not grown rich; he had not forgotten the scenes and friends of his youth; he had not fulfilled any one of the doctor's old predictions. But in his useful, patient, unknown visiting of poor men's homes; and in his watching of sick-beds; and in his daily knowledge of the gentleness and goodness flowering the by-paths of this world, not to be trodden down beneath the heavy foot of poverty, but springing up, elastic, in his track, and making its way beautiful; he had better learned and proved, in each succeeding year, the truth of his old faith. The manner of his life, though quiet and remote, had shown him how often men still entertained angels unawares, and in the olden time; and how the most unlikely forms—even some that were mean and ugly to the view, and poorly clad—became irradiated by the touch of sorrow, want, and pain, and changed to ministering spirits with a fiery glow within their heads.

He lived to better purpose on the altered battle-ground perhaps; than if he had contended restlessly in more ambitious lists; and he was happy with his wife, dear Grace.

And Marion. Had he forgotten her? "The time has flown, dear Grace," he said, "since then—they had been talking of that night—and yet it seems a long, long while ago. We count by changes and events within us. Not by years."

"Yet we have years to count by too, since Marion was with us," returned Grace. "Six times, dear husband, counting to-night as one, we have sat here on her birthday, and spoken together of that happy return, so eagerly expected and so long deferred. Ah, when will it be! When will it be!"

Her husband, attentively observed her, as the tears collected in her eyes; and drawing nearer, said—

"But, Marion told you, in that farewell letter which she left for you upon your table, love, and which you read so often, that years must pass away, before it could be. Did she not?"

She took a letter from her breast, and kissed it, and said, "Yes."

"That through those intervening years, however happy she might be, she would look forward to the time when you would meet again, and all would be made clear; and that she prayed you, trustfully and hopefully

to do the same. The letter runs so, does it not, my dear?"

"Yes, Alfred."

"And every other letter she has written since?"

"Except the last—some months ago—in which she spoke of you, and what you then knew, and what I was to learn to-night."

He looked towards the sun, then fast declining, and said that the appointed time was sunset.

"Alfred!" said Grace, laying her hand upon his shoulder earnestly, "there is something in this letter—this old letter, which you say I read so often—that I have never told you. But to-night, dear husband, with that sunset drawing near, and all our life seeming to soften and become hushed with the departing day, I cannot keep it secret."

"What is it, love?"

"When Marion went away, she wrote me, here, that you had once left her a sacred trust to me, and that now she left you, Alfred, such a trust in my hands: praying and beseeching me, as I loved her, and as I loved you, not to reject the affection she believed (she knew, she said) you would transfer to me when the new wound was healed, but to encourage and return it."

"And make me and a proud man happy again, Grace. Did she say so?"

"She meant, to make myself so blessed and honoured in your love, was his wife's answer, as he held her in his arms."

"Hear me, my dear!" he said. "No. Mar me so!"—and as he spoke, he gently laid the head she had raised, again upon his shoulder.

"I know why I have never heard this passage in the letter, until now. I know why no trace of it ever showed itself in any work or look of yours at that time. I know why Grace, although so true a friend to me, was hard to win to be my wife. And knowing it, my own! I know the priceless value of the heart I gird within my arms, and thank God for the rich possession!"

She wept, but not for sorrow, as he pressed her to his heart. After a brief pause, he looked down at the child, who was sitting at their feet playing with a little basket of flowers, and bade her look how golden and how red the sun was.

"Alfred," said Grace, raising her head quickly at these words. "The sun is going down. You have not forgotten what I am to know before it sets."

"You are to know the truth of Marion's history, my love," he answered.

"All the truth," she said imploringly. "Nothing veiled from me any more. That was the promise. Was it not?"

"It was," he answered.

"Before the sun went down on Marion's birthday. And you see it, Alfred? It is sinking fast."

He put his arm about her waist, and, looking steadily into her eyes, rejoined—

"That truth is not reserved so long for me to tell, dear Grace. It is to come from other lips."

"From other lips!" she faintly echoed.

"Yes. I know your constant heart, I know how brave you are, I know that to you a word of preparation is enough. You have said, truly, that the time is come. It is. Tell me that you have present fortitude to bear a trial—a surprise—a shock; and the messenger is waiting at the gate."

"What messenger?" she said.

"And what intelligence does he bring?"

"I am pledged," he answered her, preserving his steady look, "to say no more. Do you think you understand me?"

"I am afraid to think," she said.

There was that emotion in his face, despite its steady gaze, which frightened her. Again she hid her own face on his shoulder, trembling, and entreating him to pause—a moment.

"Courage, my wife! When you have firmness to receive the messenger, the messenger is waiting at the gate. The sun is setting on Marion's birthday. Courage, courage, Grace!"

She raised her head, and, looking at him, told him she was ready. As she stood, and looked upon him going away, her face was so like Marion's as it had been in her later days at home, that it was wonderful to see. He took the child with him; she called her back—she bore the lost girl's name—and pressed her to her bosom. The little creature, being released again, sped after him, and Grace was left alone.

She knew not what she dreaded, or what hoped; but remained there, motionless, looking at the porch by which they had disappeared.

Ah! what was that, emerging from his shadow, standing on its threshold! That figure, with its white garments rustling in the evening air; its head, laid down upon her father's breast, and pressed against it to his loving heart; O God! was it a vision that came bursting from the old man's arms, with a cry, and with a waving of its hands, and with a wild precipitation of itself upon her—in its boundless love, sank down in her embrace!

"Oh, Marion, Marion! Oh, my sister! Oh, my heart's dear love! Oh, joy and happiness unutterable, so to meet again!"

"It was no dream, no phantom conjured up by hope and fear, but Marion, sweet Marion! So beautiful, so happy, so unalloyed by care and

trial, so elevated and exalted in her loneliness, that, as the setting sun shone brightly on her upturned face, she might have been a spirit visiting the earth upon some healing mission.

Clinging to her sister, who had dropped upon a seat and bent down over her—and smiling through her tears—and kneeling, close before her, with both arms twining round her, and never turning for an instant from her face—and with the glory of the setting sun upon her brow, and with the soft tranquility of evening gathering around them—Marion at length broke silence; her voice, so calm, low, clear, and pleasant, well-tuned to the time.

"When this was my dear home, Grace, as it will be now again, I loved him from my soul. I loved him most devotedly. I would have died for him, though I was so young. I never slighted his affection in my secret breast, for one brief instant. It was far beyond all price to me. Although it is so long ago, and past and gone, and everything is wholly changed, I could not bear to think that you, who love so well, should think I did not truly love him once. I never loved him better, Grace, than when he left this very scene upon this very day. I never loved him better, dear one, than I did that night when I left here."

Her sister, bending over her, could look into her face, and hold her fast.

"But he had gained, unconsciously," said Marion, with a gentle smile, "another heart, before I knew that I had one to give him. That heart—yours, my sister!—was so yielded up, in all its other tenderness, to me; was so devoted, and so noble; that it plucked its love away and kept its secret from all eyes but mine—ah! what other eyes were quickened by such tenderness and gratitude!—and was content to sacrifice itself to me. But I knew the struggle it had made. I knew its high, inestimable worth to him, and his appreciation of it, let him love me as he would. I knew the debt I owed it. I had its great example every day before me. What you had done for me, I knew that I could do, Grace, if I would, for you. I never laid my head down on my pillow, but I prayed with tears to do it. I never laid my head down on my pillow, but I thought of Alfred's own words, on the day of his departure, and how truly he had said (for I knew that, knowing you) that there were victories gained every day, in struggling hearts, to which these fields of battle were as nothing. Thinking more and more upon the great endurance cheerfully sustained, and never known or cared for, that there must be, every day and hour, in that great strife of which he spoke, my trial seemed to grow light and easy. And He who knows our hearts, my dearest, at this moment, and who knows there is no drop of bitterness or grief—of anything but unmixed happiness—in mine, enabled me to make the resolution that I never would be Alfred's wife. That he should be my brother, and your husband, if the course I took could bring that happy end to pass; but that I never would (Grace, then loved him dearly, dearly!) be his wife!"

"O Marion! O Marion!"

"I had tried to seem indifferent to him"—and she pressed her sister's face against her own—"but that was hard, and you were always his true advocate. I had tried to tell you of my resolution, but you would never hear me; you would never understand me. The time was drawing near for his return. I felt that I must act, before the daily intercourse between us was renewed. I knew that one great pang, undergone at that time, would save a lengthened agony to all of us. I knew that if I went away then, that end must follow which has followed, and which has made us both so happy, Grace! I wrote to good Aunt Martha, for a refuge in her house: I did not then tell her all, but something of my story, and she freely promised it. While I was contesting that step with myself, and with my love of you, and home, Mr. Warden, brought here by an accident, became, for some time, our companion."

"I have sometimes feared of late years that this might have been," exclaimed her sister; and her countenance was ashy-pale. "You never loved him—and you married him in self-sacrifice to me!"

"He was then," said Marion, drawing her sister closer to her, "on the eve of going secretly away for a long time. He wrote to me, after leaving here; told me what his condition and prospects really were; and offered me his hand. He told me he had seen I was not happy in the prospect of Alfred's return. I believe he thought my heart had no part in that contract; perhaps, thought I might have loved him once, and did not then; perhaps thought that (when I tried to seem indifferent, I tried to hide indifference—I cannot tell. But I wished that you should feel me wholly lost to Alfred—hopeless to him—dead. Do you understand me, love?"

Her sister looked into her face attentively. She seemed in doubt.

"I saw Mr. Warden, and confided in his honour; charged him with my secret, on the eve of his and my departure. He kept it. Do you understand me, dear?"

Grace looked confusedly upon her. She scarcely seemed to hear.

"My love, my sister!" said Marion, "recall your thoughts a moment; listen to me. Do not look so strangely on me. There are countries, dearest, where those who would abjure a misplaced passion, or would strive against some cherished feeling of their hearts and conquer it, retire into a hopeless solitude, and close the world against themselves and worldly loves and hopes for ever. When women do so, they assume that name which is so dear to you, and me, and call each other sisters. But there may be sisters, Grace, who, in the broad world out of doors, and underneath its free sky, and in its crowded places, and among its busy life and trying to assist and cheer it and to do some good, learn the same lesson; and who, with hearts still fresh and young, and open to all happiness and means of happiness, can say the battle is long past, the victory long won. And such a one am I. You understand me now?"

Still she looked fixedly upon her, and made no reply.

"O Grace, dear Grace," said Marion, clinging yet more tenderly and fondly to that breast from which she had been so long exiled, "if you were not a happy wife and mother—if I had no little namesake here—if Alfred, my kind brother, were not your own fond husband—from where could I derive the ecstasy I feel to-night! But, as I left here so I have returned. My heart has known no other love, my hand has never been bestowed bestowed apart from I am still your maiden sister un betrothed; your own old loving Marion, in whose affection you exist alone and have no partner, Grace!"

She understood her now. Her face relaxed; sobs came to her relief; and falling on her neck, she wept and wept, and fondled her as if she were a child again.

When they were more composed, they found that the doctor, and his sister, good Aunt Martha, were standing near at hand, with Alfred.

"This is a weary day for me," said good Aunt Martha, smiling through her tears, as she embraced her nieces; "for I lose my dear companion in making you all happy; and what can you give me, in return for my Marion?"

"A converted brother," said the doctor.

"That's something, to be sure," retorted Aunt Martha, "in such a farce as—"

"No, pray don't," said the doctor penitently.

"Well, I won't," replied Aunt Martha. "But I consider myself ill-used. I don't know what's to become of me without my Marion, after we have lived together half a dozen years."

"You must come and live here, I suppose," replied the doctor. "We shan't quarrel now, Martha."

"Or you must get married, aunt," said Alfred.

"Indeed," returned the old lady, "I think it might be a good speculation if I were to set my cap at Michael Warden, who, I hear, is come home much the better for his absence in all respects. But as I knew him when he was a boy, and I was not a very young woman then, perhaps he mightn't respond. So I'll make up my mind to go and live with Marion, when she marries, and until then (it will not be very long, I dare say) to live alone. What do you say, brother?"

"I've a great mind to say it's a ridiculous world altogether, and there's nothing serious in it," observed the poor old doctor.

"You might take twenty affidavits of it if you chose, Anthony," said his sister; "but nobody would believe you with such eyes as those."

"It's a world full of hearts," said the doctor, hugging his younger daughter, and bending across her to hug Grace—for he couldn't separate the sisters; "and a serious world, with all its folly—even with mine, which was enough to have swamped the whole globe; and it is a world on which the sun never rises, but it looks upon a thousand bloodless battles that are some set-off against the miseries and wickedness of battle-fields; and it is a world we need be careful how we rebel. Heaven forgive us, for it is a world of sacred mysteries; and its Creator only knows what lies beneath the surface of His lightest image!"

You would not be the better pleased with my rude pen, if it dissected and laid open to your view the transports of this family, long severed and now reunited. Therefore, I will not follow the poor doctor through his humbled recollection of the sorrow he had had, when Marion was lost to him; nor will I tell how serious he had found that world to be, in which some love, deep-anchored, is the portion of all human creatures; nor how such a trifle as the absence of one little unit in the great absurd account, had stricken him to the ground. Nor how, in compassion for his distress, his sister had, long ago, revealed the truth to him by slow degrees, and brought him to the knowledge of the heart of his self-banished daughter; and to that daughter's side.

Nor how Alfred Heathfield had been told the truth, too, in the course of that then current year; and Marion had seen him, and had promised him, as her brother, that on her birthday, in the evening, Grace should know it from her lips at last.

"I beg your pardon, doctor," said Mr. Snitchey, "looking into the

orchard," but have I liberty to come in?"

"Without waiting for permission, he came straight to Marion, and kissed her hand, quite joyfully.

"If Mr. Craggs had been alive, my dear Miss Marion," said Mr. Snitchey, "he would have had great interest in this occasion. It might have suggested to him, Mr. Alfred, that our life is not too easy perhaps; that taken altogether, it will bear any little smoothing we can give it; but Mr. Craggs was a man who could endure to be convinced, sir. He was always open to conviction. If he were open to conviction, now—"

This is weakness, Mrs. Snitchey, my dear—at his summons that lady appeared from behind the door, "you are among old friends."

Mrs. Snitchey having delivered her congratulations, took her husband aside.

"One moment, Mr. Snitchey," said that lady. "It is not in my nature to rake up the ashes of the departed."

"No, my dear," returned her husband.

"Mr. Craggs is—"

"Yes, my dear, he is deceased," said Mr. Snitchey.

"But I ask you if you recollect," pursued his wife, "that evening of the ball? I only ask you that. If you do; and if your memory has not entirely failed you, Mr. Snitchey; and if you are not absolutely in your dotage; I ask you to connect this time with that—to remember how I begged and prayed you on my knees—"

"Upon your knees, my dear?" said Mr. Snitchey.

"Yes," said Mrs. Snitchey confidentially, "and you know it—to beware of that man—to observe his eye—and now to tell me whether I was right, and whether at that moment he knew secrets which he didn't choose to tell."

"Mrs. Snitchey," returned her husband, in her ear, "madam. Did you ever observe anything in my eye?"

"No," said Mrs. Snitchey sharply. "Don't flatter yourself."

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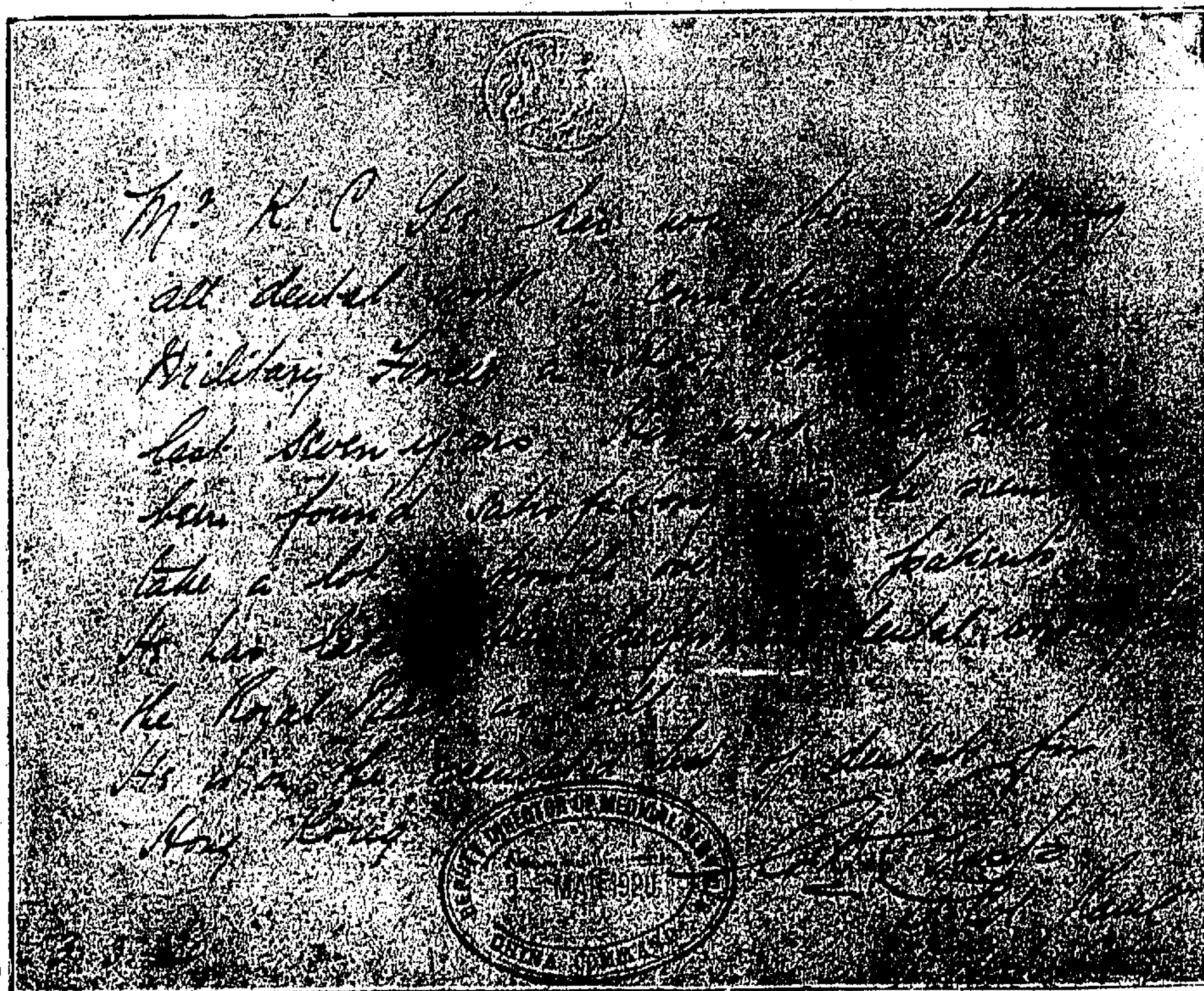
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| "KALAN" | 8,487 | 29th Apr. | do. |
| "KALAN" | 8,487 | 10th May | do. |
| "DONGOLA" | 8,000 | 24th May | do. |

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TOBA MARU ... Friday, 30th Dec.

NEW YORK via Suez.

TOUTAMA MARU ... Monday, 2nd January.

RIO DE JANEIRO, SANTOS & BUENOS AIRES via Cape,

BOMBAY via Singapore, Penang & Colombo.

AWA MARU ... Tuesday, 27th Dec.

TAMAR MARU ... Monday, 2nd Jan.

CALCUTTA via Singapore, Penang & Rangoon.

YUBI MARU ... Thursday, 29th Dec.

YASU MARU ... Thursday, 29th Dec.

NAGOYA MARU (Hullig Mail) ... Saturday, 21st Dec.

KASHIR MARU ... Saturday, 21st Dec.

No further information apply to:

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E. H. HING & CO.

Telephone No. 202. 25, Wing Woe Street, Central.

EARLIER TELEGRAMS.

(Reuter's Service to the China Mail.)

WASHINGTON CONFERENCE.

WASHINGTON, December 16th.

Subject to the approval of the Japanese Government, the Japanese offer to pay fifty-three million marks for the Kiautschow-Tsinau railway, plus what Japan has disbursed on permanent improvement, but less depreciation.

WASHINGTON, December 16th.

A communiqué points out that Japan, Australia and the coasts of the United States and Canada are naturally excluded from the situation of the Atlantic gives two post-union ships of the latest design therefore America is to complete the Colorado and Washington and will scrap the No. 1-Baker and Delaware. Britain will build two thirty-five thousand tons vessels and will scrap the Erin, Concorde, Ajax and King George V, thus giving the British 65,000 tons in excess over the United States, which is deemed fair in view of the age of ships of the Royal Sovereign and Queen Elizabeth types.

While the ratio of the three big Powers is not affected by the Franco-Italian negotiations, the present agreement is dependent on the conclusion of a suitable agreement with France and Italy. Italy has all along demanded equality with France while the French have shown a disposition to demand a high ratio, not necessarily with the intention of building ships reaching that ratio, but in order to escape a low rating placing France permanently among the inferior naval Powers. Statements in the newspapers credit France with having poured the intention of demanding battleship tonnage equal to Japan's, but this is not taken seriously in Britain, and American circles who doubt the accuracy of the reports and, alternatively, regard the agitation as merely a screen for submarine rivalry with French and American views harmonious. It is announced that a naval agreement, including naval bases and fortifications, will probably be incorporated in the Five-Power treaty. In the meantime there will be no plenary session of the conference until the entire subject, including auxiliary ships, is settled.

CANCELLATION OF WAR DEBTS.

LONDON, December 16th.

Replying to a Labour deputation which urged revision of the indemnity, cancellation of war debts and the resumption of trading with Russia for the purpose of restoring trade Mr. Lloyd George declared that he was bound to see that Germany paid for the damage she had done to the utmost of her capacity. He did not wish beyond that to press an overbearing claim on Germany. The Prime Minister was willing to enter a conference to discuss the cancellation of debts, but cancellation by one Power would be of little use. As regards Russia it was not easy to restore trade-begging confidence while she maintained a doubtful attitude and had no assets to offer.

FRENCH AND BRITISH GOODWILL.

PARIS, December 16th.

Lord Derby, former British Ambassador at Paris, was the guest of the Franco-British Committee of the Inter-Allied Union at a luncheon which was the occasion of an impressive manifestation of Franco-British mutual goodwill. Among other guests were: M. Deschanel, former President of the Republic, M. Lortie, Minister for War, M. Marraud, Minister of the Interior, M. Dior, Minister of Commerce, M. Lefranc, Minister of Public Works, M. Faid-Marschal, Lord French, General Mangin and a number of prominent military and diplomatic personalities.

In an address, M. Barthou eulogized Lord Derby's important part in further strengthening the Entente Cordiale and expressed sincere satisfaction at recent conciliatory events in the British political sky.

Lord Derby, in reply, stated that the work for the Franco-British Alliance to which he had heartily devoted himself had only just begun and must be continued. "Britain shall remain loyal in peace as in war," he stated.

DUTCH EAST INDIES LOAN.

LONDON, December 16th.

Commenting on the news of a hundred million dollar loan for Dutch East Indies, which is being negotiated with American bankers, the Times says that this is a reminder of the great policy of Dutch colonial development undertaken in recent years, the financing of which is largely by private enterprise which is believed to be partly responsible for the present unsatisfactory financial position of Holland. One big firm has already failed owing to injudicious financing of this class of business. The fact that Holland's difficulties have been the heavy fall of the mark, Dutch holdings of which have been very large.

M. BRIAND LEAVING FOR LONDON.

PARIS, December 16th.

M. Briand and the Minister of Reconstruction, M. Loucheur will leave for London on Sunday.

THE PRINCE'S TOUR.

LONDON, December 16th.

The revised programme of the battle-cruiser Zennaro shows that the ship will sail from London on March 21st, as Port Speculation on March 28th, leave Singapore on April 1st, arrive at Hongkong on April 4th, Kobe on April 11th, and Yokohama on April 12th. A light cruiser will be escorted by each station through which the Zennaro passes and will escort the vessel throughout the cruise.

THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE.

CHAMBERLAIN'S Cough Remedy is the best cough medicine in the world today because it does exactly what is needed, it is so simple and so effective. It is so simple and so effective. It is so simple and so effective.

NOTICES TO CONSIGNEES.

KONINKLIJKE PAKETVAART MAATSCHAPPIJ.

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES.

From BELAWAN DELI, PENANG & SINGAPORE.

THE Steamship.

"VAN CLOON."

having arrived from the above Ports, Consignees of Cargo by her are notified that all goods are being landed at their risk into the hazardous and/or extra hazardous Godowns of the Hongkong & Kowloon Wharf & Godown Co., Ltd., whences and/or from the wharves delivery may be obtained.

Goods, not cleared by the 22nd December 1921, will be subject to rent. All broken, chipped and damaged packages are to be left in the Godowns, where they will be examined on the 21st December, 1921, at 10 a.m. by Messrs. Goddard & Douglas.

Claims against the steamer must be presented in writing within ten days after arrival of steamer, otherwise they will not be recognised.

No Fire Insurance will be effected by the undersigned in any case whatever.

Bills of Lading will be countersigned by

JAVA-CHINA-JAPAN LUN.

General Agents.

Hongkong, December 16, 1921.

P. & O. S. N. CO.

STEAMERS FOR

STRAITS, COLOMBO, AUS-

TRALIA, BOMBAY, EGYPT,

MEDITERRANEAN PORTS

& LONDON.

Through Bills of Lading issued for

Batavia, Persian Gulf, Continental

American and South African Ports.

THE Steamship "DUNERA."

Captain W. K. F. R.

Majesty's Mails, will be despatched from

this Port on or about TUESDAY,

27th December, 1921, taking Passengers

and Cargo for the above Ports.

Silk and Valuables and Tea for Italy,

France and London (under arrangement)

will be transhipped at Bombay into the

Mail Steamer proceeding direct to

Marseilles and London.

Parcels will be received at this Office

until 3 p.m. the day before sailing.

The contents and value of all packages

are required.

For further particulars apply to—

MACKINNON, MACKENZIE

& CO., Agents.

Hongkong, December 9, 1921.

BE DRESSY THIS WINTER.

Order your suits from us. Latest American and

English styles. Best material—moderate prices.

FELT HATS from such manufacturers as STETSON and BATTERSBY

stocked by us. OVERCOATS MADE TO ORDER.

SEE US NOW & SEE YOURSELF AFTER.

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Universal Providers.

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LATEST MODEL with the

WORLD KNOWN FASTEST LENSE.

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No. 40, Nathan Road, Kowloon.

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ALSO TEAKWOOD & BLACKWOOD FURNITURES FOR SALE.

COME TO US! WE SELL THE BEST FURNITURES

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Studio reopened at 38-40, Queen's Rd. C. (opposite

Hongkong Theatre) photo, taken Day and Night using

5,000 c.p. light. Film Printing and Developing, under-

taken. Special attention to Home portraits.

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STRUTHERS & DIXON, Inc.

Operating For Eastern service for account of the

UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD.

To LOS ANGELES & SAN FRANCISCO

"West Jona" ... 31st December.

"West Orona" ... 16th Jan.

Also, cargo accepted for Transshipment at San Francisco

to weekly sailings for

NEW ORLEANS, SAVANNAH, NORFOLK,

BALTIMORE, PHILADELPHIA,

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HONGKONG TO SAN FRANCISCO.

Via KEELUNG, SHANGHAI, THE INLAND SEA, JAPAN & HONOLULU

"THE PATHWAY OF THE SUN."

STEAMERS.

TONS. LEAVE HONGKONG

SHINYO MARU ... 22,000 ... Jan. 15th.

PERSIA MARU ... 9,000 ... Jan. 4th.

TAIYO MARU ... 22,000 ... Jan. 18th.

STERRIA MARU ... 22,000 ... Jan. 31st.

TENYO MARU ... 22,000 ... Feb. 10th.

KORFA MARU ... 20,000 ... Feb. 22nd.

Calling at Dairen and omitting call at Keelung & Shanghai.

Calling at Dairen and omitting call at Keelung.

SOUTH AMERICAN LINE.

HONGKONG TO VALPARAISO.

Via MANILA, JAPAN, HONOLULU, HALO, SAN FRANCISCO, SAN PEDRO

SALINA CRUZ, BALBOA, CALLAO, MOLLENDORF, ARICA & IQUIQUE.

Thence by TRANS-ANDAN ROUTE TO PUERTO AYRES.

STEAMERS.

TONS. LEAVE HONGKONG

SHINYO MARU ... 22,000 ... Feb. 28th.

ANYO MARU ... 18,000 ... Mar. 20th.

SEIYO MARU ... 14,000 ... May 13th.

For full information regarding passage, freight and sailings, apply to

Y. TSUTSUMI, Manager, King's Building, Tel. Nos. 2374 & 2375

Agents at Canton: Messrs. T. E. GRIFFITH, LTD.

THE EAST ASIATIC COMPANY, LTD.,

COPENHAGEN.

The S/S "RHODESIA"

will be loading for Rotterdam, Hamburg, Copenhagen

and other Scandinavian ports

about 24th December.

Further sailings:

Expected on or about.

Will leave for above ports on or about.

M. S. "JAVA" ... 31st December ... 15th January.

M. S. "INDIA" ... 31st December ... 24th January.

M. S. "PERU" ... 30th December ... 4th February.

M. S. "ARABIAN" ... 4th January ... 15th February.

M. S. "KINA" ... 23rd January ... 2nd March.

M. S. "AFRIKA" ... 1st February ... 10th March.

Subject to change without notice.

For further particulars please apply to—

MANNERS & BACKHOUSE, LTD.

Agents.

THE WING CHEUNG MOTOR BOAT CO.

Fast and Comfortable Motor Boats de luxe. For hire and for sale.

Picnic Parties, and Passen-

gers carried to Kowloon. MODERATE TERMS.

Office: 16 Anton St.; Wanchai.

Vessels in harbour. Managers: Lokan.


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EVERYTHING IN BRASS OR COPPER

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If you suffer with sore, achy, sweaty feet, try Zam-Buk. Wonderfully refined, antiseptic Zam-Buk has the power of penetrating beneath the surface-skin and removing the cause of skin troubles. For cuts, wounds, tenderness or sores, Zam-Buk is a unique balm. It allays pain, swelling, and inflammation, and ensures perfect healing.

Zam-Buk

"For the Blood is the Life."

YOUR BLOOD WANTS PURIFYING.

IF YOU are troubled with Eczema, Blisters, Spots, Pimples, Boils, Sores or Eruptions of any kind continually bursting through the skin.

IF YOU have that constant itching and inflammation of Piles.

IF YOU are suffering the aches and pains of Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Scrofulous and Ulcerated Sores, Glandular Swellings, Blood Poison, etc.

IF YOU are in the grip of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, etc.

All these are sure signs of clogging blood impurity, calling for immediate treatment through the blood, so don't waste your time and money on useless lotions and messy ointments, which cannot get below the surface of the skin. What you want and what you must have is a medicine that will get right to the root of your trouble, a medicine that will thoroughly free the blood of the poisonous matter which alone is the true cause of all your suffering. Clarke's Blood Mixture is just such a medicine. It is composed of ingredients which quickly attack, overcome, and expel from the blood all impurities (from whatever cause arising), and by rendering it clean and pure, can be relied on to effect a lasting cure.

The True Value of CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is certified by a most remarkable collection of unsolicited testimonials from grateful patients of all classes—patients who have been cured after doctors and hospitals have given them up as incurable—patients who have been cured after trying many other treatments without success—patients who not only have been cured of the particular Skin or Blood Complaint from which they were suffering, but also have found great improvement in their general health. (See pamphlet round bottle.)

Over 50 years success. Pleasant to take and warranted free from anything injurious. Of all Chemists and Storekeepers. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

The World's Best Blood Purifier. CURES ALL SKIN & BLOOD DISEASES.

CANTON BREAKS ITS SILENCE.

The Canton Times of Dec. 16 has an answer to our comments on the official treatment of the Kwangtung Tram Company. We reproduce it without comment, as follows:

Our Hongkong contemporary, the China Mail, intimated in a leader published December 12, entitled "Canton Keeps Silence," that we had nothing to say in refutation of the charges preferred against the Municipality by the Kwangtung Tramway Company. Our silence, was due to the fact that we were busy on other matters and had no time to apply to the Municipality for the information without which we could not answer the Tramway Company. Nobody takes the trouble to give us prepared statements so we are obliged to make application every time a matter arises which requires facts in the possession of government departments.

Evidently, the Tramway does not understand the plain meaning of the Municipal Ordinances. The Municipality does not assume liability of the drivers regardless of the facts in the case. When an accident occurs the driver is arrested, an inquiry is held to ascertain the cause of the accident and fix the responsibility. If it is found that the driver is at fault, then fines and punishments are regulated in accordance with Municipal Ordinances.

For the benefit of our contemporary, we give a translation of the Ordinances in question.

The articles eleventh and twelfth of the General Traffic Penalty Regulations passed by the Executive Council of the Municipal Commissioners at its forty-third regular session August twenty-third, 1921, and consequently proclaimed to be effective August thirtieth of the same year provides the following:

"Driver or drivers when on duties, with head and tail lights lighted, whistles or bells sounded, and has already observed the second clause of the 8th article, and the second clause of the 9th article, or any part of the second clause of the 9th article of the same regulation, if the driver or drivers accidentally killed or injured person or persons such driver or drivers shall be arrested and handed over to the Department of Public Safety for discriminatory treatment of the case.

"(A) If the person or persons injured arising from the accident, were deformed, limbs amputated in any way, the driver or drivers must reimburse to such person or persons one hundred dollars or more as medical fees.

"(B) If the person or persons injured were deformed or limbs amputated arising from the accident, the driver or drivers besides paying the indemnity as provided in (A), an extra amount of three hundred dollars must be compensated to the person or persons injured; and the driver or drivers shall be suspended for the period of three years.

"(C) If the person or persons killed or received injuries arising from the accident died afterwards, the driver or drivers besides paying the indemnities and compensations as provided in (A) and in (B) an extra sum of five hundred dollars must be paid to the family of the deceased as funeral expenses and the driver or drivers concerned, shall be suspended from practicing his or their professions forever.

The Eleventh Article of the General Traffic Penalty Regulations provides as follows:

"When driver or drivers on duties, without head and tail lights lighted, whistles or bells sounded, or not observing the second clause of the 8th article or second and third clauses of the 9th article, killing or injuring person or persons, the driver or drivers shall be arrested and handed over to be tried by the Court of the land."

Note: "When driver or drivers on duty fail to comply with the orders of all inspectors or Police officers.

"When autos do not comply with the signals and speed limits of the Department of Public Utilities."

The foregoing regulations have been applied and are applied now to the Sedan Chair carriers, ricksha pullers, automobile drivers and drivers of all vehicles using the thoroughfares of the Canton City. As a measure of special Municipal Regulation and not in any way takes the place of the Criminal Code as provided for, the Tramway Company's case hangs on the 326th clause of the 26th chapter of the Second Section of the Provisional Criminal Code of China as proclaimed in the First Year of the Republic and it reads as follows:

"In case of negligence to the necessary professional duties, is killing or injuring person or persons, the offender shall be imprisoned not more than a term of four years, with hard labour, or a fine not more than two thousand dollars."

Persons killed or injured were compensated as ordered by the Local Court as follows:

| Name | Amount compensated |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Yee Hong—killed | \$3,000.00 |
| Chong Bing—injured | 1,500.00 |
| Chong Mow—injured | 1,500.00 |
| Wong He—injured | 700.00 |
| Yick Kee (store.) | 200.00 |
| Total | \$6,900.00 |

To be exact, before the Tramway Company's Motor Bus had this accident of September 25th 1921, which was due entirely to reckless driving, the Department of Public Utilities had repeatedly served notice on the Tramway Company to have its drivers examined and licensed in accordance with Municipal Regulations. The Tramway Company ignored these notices and failed to comply with the orders of the Government. Its contention was that it was not in a position to comply because it had an Agreement made with the former Municipal authorities. On examination of this Agreement, the Department of Public Utilities found nothing in it to warrant the claim that drivers of Tramway buses were exempt from examination or need not obtain licences. While negotiations were going on over this controversy, the fateful accident above referred to took place. The Department of Public Utilities then suspended the bus service for a period of one week and stipulated that the service could not be resumed until the drivers took out licences. This was to protect the public from further accidents and to prohibit drivers having insufficient experience from being employed by the Tramway Company. Drivers of motor cars in Canton, whether private or public cars must obtain licences and why should the Tramway Company object to a very fair condition?

When the accident occurred the driver was arrested by the police and tried by the provincial court. After all the evidence had been submitted and every phase of the case examined and heard, the seven thousand dollars was not a fine imposed upon the Company but was compensation to the family of the person killed and to those who had been injured, and also for the repayment of the damage done to the shop.

In foreign countries, the man would be charged with manslaughter and if the evidence showed criminal negligence, we do not think he would have gotten off any easier.

We are pleased to note that our contemporary asks for the facts. The Municipality would do well to always make public its acts because that would forestall the publishing of statements meant to discredit this Government.

UNNECESSARY WORDS.

WHY waste words and advertising space in describing the many points of merit in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy? The most fastidious are satisfied when we state that it cures colds and coughs from any cause, and that it contains absolutely no narcotics or injurious substances. For sale by all Chemists and Storekeepers.

DO FOREIGNERS SQUEEZE?

TIENSIN PAPER THINKS NOT.

Mr. Liang Chi-chao made a long speech at the Tientsin Y. M. C. A. on Dec. 3. In reporting it fully, the local Times comments in headlines and cross-heads, one passage being labelled "discreditable attack on foreign servants." This is it: "They think that such a step would soon put a stop to the chaos in which our country is at present. The principal trouble of our people now is soldiery. To hope that the Foreigners will put a stop to our soldiery is really futile. Oh my countrymen, you are greatly mistaken! To get rid of soldiery must be done by ourselves. If the foreigners are going to do it, they would have to resort to force by their own troops. Moreover they cannot do it, and they have no time or mind to do it, I can assure you. They would only care about what concerns their interest, economically and commercially. You think the integrity of foreign officialdom is better and superior to ours, Nay, that is an illusion. To give an example. Don't you know the condition of the Salt Gabelle? To abuse the possession of power is inherent in human nature. So far as I know about the employment of foreigners in the Railways, Customs, and Salt Gabelle, there is great corruption in existence! They are little better than our officials. Can you believe that the foreign officials are supernatural?"

CHURCH NOTICES.

A CHARGE OF ONE DOLLAR IS MADE FOR ALL NOTICES UNDER THIS HEADING.

ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL.

HONGKONG 18TH DECEMBER, 1921.

4TH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Holy Communion at 7.50 a.m.
Children's Service 10 a.m.
Responses, Psalms, Gospels, No. 11
Attwood; Psalm, 49, To Demm, 10, 8, 5; Benedictus, No. 1, Tertius Nobis; Anthem, "Praise his awful Name," Spohr; Hymn, 63.
Sevenfold Amen.
Holy Communion (12 noon).
Responses, Psalms, Gospels, Macfarren: Psalm, 98, 97, 97, Fussell; Magnificat, No. 7; Nunc Dimittis, Barnby; Hymns, 193, 50, 24 (1st Tune).
Sevenfold Amen.

St. Peter's Church West Point.

4th Sunday in Advent.

8 a.m.—Holy Communion.
11 a.m.—Choral Matins and Public Baptisms. Hymns, (A. and M.) 49, 271, 469, 26.
Preacher.—The Lord Bishop of Victoria.
6 p.m.—Carol Service.
Preacher.—The Chaplain.

Wesleyan Naval and Garrison Church, Queen's Road.

OPPOSITE THE ROYAL NAVAL HOSPITAL WANCHAI.

Sunday, 18th December 1921.

10.15 a.m. Divine Service and Church Parade. Advent address, Subject: "In the days of Herod, the King," 6 p.m. Divine Service, Subject: "Peace Negotiation." Preacher Rev. O. Closson Forri, H.C.F. 3 p.m. Sunday School (in Church).
Wesleyan Sailors' and Soldiers' Home, Arenal Street. Sunday, 8 p.m. Chaplain's Meeting and Social tour, Address by Chaplain: Wednesday, 8.15 p.m. Wesley Guild, Popular Lantern Lecture, "Milk and its treatment" by Mr. MacKham. Saturday, Smoking Concert at 8.30 p.m.

First Church of Christ, Solentist MacDonnell Road.

Sunday, 11.15 a.m.
Wednesday, 5.45 p.m.

BILIOUS HEADACHE.

ALL that is needed is to correct the biliousness and the headache disappears. Take Chamberlain's Tablets and you will soon be as well as ever. For sale by all Chemists and Storekeepers.

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FOR THE FESTIVE SEASON.

All Specially Selected and Farm Fed
Turkeys from 6 to 14 lbs.
Geese " 6 to 9 "
Capon & Chicken from 1½ to 5½ lbs.

York out Hams 7 to 14 lbs.

Meat, Game and Pork Pies (to order.)

Also a prime selection of Owl Fed Pork, Veal and Sucking Pigs, Australian Rabbits and Hares, Sausages, Pressed Meats, Sausage Meat, &c.

Place your orders early to avoid disappointment.

THE DAIRY FARM, ICE & COLD STORAGE Co., Ltd.

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XMAS CARDS, CALENDARS, XMAS ANNUALS, GIFT BOOKS, WRITING CASES, DRESSING CASES.

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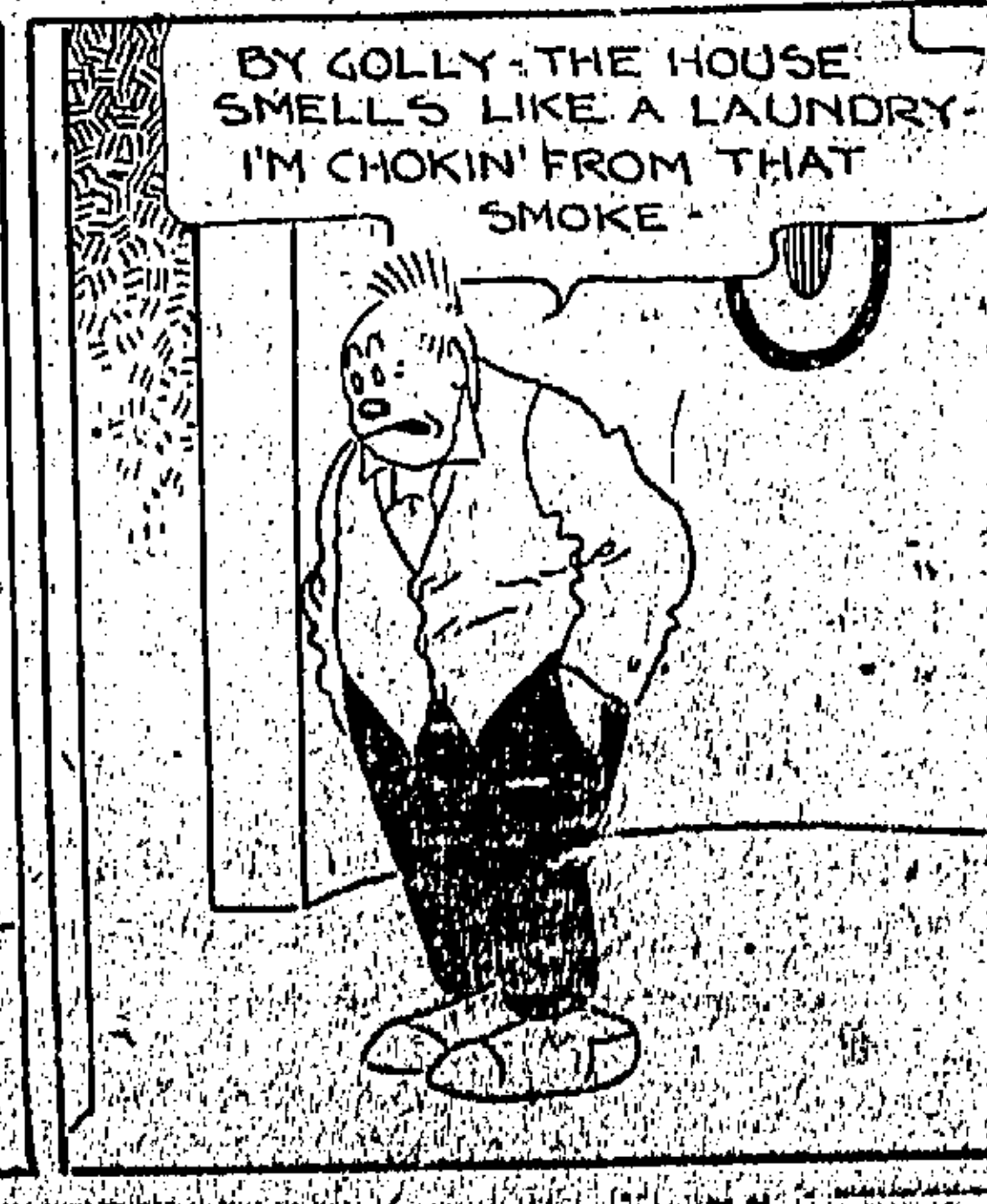
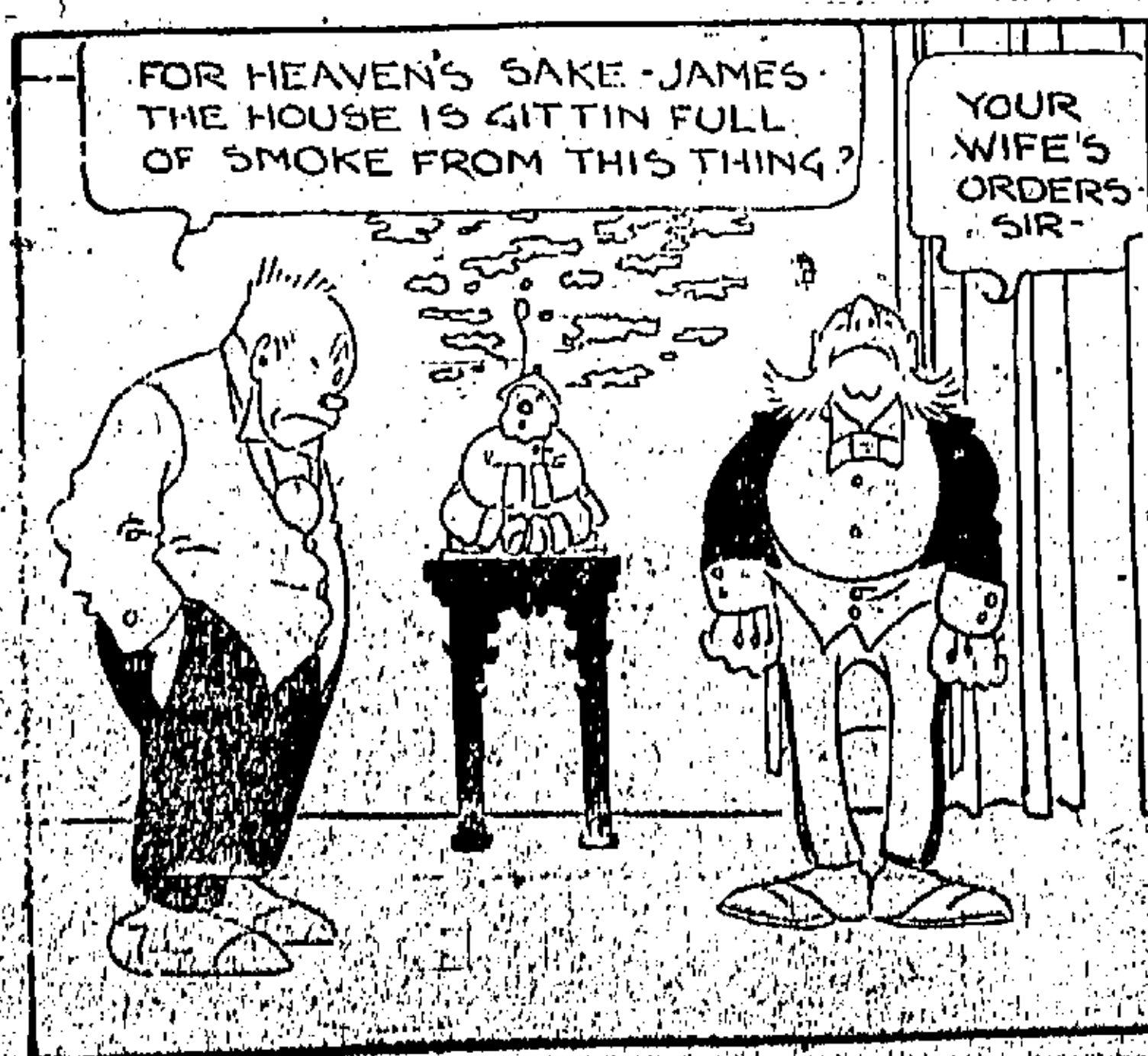
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| High Class Work Guaranteed | | Moderate Charges |

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BRINGING UP FATHER.



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Code used A.B.C. 5th Ed.

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Branch Store: 29, Lyndhurst Terrace,

Telephone 2859.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

By special favour of our Landlord we are allowed to remain in our present Business House, in The Old Post Office Building, up to 27th December 1921. Therefore our Customers will have every facility to buy our delicious Chocolates, Biscuits and Sweets for Christmas. We have a large Selection of choice new Chocolates and Sweets in stock and are selling them at a Great Reduction for Cash. We hope our Customers will not miss this opportunity.

Cadbury's Chocolates

Before \$1.80 per lb. Now \$1.45 per lb.

Our Fresh Chocolates

Before \$1.20 per lb. Now \$1.00 per lb.

Californian Candy Fruit "Calarab"

Before \$1.00 per box Now 75 Cts per box

Various Kinds of Caramels

Before 80 Cts per lb. Now 60 Cts. per lb.

Sweets

Before 40 Cts. per lb. Now 25 Cts. per lb.

etc.,

etc.,

etc.

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 Tel. 1680, 7, Queen's Rd. Central.

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Hughes & Hough—Des Voeux Rd.,
 and 100, House St., Government
 Auctioneers—Coal, Share and General
 Brokers.

Banks
The Bank of Canton, Ltd.
 Des Voeux Road Central.

The Bank of East Asia, Ltd.
 Des Voeux Road Central, Hongkong.

The Chinese Merchants Bank, Ltd.
 Alexandra Bldgs., Chater Road.

Building Contractors
Wing On & Co.
 Building Contractors.
 34, D'Aguiar Street. Tel. No. 1567.

Building Materials and Plumbing Supply
Lee Kee, Building Contractor,
 Dealer in Sanitary Appliances.
 21, Wellington Street. Tel. 1433.
 Manager, Lee In Cheung.

Cigarette & Tobacco Merchants.
The China Industrial Commercial Tobacco Co., Ltd.
 1st, Wing Lok Street, H. K.
 53, The Bund, Canton.

Coal Merchants
Hing Ip Co., Coal Merchants,
 37, Queen's Road Central, 1st floor.
 Telegraphic address "Hinderance".
 P. O. Box 405.

Kwong Sang & Co., Coal Merchants
 43 Des Voeux Rd. Central. Tel. 2736.

The Lanely Co., Coal Merchants &
 Shipping Commercial Agents, 9, Des
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 Prince's Building,
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G. Ito, Co., Ltd., 31, Queen's Road
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Kum Sing Tai, Import & Export and
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"DEUCALION" 24th Dec. Marseilles, Havre & Liverpool
"CANFA" 2nd Jan. Marseilles, Havre & Liverpool
"MYRMIDON" 14th Jan. Liverpool.

PACIFIC SERVICE

(via Kobe and Yokohama)
"TYNDAROS" 3rd Jan. Victoria, Seattle and
"PROTEUS" 31st Jan. Vancouver
"IXION" 21st Feb.

NEW YORK SERVICE

(via Suez or Panama)
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"EURYLOCHUS" 10th Jan. via Suez.

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"PYRRHUS" 3rd Feb. Shanghai and Japan
"PYRRHUS" 7th Mar. for Singapore & London
"MENTOR" 21st Mar. for Singapore & London

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REGISTERED and PARCEL MAILS are closed 15 minutes earlier than the
 time given below unless otherwise stated, and where mails are advertised to close
 at or before 9 a.m. registered and parcel mails are closed at 5 p.m. on the
 previous day.

INWARD MAILS.

From Per
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17.
 Shanghai Szechuen
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 18.
 Japan and Shanghai Kishima Maru
 Shanghai Soochow
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19.
 Japan Awa Maru
 EUROPE via Suez (Letters & Papers London 17th Nov.) Kishima
 Japan Tango Maru
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22.
 Straits Saro Maru
 Japan and Shanghai Tokohama Maru

OUTWARD MAILS.

For Per Times
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17.
 Swatow, and Amoy Yui Chon 3 p.m.
 Swatow and Waihaiwai Hsin Lee 3 p.m.
 Swatow Kanchoh 3 p.m.
 Shanghai and North China Oanfa 3 p.m.
 Shanghai and Wuchow Leung Kwong 4 p.m.
 Fochow, Shanghai and North China Shin Bo 4 p.m.
 Saigon Doan Kwong 5 p.m.
 Shanghai and North China Sunning 5 p.m.
 Swatow, Shanghai and North China Hangsang 5 p.m.
 Swatow, Shanghai and North China Chenan 5 p.m.
 Keelung, Shanghai, North China, Japan, Honolulu, Canada, United States, Central & South America & EUROPE via SAN FRANCISCO. Registration 5 p.m. Letters 5 p.m.
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 18.
 "Kee'ung" Taira Maru 9 a.m.
 Shanghai, North China and Japan Po-thoi 9 a.m.
 Ningpo, Shanghai and North China Chekiang 9 a.m.
 Swatow, Amoy and Keelung Amakusa Maru 9 a.m.
 Swatow, Amoy and Keelung Tachow 9 a.m.
 Shanghai and Wuchow Koshow 10 a.m.
MONDAY, DECEMBER 19.
 Japan Ninsio 9 a.m.
 Japan & Honolulu Hwah Ping 9 a.m.
 Swatow and Bangkok Chantia 9 a.m.
 Swatow Ho Kwang 9 a.m.
 Philippine Islands Silas 9 a.m.
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20.
 Philippine Islands, AUSTRALIA and New Zealand, via Thursday Island. Registration 8.45 a.m. Letters 9.30 a.m.
 Swatow, Amoy and Fochow Taira Maru 11 a.m.
 Shanghai and North China Szechuen 11 a.m.
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21.
 Straits, Bangkok, Ceylon, Mauritius, L. Marques, South Africa, India via Dharmashakti, Amoy, Egypt & EUROPE via MARSEILLES. Registration 8.45 a.m. Letters 9.30 a.m.
 The Parcel Mail will be closed on Tuesday the 10th Dec. at 5 p.m.
 Sandakan Maung 11 a.m.
 Swatow, Amoy and Keelung Koshow 2 p.m.
 Swatow, Shanghai and North China Wungang 5 p.m.
 Swatow and Bangkok Hopang 5 p.m.
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22.
 Shanghai, North China and Japan Siao Maru 9 a.m.
 Straits, Bangkok, Ceylon, Mauritius, L. Marques, South Africa, India via Dharmashakti, Amoy & EUROPE via MARSEILLES. Registration 8.45 a.m. Letters 9.30 a.m.
 Swatow, Amoy and Keelung Yui Chon Maru 9 a.m.
 *Correspondence bearing vessel's name only.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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